Saturday Evening Post · January 16, 1965 · 25c

POST

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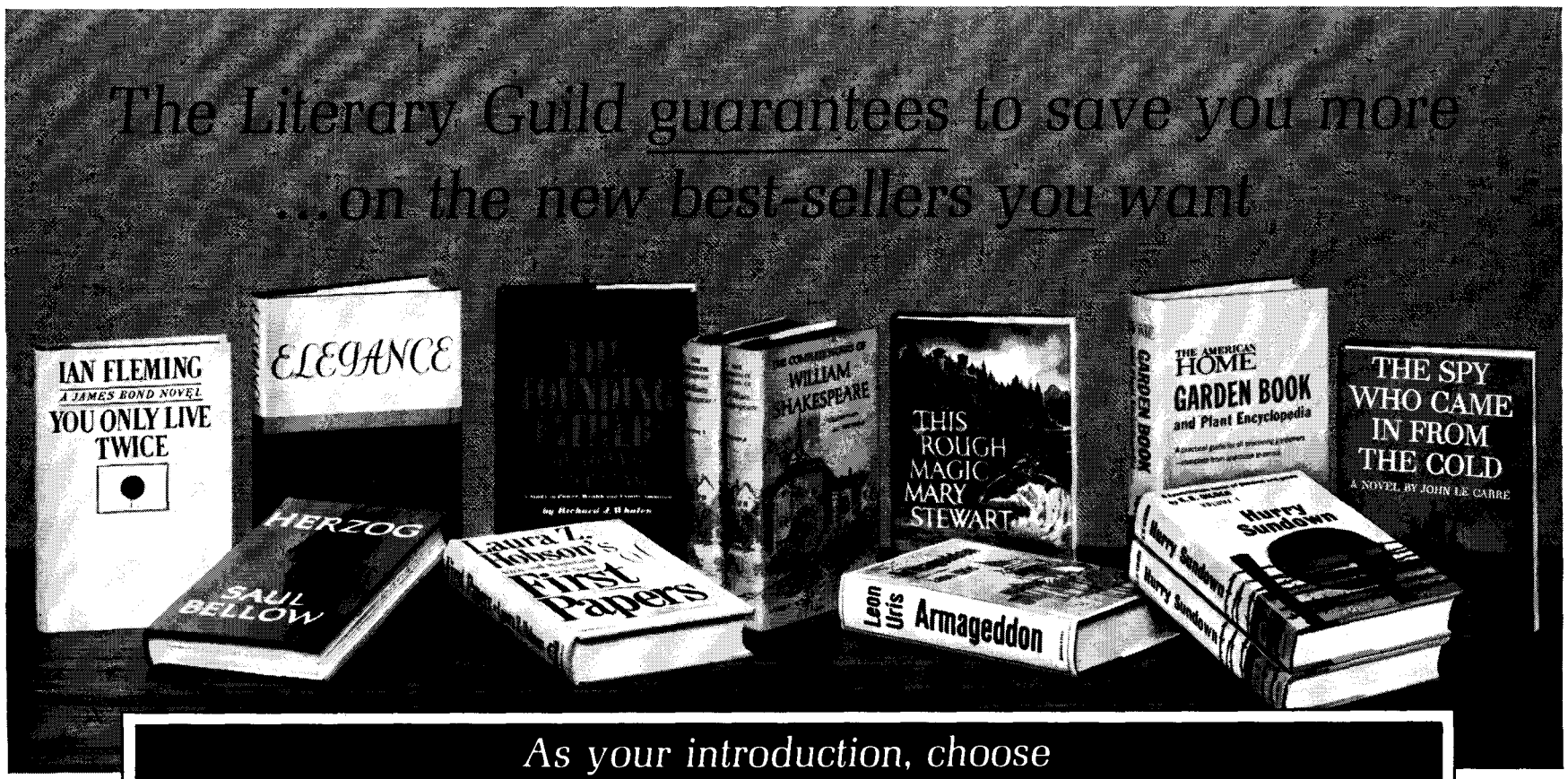

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ABOUT THIS ISSUE

John Kobler

In six months of interviewing current and former employees of Time, Inc. for his major article on presslord Henry Luce, *Post* editor-at-large JOHN KOBLER found "almost everyone willing to cooperate" with reminiscences and anecdotes—including Mr. and Mrs. Luce themselves. Kobler has been an editor of both *Time* and *Life* and a contributor to *Sports Illustrated*. . . . Editor-at-large BILL DAVIDSON visited retirement communities all across the country in the preparation of this in-depth assessment of the problems of the elderly residents and the developments. . . . One of Hollywood's top box-office attractions, Jack Lemmon, is profiled by contributing writer RICHARD LEMON, who is no relation. . . . Disorganized office workers are given warning of the new "efficient" office furniture by cluttered-desk man WILLIAM K. ZINSSER, who in previous issues of *The Post* has observed such social phenomena as the plunging neckline, the Barbie doll and the disappearance of the Burma-Shave signs./The cover photograph of Jack Lemmon was taken by BOB WILLOUGHBY.

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Letters

Getting out

So it's possible to pull oneself out of the ghetto? [DON'T BLAME THE GHETTO by David B. Lee, December 5.] Fine. In theory, any handicap can be overcome. But that doesn't mean the handicap isn't real, or that the prison is only "of the mind." Nor does it mean that all or most individuals can be expected to do what the hardiest individuals have managed to accomplish.

Society in general cannot be *that* easily exonerated from guilt in creating the handicaps or in remaining indifferent to them. Seems to me Mr. Lee is practicing "scapegoat artistry" in reverse.

LUCY MORENO
Farmington, N. Mex.

• Mr. Lee's story reminds me of the days of my boyhood in the Jewish ghetto of New York. The same conditions he describes in Harlem prevailed on New York's East Side. The ones who had the courage to fight their way out did; the ones who lacked courage are still there.

MORRIS BARATZ
Miami Beach, Fla.

• Let's apply David B. Lee's thinking not only to racial matters but equally to problems of poverty, welfare, school dropouts, unemployment.

KARL W. HAUPT
Cincinnati, Ohio

• I'm a 35-year-old Negro, mother of five children and very poor. I have faced hardships and discouragement which I could write a book about, but still I have hope and continue to teach my children the things that Mr. Lee brought out in his article.

I don't think a place has anything to do with things you hope to achieve. I think it is within the person.

MRS. VERCELLA THOMPSON
Kansas City, Mo.

Northeast, southwest

John Skow's story THE SUNDAY AFTERNOON FOX [December 5] was amusing until I came to his statement that "The quality for which Vermont workers are most justly famed is their complete unreliability." A-yup, that kinder got my dander up. I don't believe Vermont workers are very different from workers of any other state. It's high time someone spoke up for the carpenter, the plumber and the electrician—let Stewart Alsop and John O'Hara rest a bit and give me a page or two and I will concoct you a piece concerning the perils of the poor painter.

JOHN A. GRANGER
E. Montpelier, Vt.

• Not everybody living in Beverly Hills is rich or even famous. [HAPPY BIRTHDAY, DEAR BEVERLY by Richard Lemon, December 5.] Not all the homes are lavish—the Doheny mansion you chose to picture is unique, even here, so that the city recently bought it for a museum. A large portion of the community is composed of small older homes inhabited by people of modest means. No one I know has more than one maid, and many have no steady help at all. The many office buildings and stores account for the 70,000 telephones.

However, the colorful people you describe do exist in a minority, and articles like yours add to the myth *and* the land value.

A BEVERLY HILLBILLIE
Beverly Hills, Calif.

Aga Khan

WHAT BECAME OF THE AGA KHAN? by Sanche de Gramont [December 5] was interesting and well written, but it raised my ire and aroused my curiosity for more details about this strange and selfish man. What I would like to know is what has he done for his 20 million Ismaili besides just think about them?

If he really wants to make a study "on the consequences of a sudden injection of capital in an underdeveloped country," why in the world doesn't he do it so that it will be of immense good to his own people? After all, a great deal can be done with $300 million besides developing a rocky coast in Sardinia for the benefit of the international set.

ALEX O. MCMURTRY
Westmount, Montreal

Julie Harris

I was thrilled, and literally to tears, by Brock Brower's moving and discerning tribute to Julie Harris: 'A SAINT IS A SAINT, YOU KNOW' [December 5]. She is a brilliant actress who manages also to be a great and lovely lady.

CHARLOTTE WHITE
Hastings, Nebr.

Joe Don Looney

Congratulations to Joe Don Looney, FOOTBALL'S MARVELOUS MISFIT [by Robert Daly, December 5] for being a football player who plays his own game. I am sickened with disgust at the platoon system—backs running into a wall where there should be a hole. So what's wrong with making your own hole? That's the stuff Texas was made of, so, boy, go on being true to yourself, and a misfit, if that's what they call it, 'cause they don't hardly make them like you any more.

A FELLOW TEXAN
San Antonio, Tex.

Annual models

A fine job of reporting the "appliance boom" [A HOUSE FULL OF HELPERS AWAKE AT THE SWITCH by James Atwater, December 5] was marred by the statement "The prime example of the strong influence dealers have is the annual model change." This charge does not jibe with my own experience in speaking with thousands of appliance dealers over the past five years.

The majority of retailers deplore the fact that some manufacturers introduce new models annually, especially when these models offer nothing really new in product design or function. New models depreciate the value of merchandise remaining in inventory at the end of the year. Furthermore, it is extremely difficult to keep the good will of a consumer who, purchasing a model in December, discovers the dealer advertising "new" merchandise in January. Finally, the meaningless annual model change is an excuse used by some producers to dump out-dated models at below-cost price to mass-

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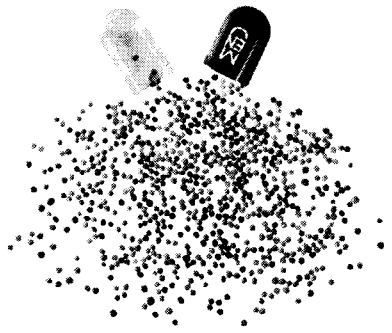

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Letters

merchandising outlets, thereby placing dealers at a disadvantage costwise.

JULES STEINBERG
Executive Vice President
National Appliance & Radio-TV Dealer's Ass'n (NARDA)
Chicago, Ill.

Welcome patient

The Shriners are responsible for the transfer of our four-and-a-half-year-old son Andy to the Massachusetts General Hospital in Boston [THE PATIENTS NOBODY WANTED by Alice Lake, December 5]. Andy received third-degree burns over 30 percent of his body last September from playing with a cigarette lighter. After six weeks in our local hospital, his condition was deteriorating, and we feared for his life: Within 12 hours after our application reached the Shrine, Andy and I were in an ambulance on our way to Boston. It still seems unbelievable to me, and I can't find the words to thank these funloving, compassionate men for caring about a small boy's life and giving us hope once again.

JEAN A. LOGAN
Winchendon, Mass.

CORE correction

Martin Mayer in CORE: THE SHOCK TROOPS OF THE NEGRO REVOLT [November 21] discusses the activities of Boston CORE in relationship to a number of banks in the community. I am quoted as saying that we called off our protest as a result of the bank agreeing "to hire new personnel at all entry levels at a rate of about one-third Negro." The last part is in error. The bank never agreed to, nor did CORE ask for, such a quota.

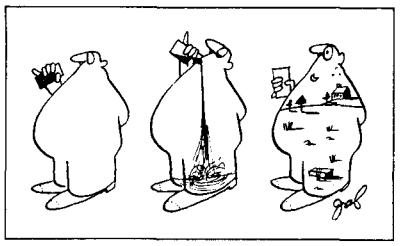
In our agreement with the bank we took note of the considerable progress in Negro employment over the previous month and asked for the continuing of this progress. This they have done, and we are most pleased that our faith in the bank's fair policies and practices has been vindicated.

ALAN GARTNER
Newtonville, Mass.

Mimsy

I don't get it. Please explain. [POST SCRIPTS, November 28, P. 51].

MR. J. M. MORAN
Cleveland Heights, Ohio



• *Mike Mooney, cartoon editor, says, "You know that kind of person who can snatch up the significance of the moment? Our man in the cartoon is that sort; the world, it is said, is his oyster. Here, however, he is drinking clam juice, which has led to some confusion." Hope this clears it up. We like to publish something mimsy from time to time.—ED.*

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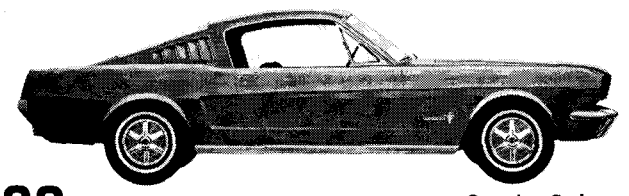

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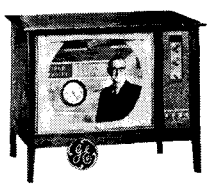

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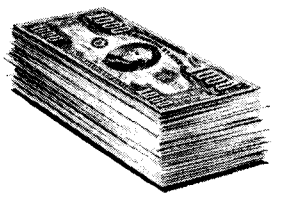

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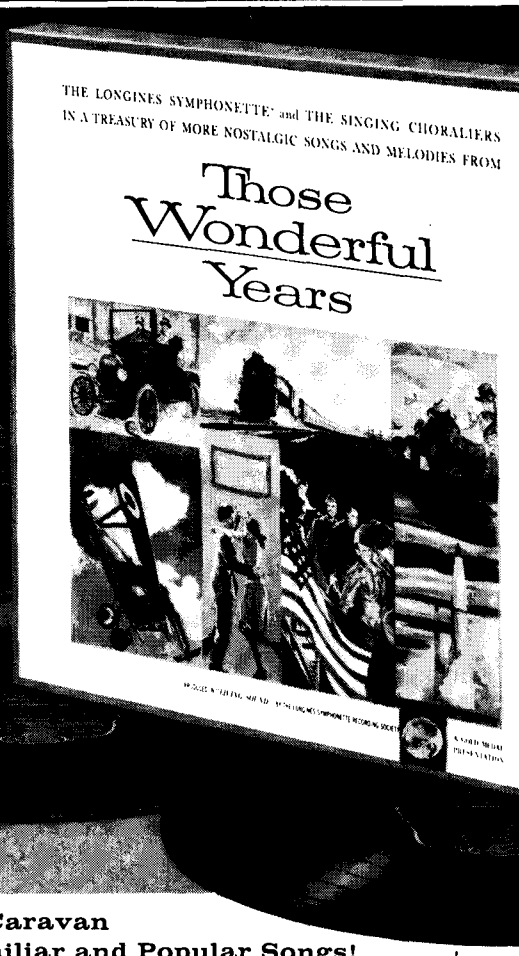
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Speaking Out

WE TREAT OUR MILITARY SHABBILY

By Marion T. Wood

A former Major, Mr. Wood spent 13 years in the Army. He has a master's degree and is now a training director in the personnel department of a Fort Wayne, Indiana, firm.

After 13 years as an officer of the U.S. Army, I recently resigned, frustrated and disillusioned. I was supposed to be guarding something grandly called The American Way of Life. But, by a cruel paradox, the society I had sworn to protect is a society that is indifferent and even hostile toward me and my comrades.

Built into the very foundation of this nation is a distrust of soldiers, especially in peacetime. The Declaration of Independence denounces the British for keeping standing armies in the Colonies "in times of peace." The Third Amendment in the Bill of Rights specifically prohibits the quartering of soldiers in peacetime "in any house without the consent of the owner." In war, the historic pattern has always been the same: When war was declared, the nation suddenly rallied an army of civilians, trained and led by professionals who had long endured the persistent apathy and frequent scorn of their country. After the war, the civilians discarded their uniforms and became, as veterans, members of a privileged class. They were rewarded for service after getting *out* of the Army; those who stayed *in* were neither rewarded nor even long remembered.

After World War II, the pattern of hostility toward soldiers continued. Typically, the benefits of the GI Bill were extended to veterans, but not to those who decided to make the Army (or any other service) a career. Then, however, for the first time in history we found ourselves in a twilight state of neither peace nor war. The cold war suddenly challenged our historic attitude that soldiers were "good" in wartime and "bad" in peacetime, and that the best soldier was an ex-soldier.

It was in this twilight that I chose the Army as a profession. Many friends and relatives were stunned. "You must be out of your mind," said one friend. Like so many civilians, they felt that the Army was a place for people who, as it was usually put, "could not do well on the outside." As a matter of fact, I had been doing well on the outside, which in my case was a small college. Membership in the Reserve Officers' Training Corps—ROTC—was required for the first two years. I enjoyed the experience enough to continue it during my last two years in college. My scholastic record was high enough to qualify me for a Regular Army commission at graduation. As a new infantry lieutenant in June, 1950, I fully intended to make the Army my career.

As I look back I still see patriotism as the basic reason I decided to become an Army officer. I have not been able to find a more sophisticated explanation. Soldiers are generally embarrassed when they try to explain what it means to be a soldier. Phrases such as "service to your nation" and "guardians of democracy" stick in a soldier's throat, as well they should. Good soldiers are soldiers because soldiering is a very real, very meaningful profession. This is especially true in a society where many men with high-paying jobs make no contribution to society. Soldiers, at least, have the satisfaction of knowing their nation needs them. Yet from that nation, soldiers often receive shabby treatment.

My introduction to how the Army treats its own came when the Army took six weeks to transform me from a college boy to a rifle-platoon leader, responsible for the lives of some 40 men. Six weeks is not much time. Then I was shipped to Japan, where the Army was frantically putting together outfits to send to Korea. Some consisted mainly of "stockade soldiers"—men taken from military jails—and untrained South Koreans. I landed in Wonsan, North Korea, in November, 1950, without winter clothing.

Our equipment was often shoddy or in short supply. Weapons misfired; ammunition was scarce. There were not enough magazines for our automatic rifles. We were on the line eight out of nine months. There were few formal battles or engagements. It was a dirty little war, and the worst part of it was the feeling that no one really cared.

When I got back in the States in 1951, after my tour in Korea, I suddenly was a peacetime soldier. I had been warned that a soldier was a second-class citizen in many Army towns, the communities that live off the payrolls of military bases. The principal industry in most of these towns was taking soldiers for every dime they had.

In many Army towns the citizen most discriminated against is the soldier. Some policemen arrest them with flagrant entrapment techniques. I have seen police wait for a soldier to walk out of a tavern and enter his car. As he pulled away, he was stopped and arrested for "driving while intoxicated." Instead of protesting such injustice, the Army condoned it. Man after man was hauled before civilian authorities on such charges, convicted, and fined. Then these men were usually turned over to the Army, which fined them for "conduct unbecoming a soldier or an officer." The usual fine in one Army town a few years ago for an officer was $151.50, and a similar fine was paid to the Army. At one post where I served, soldiers were told officially that they should let their wives drive, for a wife could be fined only once—as a civilian.

When I was on my fourth tour of duty at Fort Benning, in 1956, about 9,000 families were living off-post. Many families lived in slums. Some used outdoor privies. Others shared bathrooms and kitchens, and slept in shifts because there were not enough bedrooms to go around. Finally, the Government authorized the Army to build 4,000 homes. But members of an area real-estate board complained to Washington that the building of so many homes would ruin the local housing market. The authorization was cut down to 1,000 homes. The Army consistently caves in when challenged by local political-pressure groups.

Most civilians think that a soldier's pay is tax-free, that he is financially coddled with "extras" that more than make up for his low pay. Soldiers *do*

One measure of a democracy's strength is the freedom of its citizens to speak out—to dissent from the popular view. Although the editors often disagree with the opinions expressed in Speaking Out, they dedicate the series to that freedom.

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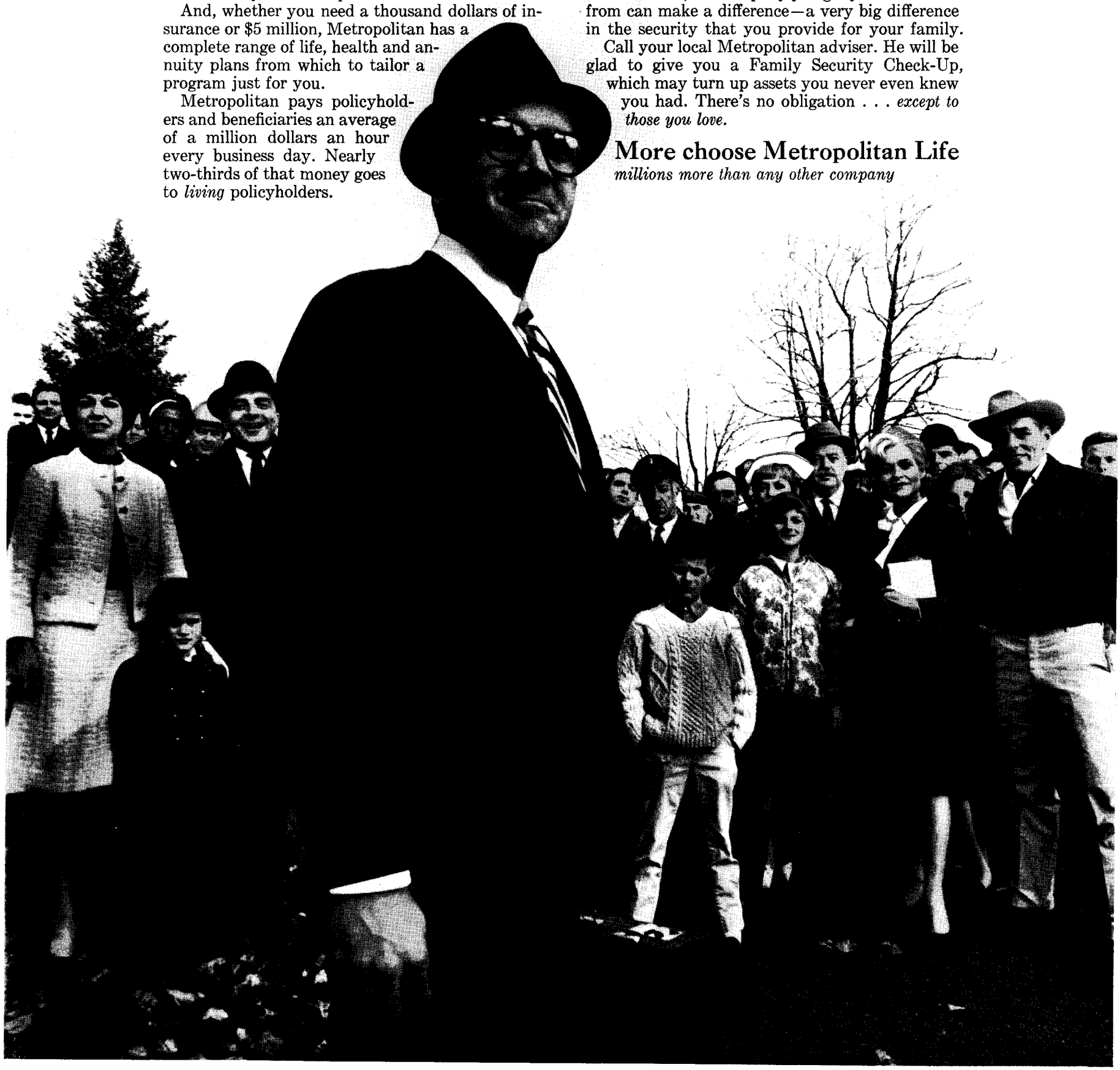

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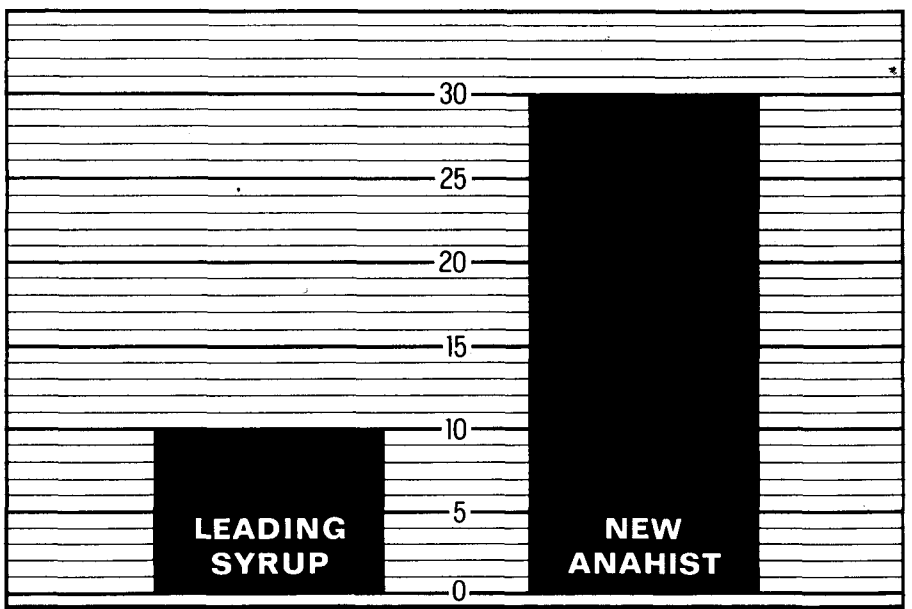

Actual dosage-for-dosage measurement of cough-controlling ingredient

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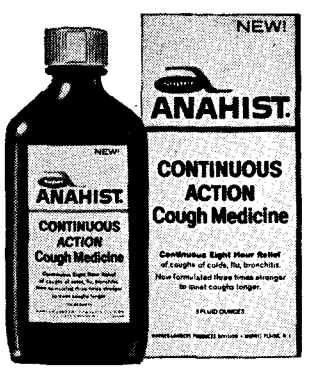

Another Anahist Clinical-Strength Medication from Warner-Lambert Pharmaceutical Co.

pay Federal income taxes and Social Security, regardless of where they are stationed in the world. They pay a three percent tax on food in all military commissaries. They also pay sales taxes where there are such taxes. The Post Exchange is highly overrated as a place for bargains. In many cases a soldier can buy goods cheaper at an off-post discount store. PX prices are deliberately pegged high enough to prevent area civilian merchants from "suffering."

On-post government housing is not free, and it certainly is not cheap. For example, at my last post, in a government-owned housing project, I paid $145.05 a month for a small two-bedroom apartment. My next-door neighbor paid $175 a month for an identical apartment because he happened to be a colonel; I was a major.

Financially, the professional soldier is a second-class Federal employee. Until the cynically timed election-year pay raise recently voted by Congress, the pay of 2nd lieutenants with less than two years' service had not been raised since 1958. The starting salary for a married 2nd lieutenant, including all benefits, was about $4,500 a year. The average, new, government civilian employee starts at $5,400. The civilian works a 40-hour week and is eligible for overtime pay. The soldier puts in a work week of 50 or more hours; even a 65-hour work week is not unusual. Of course, there is no overtime.

I am not suggesting that soldiering should be a 9-to-5 job with weekends and holidays off. A soldier is a soldier. It is a tough, demanding profession, and it has to be that way. As noncivilians, soldiers do not have many civilian rights. No civilian can be arrested for refusing to show up in his office or factory on a day he does not feel like working. A soldier can be court-martialed. The Army, rightfully, insists on extraordinary power over its men. The Army's mission is to defend the nation, and to carry out this mission the rights of the Army must transcend the rights of the individual. No good soldier disputes this. And, in giving up rights guaranteed to all other U.S. citizens, no soldier expects extra privileges. This is in keeping with a fine American tradition that contrasts sharply with that of more militaristic nations.

America's long and unbroken tradition as a nonmilitaristic nation is not being questioned by the military men who serve this nation. They do not want more recognition or more power. They simply want a more equitable share of that American Way of Life they hear so much about. Their demand is not merely for better pay and benefits; they are asking for a realistic attitude toward the military.

From the military man's point of view, the society he guards is unable to make up its mind. The American society demands a first-class military establishment. Yet, by keeping military pay scales low, by seemingly equating a military career with low-status employment, this same society makes it difficult for dedicated men to enter, and stay in, military service.

Rather than a savior of his country, the American fighting man is looked upon as a parasite of an affluent, peacetime society. From congressmen on down, Americans have refused to look realistically at what brush-fire wars like Vietnam mean to the soldier who has to fight, and perhaps die, in them. The soldier is willing to fight and die, but he has a right to ask that he be treated as a first-class citizen.

It is nothing less than immoral for the American public, through its political and military leaders, to perpetuate a policy of deception and distrust toward the serviceman. Today's victim of this policy is lured into a military career by appeals to his patriotism—and promises of "security" that are callously broken. I resigned from the Army because I sought a new and more satisfying way of life. I *wanted* security for myself and my family. I found little of the security the Army had led me to expect. The Army told me, in a pamphlet promoting the Army as a career, that the Army was striving to "stabilize duty assignments, improve family stability, increase career attractiveness." The pamphlet emphasized what was supposed to be a basic Army policy: "The normal tour of duty will be for three years." In 13 years I moved 33 times, including 10 times in nine years of marriage. And my experience was typical; I was a victim of the system.

The supreme irony comes when a man, with sorrow and reluctance, finally decides to resign from the Army. The same civilians who thought him foolish for joining the Army now look on him as foolish for resigning. They eye his rows of ribbons; they see a man of experience and valor withdrawing from their defense. They seem to sense that his absence is a chink in *their* armor. Perhaps they feel less secure.

In the year ending last June 30, a total of 1,483 regular officers resigned from all the armed services. The total was 1,622 in 1962 and 787 in 1961. The nation cannot afford to lose these dedicated men. Nor can the nation continue to believe it is possible to maintain a large military establishment whose members merely subsist on the fringes of the society they protect. Thousands of the men who guard America are raising families on incomes at or below the Government's own definition of a "poverty income."

If American civilians want the security provided by a large military establishment, they must provide more security to the men in that establishment. These men are not hired gunslingers; most of them are husbands and fathers with families to support. These men would die for their nation, and these families would mourn them with pride. These Americans are among our finest. And our finest should be nothing less than cherished.

When I decided to resign from the Army, I wrote a letter to myself to justify my decision. *I want the opportunity*, I wrote, *to grow personally and financially, according to my own ability; I want to be part of a stable community; I want a home; but mostly I want my children to grow up in an atmosphere which will more adequately prepare them to face the future with confidence. The U.S. Army does not offer these possibilities to me.*

Now that I am a civilian, and proud of my military service and the United States Army, perhaps I should change that last sentence. For I know now that the Army was not alone in letting me down. America did too.

Marion Woods

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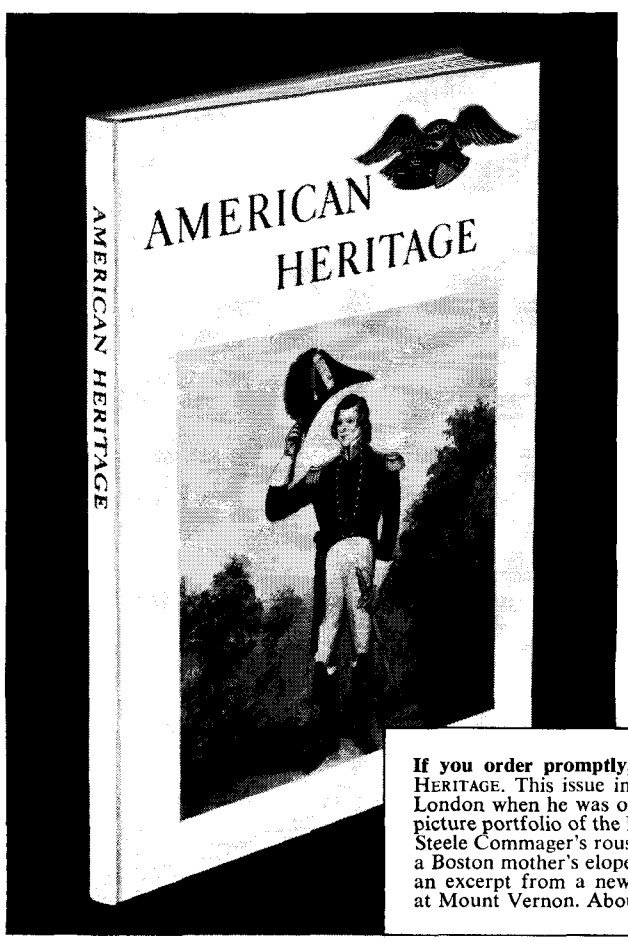

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Let's relax about Europe

WASHINGTON:

It is time we Americans learned to relax a bit about Europe in general, and Gen. Charles de Gaulle in particular. That is the chief impression this reporter carried back to Washington from a trip to five capitals of Eastern and Western Europe, ending in Paris.

It is, admittedly, a bit difficult for Americans to relax about de Gaulle. Paris has had its face washed, and it is lovelier than ever, but lovely Paris is also, to an extent hardly recognized here, the capital of a hostile power. As the London *Observer* recently remarked, "It is becoming sadly clear that de Gaulle's political strategy . . . is dictated by an obsessive personal animosity toward the United States."

De Gaulle's animosity expresses itself in all sorts of petty ways. His envoy to NATO, for example, is under specific instructions to do everything possible to undercut American power and oppose American policy in NATO. For another example, one of France's most brilliant foreign-affairs specialists was recently stripped of all responsibility. The reason: His office in the Quai d'Orsay was bugged, and recordings of conversations with Americans proved what de Gaulle had long suspected—heinous pro-American sympathies.

"De Gaulle's basic view is very simple," says one Elyséeologist, as students of the mysteries of Gaullist policy are now called. "He believes that every nation acts solely out of self-interest. This rules out morality or generosity in dealings between nations. Instead, each nation must employ ruse, deceit and, above all, secrecy in dealing with every other nation. De Gaulle is convinced that the Americans are using these methods in an attempt to dominate Europe, and that he must use the same methods to thwart them."

De Gaulle's passion for secrecy extends to his own government. "Couve de Murville couldn't tell you what de Gaulle really means to do about NATO even if you had him on the rack," another Elyséeologist says of de Gaulle's foreign minister. Thus sensible communication between the United States and France has virtually ceased.

Speculation has replaced communication. Some Elyséeologists guess that "what de Gaulle really means to do about NATO" is to break it up, by pulling France out of NATO and kicking NATO out of France. Others speculate that he has no settled intention except to use all his bargaining power to reduce American influence in Europe.

In any case there is nothing much we can do about de Gaulle, who is now the sole authority in what has become an authoritarian state. If de Gaulle decides to pull NATO down about his ears, honeyed words will not dissuade him. Threats—for example, the threat drastically to reduce our defense commitments in Europe—will simply give him an opportunity to say, "I told you so." But at least we can avoid giving de Gaulle a pretext for wrecking the Western Alliance.

The American-sponsored scheme for a "multilateral force"—MLF—could provide just such a pretext. Because de Gaulle is irrational about Americans, it is natural for Americans to be irrational about de Gaulle. De Gaulle's bitter opposition to MLF accounts in part for the passionate zeal for MLF among some American policy makers—he has slapped our face so often that it is a pleasure to have an opportunity to slap his.

But it could prove a costly pleasure. De Gaulle is certainly capable of doing a Samson-in-the-Temple act, and we ought to ask ourselves whether MLF is worth that risk. No military man seriously contends that MLF would alter the real East-West balance of military power. Its purposes are political—to provide the Germans with a substitute for an independent nuclear deterrent, and to reassure the Europeans that the United States will really risk nuclear war to defend Europe.

But there is a basic flaw in the whole logic of MLF. This country would exercise a veto power on the use of the MLF's nuclear missiles. As long as this is so, as de Gaulle quite correctly points out, MLF will be a mere extension of American nuclear power. Thus MLF is essentially a façade, rather than a reality. And yet we are risking the wrecking of NATO to erect the façade.

The problems of European defense which MLF is designed to solve are perfectly real problems. But might it not be more sensible, for once, to let the Europeans worry about them?

Ever since the brilliant success of the Marshall Plan—in which the initiative was wisely left up to the Europeans—this country has been fussing like a mother hen about the problems of Europe. We have embraced a whole series of doctrines designed to solve those problems.

In the early Eisenhower-Dulles period, for example, there was the doctrine of the integrated, supranational European Army, which was made the cornerstone of American policy in Europe. It came to nothing in the end. In the early Kennedy period there was the doctrine of "the conventional option," which called for a sharp increase in NATO's conventional strength to provide, in Kennedy's words, "a choice between surrender and the holocaust." It came to nothing much either. Then there was the "Grand Design" for a political-economic "Atlantic Partnership" between the United States and the European Common Market, including Britain. That also came to nothing. Now, of course, the new American doctrine is MLF.

The trouble with all these American doctrines is not that they are wrong, but that they bear a made-in-America label. The Europeans, the French especially, no longer think of themselves as helpless chicks to be fussed over by the American mother hen. Therefore it is about time we stopped fussing.

There is nothing really intolerable about the present situation in Europe. The German and American armies in Europe are at least strong enough to convince the Soviets that any aggressive adventures would risk nuclear war. And unless the Kremlinologists are all wrong, the new Soviet leaders are in no mood for adventures in European aggression anyway.

The fact is that for a long time the American policy makers have been living with a dream—Jean Monnet's old dream of a united Europe in close partnership with the United States. That dream is dead. We must, of course, maintain our commitment to defend Europe, and we must be ready to help if the Europeans themselves ever come up with a sensible plan for a European nuclear deterrent. Otherwise we ought to recognize that Monnet's dream cannot be revived so long as de Gaulle is in power, if ever. De Gaulle will no doubt go on being rude to us, but outside of France, de Gaulle's power is largely illusory. That is one reason why we can afford to relax a bit about Europe.

Stewart Alsop

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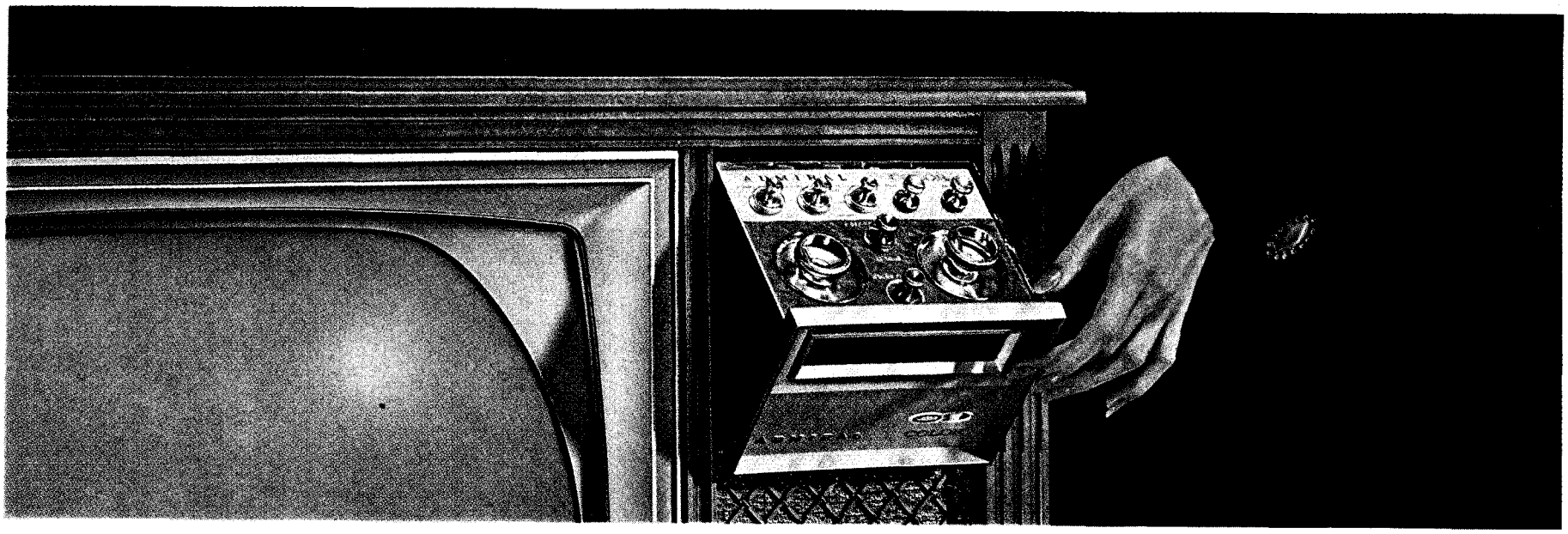

Tilt out(PATENT PENDING)....for perfect control of the first really lifelike color in TV history, with exclusive new Admiral Color Fidelity Control(PATENT PENDING) and Automatic Degausser – a new color purifier. Instantly, permanently, color's just right!

New for 1965, the ALEXANDRIA, LDU2181 (shown above). All-channel, UHF-VHF tuning. Quality, handcrafted cabinet in genuine wood veneers, Italian Provincial styling.

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'65 Pontiac Grand Prix.

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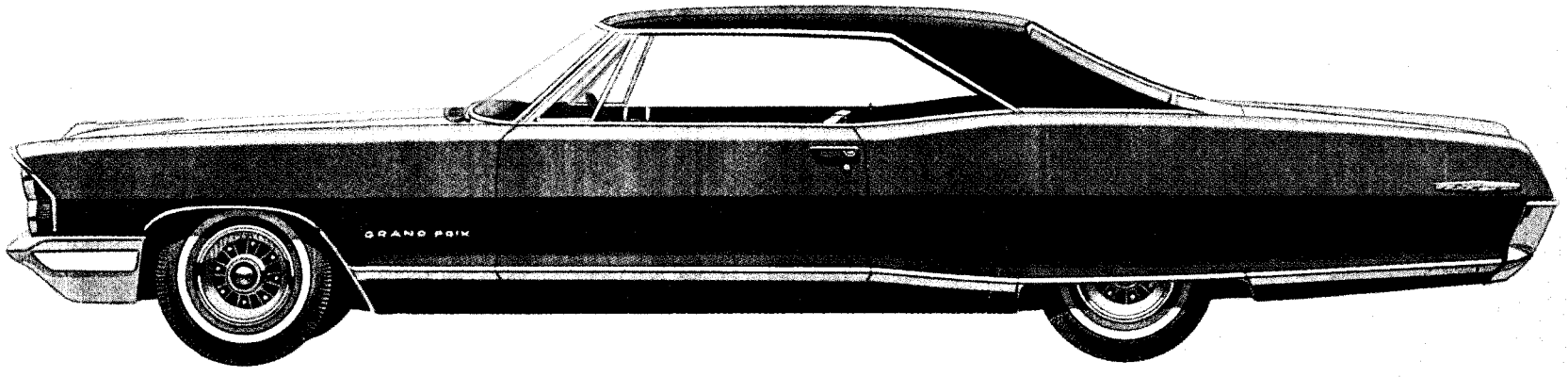

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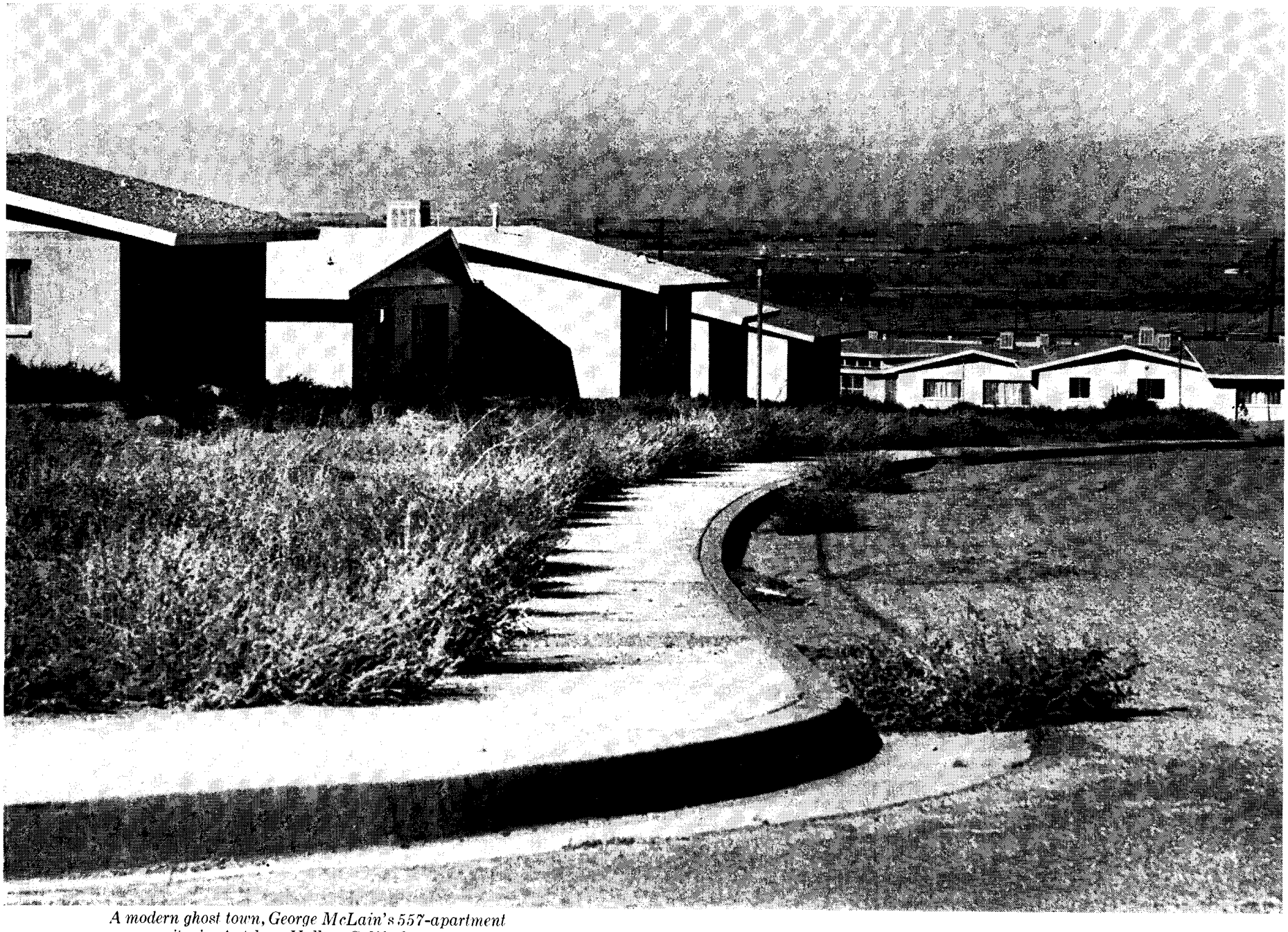
POST

THISTLES IN PARADISE

The truth about retirement housing

By BILL DAVIDSON
Photographs by Bill Bridges



A modern ghost town, George McLain's 557-apartment community in Antelope Valley, Calif., has never even been occupied. McLain ran out of money before it could be completed, and the FHA ordered foreclosure.

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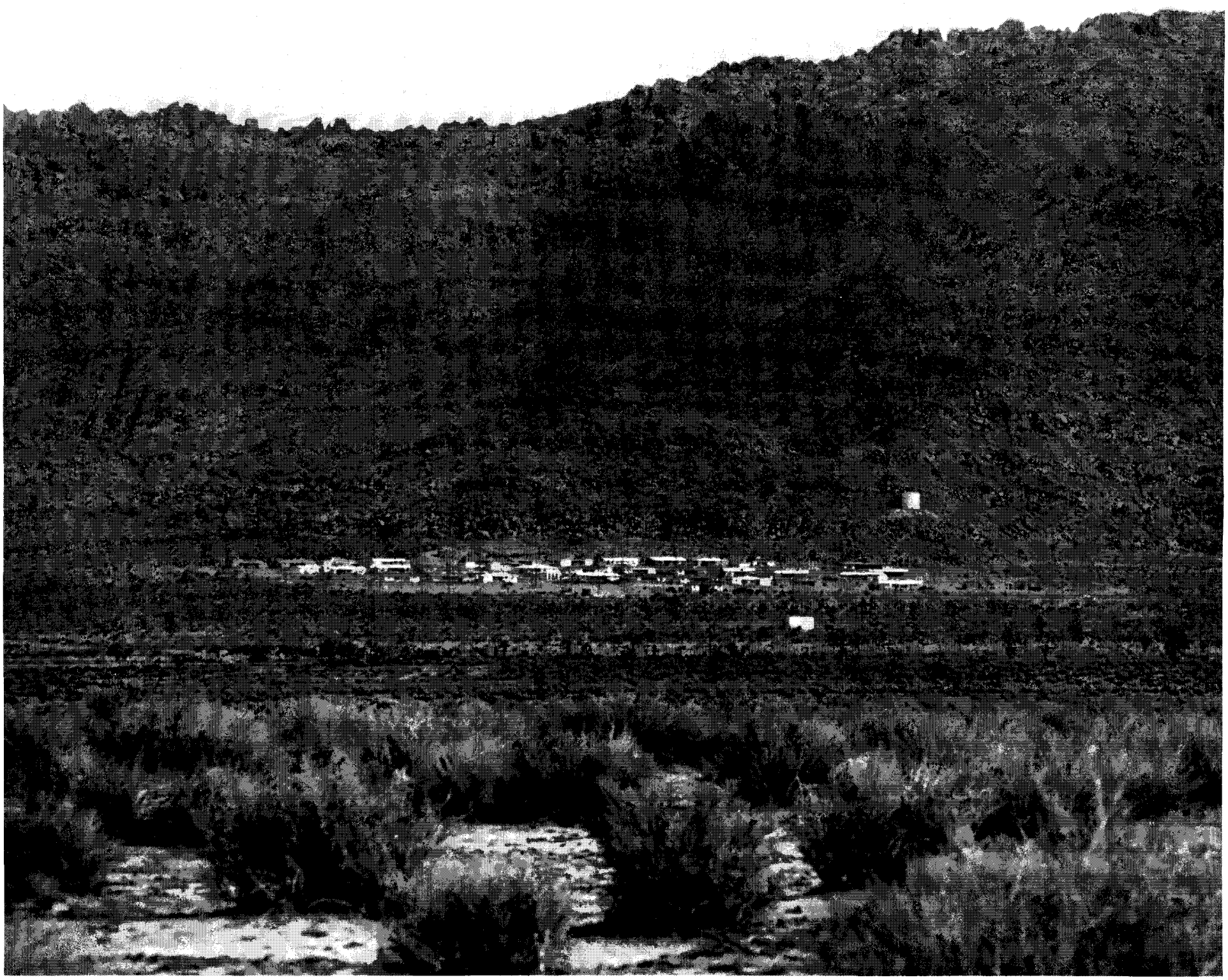

The ads for Youngtowne Plaza promised carefree living for the elderly, but the few who live there now are close to despair.

'All we want to do is get out, but we can't. Our life savings are tied up in this house.'

Some time ago a newspaper advertisement caught the eye of Mrs. G.H. Eckerson of Harrington Park, N.J. It described in glowing terms a retirement community in Lakewood, N.J., called Leisure Village. What particularly attracted Mrs. Eckerson was the ad's description of the community's marvelous health program, with a clinic on the premises and "a group medical plan with comprehensive coverage including drugs and at-home visits by doctors." A photograph illustrating the ad showed a cheerful-looking doctor at work in the clinic.

Mrs. Eckerson promptly wrote to the city of Lakewood, referring to the ad and requesting information about other medical facilities in the city. Being a careful woman, she sent a copy of her letter to the U.S. Public Health Service, which forwarded it to the New Jersey Real Estate Commission. The commission investigated, as did the state's Division on Aging, and the promoters of Leisure Village were summoned to a hearing in Newark. It turned out that the clinic was nonexistent, that the "doctor" in the photograph was actually a real-estate salesman in a white coat, and that the highly touted medical plan was merely an insurance policy, which in many instances covered only part of the medical costs. The commission ordered Leisure Village to change its advertising policies—which it did—but today, more than a year later, there is still no clinic.

As Mrs. Eckerson's experience suggests, the elaborately promoted "senior citizens' paradises" which have sprung up across the American landscape in the past few years are not always as Elysian as they sound in the ads and brochures which are read so eagerly by those approaching retirement age.

About 1.4 million Americans turned 65 last year; approximately 18 million are now that age or older. While science is keeping them alive longer, moreover, changing social patterns have made it less practical for them to live with their grown children. Yet they must live somewhere—hopefully in dignity and happiness—in spite of sharply reduced incomes and an almost inevitable increase in their need for medical care.

Just as the present administration is pressing a Medicare bill to help with the latter problem, the Eisenhower and Kennedy administrations persuaded Congress in 1959—and again in 1961—to enact laws which greatly encouraged the building of modestly priced retirement housing. Since passage of these laws, nearly 1,000 such communities have sprouted in meadow, woodland and desert throughout the country—many of them self-contained small cities, with as many as 10,000 homes.

The great majority of these communities are honestly run, provide the facilities which they advertise and, on the whole, answer remarkably well the housing needs of retired people who want to live among others their own age. Some promoters of such communities, however, have been guilty of cal-

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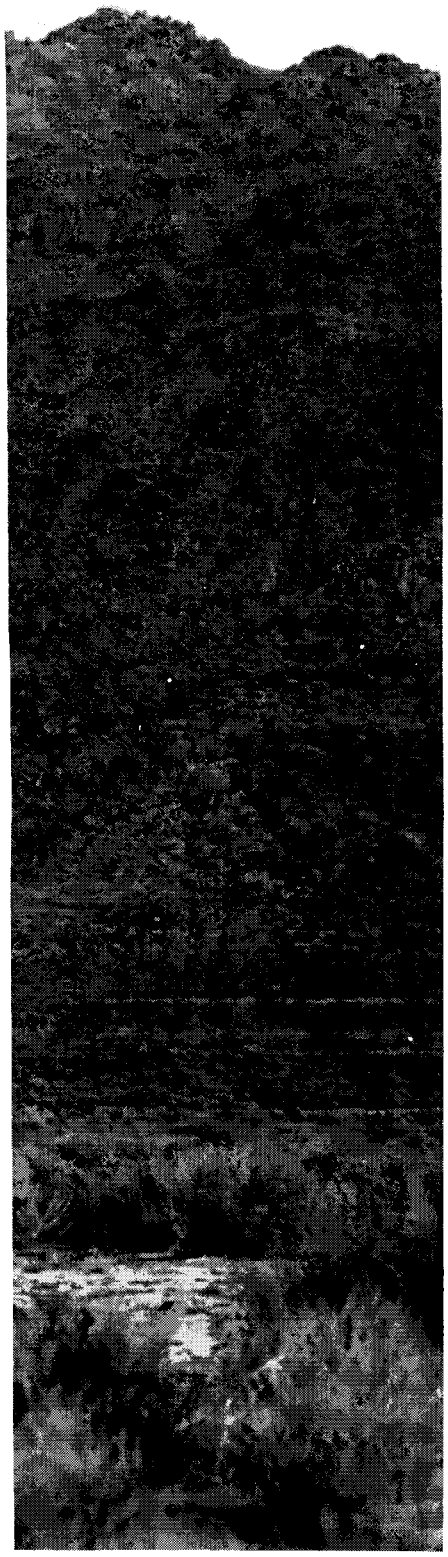


lously victimizing one of the most pitifully vulnerable groups of citizens.

California Assistant Attorney General Herbert E. Wenig recently summarized the situation in a report to U.S. Senator Harrison Williams Jr., of New Jersey, chairman of the Subcommittee on Frauds and Misrepresentations Affecting the Elderly of the Senate's Special Committee on Aging. "Retirement subdivisions and senior-citizens' villages," Wenig wrote, in part, "are fulfilling the needs of many of our senior citizens by offering them a healthful, productive and convivial life during the twilight years. However, when the demand is high and funds are readily available through the sale of homes and businesses by persons going into retirement, or through Government aid, there are attractive opportunities for the fraudulent as well as the inefficient developer."

In the desert near Apple Valley, Calif., for instance, there is a retirement community called Youngtowne Plaza, which was advertised a couple of years ago as "a stunning new residential development for you in your retirement years . . . providing carefree, country-club living, new friendships, fun and recreation for the years ahead . . . swimming pool, golf course, shuffleboard, panoramic view. . . ." It was to be a community of 357 homes, with its own shopping center. But when two *Post* reporters checked Youngtowne Plaza recently, only 41 homes had been built. They were already weatherbeaten by the wind-blown desert sands, and the land around them had been eroded by the occasionally heavy desert rains and snowstorms.

Only 36 of the 41 houses were occupied, and nearly all of these had forlorn FOR SALE signs in front of them. Tumbleweed blew down streets deserted except for an occasional parked car; here and there were barren piles of rocks, apparently intended for the foundations of houses never built. The grass, where it had been planted, was almost completely worn away, exposing the dry, raw earth. There was no shopping center. The community clubhouse consisted of one large, sparsely furnished room in a building outwardly like all the others, and there were no signs of recent activity. A few dusty decks of cards lay on a shelf, and a wall calendar was turned to March, 1963. The community swimming pool, supposedly designed for the use of about 600 residents, measured only 15 by 20 feet—smaller than the average home pool. But that didn't really matter: It was dry anyway, with the concrete beginning to crack.

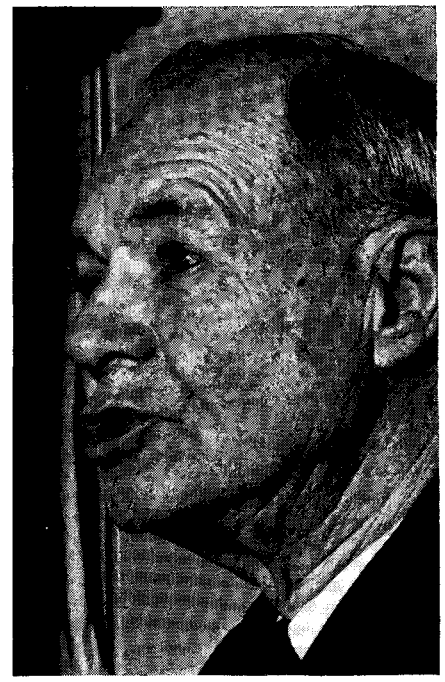
Except for the constant sound of the wind, total silence hung over the community, and it was hard to believe that people really lived here. But they did—a few. "We read the brochures and came out here expecting to spend the rest of our lives with no worries," one woman said. "Instead, it's been like homesteading in Wyoming in the Wild West. We got none of the facilities they promised us free, and then last spring they told us we'd have to pay for them, such as they are. Now all we want to do is get out, but we can't. Our life savings are tied up in this house—$12,000—and, of course, we can't sell it. We're stuck out here in the middle of nowhere now."

The state of California has issued a "desist and refrain" order against the promoters of Youngtowne Plaza, forbidding them to make any further sales in the community, but that is small consolation to the elderly people already there. Assistant Real Estate Commissioner Henry Block shrugs helplessly and says, "All we could do was to stop the problem from going on."

Other pitiful ghost towns and near-ghost towns dot the national landscape. Bishop Samuel M. Crouch of the Church of God in Christ, for example, was persuaded by two promoters that his church should build a $3.5 million, 300-unit retirement community for its Negro parishioners with FHA-insured financing. But Emmanuel Gardens, located in the remote semidesert country near Ontario, Calif., was doomed almost from the start. To date, eight of the 300 units are occupied (the prices were too high, and elderly Negroes from urban Los Angeles could not bring themselves to move to a rural environment so far from home), and the FHA has recently taken over the property, in lieu of foreclosure. The Missouri Synod of the Lutheran Church's East Ridge retirement community in the boondocks of southern Florida nearly suffered the same fate, and for the same reason. East Ridge has been on the brink of foreclosure several times and is just barely holding on.

In California's Antelope Valley, however, stands perhaps the most impressive example of the financial troubles that can afflict a retirement community. At Quartz Hill on the western edge of the Mojave Desert, there is a total ghost town of 557 ranch-style stucco apartments, complete with a community center, on 47 unseeded acres. It never has been occupied. It was built by tall, handsome, silver-haired George McLain, president of the 250,000-member National League of Senior Citizens, and himself the self-styled "Mr. Senior Citizen."

McLain has run unsuccessfully for the U.S. Senate and other offices in California, but he has been extremely successful in collecting $10 in dues annually from the 50,000 members of his California League of Senior Citizens, the most active branch of his national organization. With these funds, augmented by FHA-insured loans, he proposed to build a chain of nonprofit retirement villages. The first, in Fresno is financially stable. Antelope Valley was to have been the second. Somewhere along the way, however, the project got bogged down in squabbles between McLain and his builder over such matters as the water supply—a new reservoir had to be built. Finally the money ran out. The FHA had to order foreclosure, and unless it can persuade some other nonprofit organization to take over the community, it may become a permanent ghost town.



Lloyd Gummere led a dissident group at Seal Beach, had his phone tapped.

Even established communities like Leisure World at Seal Beach, Calif., sometimes have their problems. This

Advertised as "an active new way of life," Del Webb's Sun City near Phoenix, Ariz., offers elderly residents a wide variety of activities, including exercise classes.

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Mr. and Mrs. John McPherson, here at Seal Beach pool, saw seven retirement communities, decided against the whole idea.

'If you go out for things, you don't get lonely. I love it here. There are so many things to do.'

RETIREMENT HOUSING

thriving 6,740-apartment complex is the first completed Leisure World out of several such communities that a multimillionaire builder named Ross Cortesi has under construction or in the planning stage—at Laguna Hills in southern California; Walnut Creek in northern California; near Princeton, N.J.; in Olney, Md., near Washington; and outside Chicago. A distinguishing feature of these communities is the five-foot stone wall which completely surrounds—or will surround—each one, permitting entry only through a single, guarded gate. Eventually, Cortesi expects to have 200,000 retired people living in a total of 104,000 cooperative apartments in the various Leisure Worlds—a figure which clearly makes his Rossmoor Corporation the General Motors of the retirement villages.

The slender, handsome, 47-year-old Cortesi, son of an Italian immigrant, began his career as a fruit-and-vegetable peddler, saved his money and became a building contractor at the age of 22. By the time he was 40, he had made a fortune developing housing subdivisions to help satisfy Los Angeles's enormous postwar population explosion. In 1960, when he decided to concentrate on retirement communities for the elderly, he conferred with sociologists, psychiatrists, and government experts, and consulted Cardinal McIntyre of Los Angeles. He also gave four million dollars to the University of Southern California to study the problems of the aging. When he built his first walled-city Leisure World on undeveloped land behind Seal Beach, he provided complete facilities for recreation and shopping and a fully staffed medical clinic, offering a health plan designed to cover all medical expenses for the small monthly fee of $10.03.

It soon became apparent, however, that the fee had been set too low. It was based on an estimate that residents would use the clinic an average of six times a year, whereas they actually did so more than twice as often. As a result, the medical plan was deep in the red less than a year after the community's opening in 1962. On January 1, 1964, management raised the monthly medical fee to $12.50, and began requiring residents to pay 20 percent of the cost of drugs and medical treatment at the clinic. At the same time there was a general increase in the monthly fees for use of such recreational facilities as the golf course and swimming pools. These increases, which raised the minimum monthly cost of living in the community from $92 to $102, were bitterly resented by many of the community's residents.

Perhaps even more damaging to serenity at Seal Beach is the bitter internal political battle, which was touched off by the residents' distress over the fee raising, and which continues unabated today.

Every resident in Leisure World buys his apartment (ranging from $9,750 to $13,900, with an average down payment of $1,100) and becomes a member of the cooperative, electing a 16-man board of directors to guide the community's affairs. When it became apparent that fees would be increased, a revolt over the composition of the board developed. Two dissident groups formed, one with more than 2,000 members, the other with about 2,800. The latter was headed by a retired real-estate broker named Lloyd Gummere, himself a member of the board and a man with considerable experience in civic affairs, including a term as a councilman of the city of Seal Beach.

Both dissident groups insisted that most members of the board had been put into office by the management solely to allow continuing management control over the lives of the residents. Gummere drew up a petition to recall the board of directors, to force a new election, and easily got the required 2,700 signatures. The board then agreed to a fact-finding investigation and the recall petition was dropped.

Soon after this, however, Gummere began having trouble with his telephone. He called the telephone company, and a repairman found a professional wiretap on his line. The phone company then called in the police, who discovered that, in addition, microphones had been planted in Gummere's attic. A block away, the officers discovered two private detectives in a car with equipment capable of recording every conversation in Gummere's apartment. During the subsequent trial, which resulted in the conviction of the two private detectives on charges of wiretapping and conspiracy, Lewis Letson, paid administrator of the Seal Beach Leisure World, admitted in court that he had hired the two to keep track of Gummere's activities, though he denied having authorized their electronic eavesdropping. Shortly thereafter Letson resigned and a new administrator took over.

But Letson's departure did not end the trouble. In June, 1964, there was an election for a new board of directors of the cooperative. The old board had indicated that it wanted to sign a contract with the National Leisure World Foundation, authorizing the foundation to take over the management of the community. Gummere and 15 other residents with business and professional backgrounds ran on a platform opposing affiliation with *any* national management, and all but two of the Gummere slate were overwhelmingly elected. But the old board, as one of its last acts before going out of office, held a closed meeting and voted to sign a contract with the foundation.

The residents' anger was further aroused when the FHA approved this contract, despite the fact that a large majority of the cooperative's members had in effect voted against it, and by setting forth a policy that housing projects of "such magnitude and wide-ranging problems do not and would not lend themselves to owner-management"—that is, management by the resident members of the cooperative.

"The FHA," Assistant Housing Commissioner C. Franklin Daniels points out, "is in the position of having to protect the $70 million investment involved in this community, since if the community goes into default, United States Government funds in the amount of $70 million will have to be paid to cover the loss of the mortgagors." And the community's management argues that no group so subject to change as the board—directors are elected for staggered two-year terms—can provide the continuity of professional expertise needed to run a community larger than many towns.

In an attempt to mollify the dissidents, William Simon, a respected lawyer who formerly headed the FBI office in Los Angeles, was hired last fall to run the National Leisure World Foundation. But Simon's accession has not so far stilled the complaints, perhaps because the residents feel he has a paternalistic attitude toward them. "In the Leisure World Foundation," Simon has said, "Ross Cortesi is the father, I am the mother, the people in Leisure World are the babies." As one resident commented bitterly, "I didn't retire from a successful business at the age of 65 to come here and be treated like an irresponsible child. That's not what I bought for my old age!"

So the arguments continue. "Why can't we have democratic self-rule like

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all other American citizens?" one man asks. "We vote in the city of Seal Beach, and we have considerable say in the city government outside our walls; but inside the walls, the FHA tells us, we have no control over our own destinies, that Big Brother supersedes all." A number of people complain that there is a lack of the promised soundproofing between apartments, and that management has left sites for only three churches instead of seven, as advertised. Residents who want to leave say they cannot do so because resales became difficult after stories playing up the troubles appeared in the press. "It's been a year of turmoil, fear and mistrust," one woman says, "and we came here to find peace."

On the other hand, some of even the most passionate dissidents indicate that they love their way of life at Seal Beach and wouldn't trade it for any other. Lloyd Gummere himself is one of these. "I like it here, in spite of all the trouble," he says. "I just want to get the trouble cleared up so I can enjoy the place." Another resident says, "This place is perfect for people used to the closed life of a small town."

For its part, management says it is doing the best it can to rectify all justifiable grounds for complaint, and maintains that most of the problems stem from a handful of troublemakers and from the naturally cantankerous dispositions of old folks. "It's good for them," reasoned one Leisure World executive; "keeps their minds active."

The rights and wrongs of the unhappy situation may be clarified soon, however. A U.S. Senate subcommittee headed by Senator Frank E. Moss of Utah is considering investigating the situation, and perhaps holding hearings at Leisure World—exercising Congress's authority to determine whether agencies like the FHA are living up to the intent of laws passed by Congress.

In the case of the present housing laws, the intent of Congress was to permit the Government to subsidize the construction of specialized housing for the elderly. The legislators' first object was to encourage new publicly financed housing for the low-income elderly, and here the laws have largely been successful. Magnificent apartment complexes, with rents as low as $32 a month, have risen or are being completed in large cities like Chicago and San Francisco, and even in smaller communities like Danbury, Conn., and San Bernardino, Calif. Many of these have such special features as ramps and wide doors for wheelchairs, easily reached fixtures and sit-down shower baths.

A second law greatly benefited the nonprofit old-age communities, sponsored in most cases by churches, by offering them FHA-insured loans at interest rates (currently 3⅝ percent) well below the usual rate. These communities, often incorporating the same specialized construction features, also have a good record of success.

Other laws provided for five-and-one-quarter percent, FHA-insured financing in various forms to stimulate the construction of more housing for the elderly by commercial developers—and the big boom was under way. The result is the current crop of old folks' paradises. Here the record is less clear, but a number of observers agree with the Rev. Harold G. Baker, an expert in gerontology, that in the main, "it's a paradise for the promoter."

A major problem is that a promoter, in order to make a worthwhile profit, must buy up comparatively cheap land at some distance from existing communities—whereas public housing and most nonprofit retirement projects are located right in a town or city. Here the elderly residents can enjoy each other's companionship and yet not be cut off from the kind of society—with people of all ages—in which they have lived most of their lives. To compensate for this in the remote retirement communities, most builders try to create their own environment, with such facilities as shopping centers, motels for visitors, golf courses, swimming pools and movie houses. Sidney Spector, of the Housing and Home Finance Agency, parent agency of the FHA, estimates that about 10 percent, or 1.8 million of the nation's 18 million elderly, prefer this kind of isolated and segregated living among their own age group.

At Senior Citizens Village in Fresno, Calif., George McLain smiles proudly over the heads of residents of his community.

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'We've never been so depressed in our lives, with nothing but old people around.'

RETIREMENT HOUSING

In plush Palm City, near Palm Desert, Calif., for example, developer Nels Severin advertised comfortable homes at $13,450 and up for people "50 years or over and with an annual income of $5,000 or equivalent." Everything went well until Severin announced he was dropping the age limitation to 35 in one section of the community and ran ads with pictures of young girls disporting themselves under a waterfall. The retirees promptly rose up in anger, organized a powerful protest group, and complained to the California Attorney General's office, on the grounds that they had been misled by the ads and didn't *want* 35-year-olds with children or young girls under waterfalls in their particular paradise. An investigator from the Attorney General's office worked out a compromise, holding the age limit to 45, in the new section, and the revolt subsided, although some bitterness remains.

Many experts on the aged feel, however, that retired people—and the millions of younger Americans who face the problem as it affects their aging parents—should consider the difficulties of adjustment to life in an isolated and cloistered retirement community.

"Do we want to isolate the older people on a stratified, age-segregated basis?" asks William Beechel, executive secretary of the Governor's Committee on Aging in California. "Some enjoy being together, but is it good for them? Many psychiatrists have told us that living in an atmosphere of frequent death and illness of their peers can be a depressive factor."

It certainly was for Mr. and Mrs. William Cowley, an elderly Seattle couple who became impressed with the advertised attractions of life in Florida's communities for the aged. Selling their home in the Northwest, they moved to a retirement community near Vero Beach, but less than a year later, the Cowleys were back in the rain and cold of Seattle. "The Florida weather was great," Mrs. Cowley said, "and we had a lovely house. But we've never been so depressed in our lives, with nothing but old people around. It's very disturbing to make new friends and then have them die shortly thereafter."

Beechel refers to studies made at the University of Michigan which seem to prove that most old people like to live apart from their children, yet close enough to permit a good deal of visiting back and forth. "The glue is proximity," he says. "If there is more than 50 miles separating the generations, there is a dramatic wiping out of this desirable family structure."

"What we're doing in these segregated retirement villages is building completely abnormal communities," says Reverend Baker. "It's frightening. These old people need a sense of belonging to everyone, not just to themselves. It's fine for them to live together for the sense of comfort, security and companionship, but they *must* be in contact with children and younger people."

"What's happening in these segregated communities is that we have a lot of moral problems—high-stake all-day card games, compulsive bingo games, heavy drinking. These things don't happen in the church-sponsored retirement communities, which usually are built as a core of old people in the midst of a normal community of all ages, with the families of many of the elderly living nearby."

There are arguments to be made on both sides, and what suits one elderly individual or couple may prove completely wrong for another. Certainly no "senior citizen" should commit a life's

Queen-sized tricycles, most common mode of transportation at Sun City, narrowly avoid accident near activity center.

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savings to any kind of retirement community without having visited several.

Mr. and Mrs. John D. McPherson did exactly that when they sold their orange grove and home in Cucamonga, Calif., where they had lived for 31 years. They had worked hard during those years, and now that they had decided to retire, they wanted to make quite sure they got the best out of their last years together.

John McPherson has the tanned, hard look of a cowboy, which he once was. Born in Boston in 1888, he worked his way to the Wild West as a young man, herding Longhorns in the overland cattle drives. He met his wife, Emma, in Ekalaka, Mont., where she lived with her family. Mrs. McPherson, now 70, trim and pretty, with carefully coiffed white hair, loves concerts, the theater and "just gadding about." McPherson prefers convivial conversation with his old cronies at a nearby tavern, but despite the disparity of interests, they have had a good life together. They have two sons, both college graduates and successful in business, and eight grandchildren.

In all, the McPhersons visited seven communities. In Del Webb's Sun City, Calif., the McPhersons were disturbed by the isolation (the community, near Riverside, is 84 miles from Los Angeles and 73 miles from San Diego). They talked with one 82-year-old resident, who told them, "I don't think I would like it if I were *your* age. But if you've got a car, you're all right." She said she moved in after she visited Sun City with her daughter and son-in-law. "The pool and recreation area got us," she said. "We thought it was like a first-class hotel or country club. But with nothing but old people around, it's not really." She shrugged resignedly. "When you get to be my age, you *have* to like it, but the first few nights I nearly cried my eyes out."

She said she knew a lot of people who wanted to sell and get out. "Why?" asked McPherson. "People get lonely," she said, "and there were three deaths last week." "What happens if you get sick?" McPherson asked. She replied, "We put a Red Cross card in the window, and then somebody comes in." "But what if you had fallen or were just too weak to get to the window?" Mrs. McPherson asked. "I don't know," she said, "I just don't know."

A second Sun City resident spoke to the McPhersons just as an art class she was attending was breaking up. She showed them a still life she was working on. "I love it here," she said. "There are so many things to do. I'd like to join the Spanish class and the camera club. If you go out for things, you don't get lonely."

And so it went wherever the McPhersons visited. In Leisure World at Seal Beach, one elderly resident said, "It's called a leisure world, a pleasure world, but at the moment it certainly isn't that." But another man, a retired oil-company executive, serving on a half dozen boards and committees, was delighted with Seal Beach. "You can't be here without being active," he said. "That's why people love it so."

The McPhersons were impressed with the sparkling appearance of both Leisure World and Sun City in Arizona. They were taken aback, however, when they discovered that Del Webb owned a large cemetery directly adjacent to Sun City, and one of the salesmen joked, "We get 'em coming and going."

The McPhersons were thoroughly disenchanted with George McLain's Senior Citizens Village in Fresno. The buildings looked like army barracks, there was little or no landscaping, the fountain in front of the community center was dry. The main gathering place was the cafeteria, and the only sign of recreational activity was a couple of domino games in progress in the back room. In the cafeteria they met two couples who told of a shuffleboard court the residents had paid for themselves, and remarked that the walls of the apartments were so thin "you can hear the neighbor's cuckoo clock chime every quarter of an hour."

In the end the McPhersons decided to move to an apartment in the city, close to their sons and the grandchildren. "I don't think that we, as the individuals we are, can be happy in any of those retirement villages," Mrs. McPherson said. "I doubt if we'd want to live as senior citizens with only other senior citizens. We'd miss being around younger people, and I think you need that to keep you on the beam. Those people in the retirement villages look so sort of woebegone.

"I stood in one of those places—one of the prettiest ones—and looked up at my husband and I remembered a poem by Robert Browning: '*Grow old along with me! The best is yet to be, the last of life, for which the first was made.*' And then, in my own thoughts, I added, But not here." □

Death comes often in a community for the elderly. Here funeral director John Richardson shows plaque at cemetery owned by Del Webb, next to his Sun City.

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The show stars (from left) Geoffrey Giraffe, Magnolia Ostrich and Albert Chipmunk.

CAN A CHIPMUNK TEACH THE NEW MATH ON TV?

'Exploring' is an oasis in the famous 'wasteland.'

By Richard Atcheson

With some assistance from Paul Ritts's puppets, Dr. Albert Hibbs, the host of Exploring, *conducts a science lesson. Schools across the country use the program as a teaching aid.*

Early every Saturday the children of America plug themselves into their television sets and gape for hours at an unbroken, all-channels riot of animated-cartoon violence, rerun horse operas and grade-Z comedy. Some parents call this incessant, witless clatter "the Saturday-morning madness"; others know it as "the quack-quack, the bang-bang and the wow-wow." Television officials, however, refer to it as "children's programming."

The noise and hysteria continue almost without respite until noon, when the NBC screen lights up with a program called *Exploring*. Then sanity and restraint take over, and the grown-ups stop hiding in the kitchen and come out and join their youngsters. *Exploring* is a children's program—the best on television—but half its audience of 5.2 million is adult.

The program's host is not a clown or a cowboy but a physicist named Dr. Albert Hibbs. Smiling seldom, he conducts his audience through an hour's earnest inquiry into the phenomena of nature and society. Hibbs is teamed with puppeteers Paul and Mary Ritts who, out of sight behind a brick wall, bring forth Albert the Chipmunk, Calvin the Crow, Sir Geoffrey the Giraffe and Magnolia the Ostrich to enliven the discourse and to help Hibbs make a point. More help comes from well-known performers: Theodore Bikel and others have appeared live— along with gymnasts, magicians and bagpipers— and Maurice Evans, David Wayne, Celeste Holm and Peter Ustinov have narrated films for the show.

Now in its third season, the show never shies from difficult subjects. For example, *Exploring* has explored the new math, the mistreatment of the American Indian and mob psychology.

Each program is as varied as a da in elementary school, with segment of storytelling, math, music, scienc and history. And each program has theme or thematic character linkin all the segments. These have include Gulliver for a show dealing with th phenomenon of satire, Frank Lloy Wright for architecture, George Gersh win for music, and Lorenzo de' Medic for the Renaissance.

The Renaissance show began with a animated cartoon based on a fable c the period. Al Hibbs discussed the busi ness and political life of Florence on set built to simulate the Piazza dell Signoria. A group performed music c the period, including a song written b Lorenzo de' Medici, and the Ritts pup pets did a skit with Hibbs on the us of perspective in drawing. Films wer shown on the sculpture of Michelangel and the architecture of Brunelleschi, an Hibbs concluded by discussing, wit the aid of models, the inventions c Leonardo da Vinci.

In its zeal to stimulate, *Explorin* has stimulated a few critics. Som educators have faulted it for skippin too blithely through essential materia In the show on manned flight, for ex ample, one critic complained that Hibb talked about kinds of aircraft but neve fully explained the principles of fligh The official reply is that the show make no pretense at total education: "Th thing is not to get all the answers but t ask more questions."

Schools have seized on *Exploring* a a valuable teaching aid. Half the el mentary teachers in the nation are no receiving the teachers' guide that NB sends free on request. The guide tel what forthcoming shows will cover an suggests projects for students to wor on in the classroom and at home. Man teachers write that they key Friday lessons to Saturday's *Exploring*.

Exploring is not completely alone i the area of quality programming f children. Its nearest competitor, ABC half-hour Sunday show, *Discovery*, pr jects something of the same quiet goo sense. Weekdays on CBS there is *Ca tain Kangaroo*, a diverting and whims cal entertainment for children, n educational but not obnoxious eithe These shows are so superior to mo children's programming that paren wonder why they are so scarce. Th answer is that such shows are costly t produce and slow to find sponsors.

Children's programs, like religio and grand opera, fall willy-nilly into network department called "public a fairs," which is directed at NBC by a elegant and informed gentleman name Edward Stanley. Stanley is proud *Exploring*, probably the most altruist "public affair" his section supervis from week to week. "It would be al surd to say that we have no interest money in this department," Stanle says, "but we *were* interested in estal lishing standards in this field. Son other shows may have been worryi about the FCC thing, but that w not on *our* mind."

By "the FCC thing" Stanley pr sumably refers to the troublesome da in May, 1961, when Newton Mino then chairman of the Federal Com munications Commission, describe network programming as a "vast wast land." The networks, sensing an implie threat of federal intervention in pr gramming, hastened to produce mo public-affairs shows. Although NB

Photographs by Larry Fried

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A physicist who has helped design space satellites, Hibbs never clowns, never talks down to his young viewers.

denies it conceived *Exploring* as an answer to Minow, an odd set of circumstances did attend the show's birth.

In the spring of 1962 Robert Kintner, the president of NBC, was testifying before a Senate subcommittee which was investigating the relationship between television violence and juvenile delinquency. Mr. Kintner took the occasion to announce a new children's show, to be called *Exploring*. It was, he said, to be a program of the highest quality. The fact is that, at that point, NBC had nothing but a title and some notes contributed by a young associate producer on the *Today* show, a driving, bullet-headed, 28-year-old network wonder named Craig Fisher. Told to develop his *Exploring* idea in a hurry, Fisher set out to surpass all other programs in the children's field. When he brought *Exploring* to the air in October, 1962, it fairly glittered with imagination and competence. It had no sponsor at first, and NBC carried it at a production cost of about $25,000 a show, but half the program is now sponsored by Encyclopaedia Britannica.

Exploring's atmosphere of calm may have been attractive to E. B., a soft-sell outfit. This atmosphere prevails even when there are production fluffs—as when the production crew, handling ropes that dangled a magician by his heels three feet off the floor, almost dropped him squarely on his head. Through these rare emergencies Al Hibbs and the Rittses move with complete equanimity.

On camera, Hibbs does not exude forced joviality or phony love for little ones. His thin smile shows no teeth, and he talks to his young audience without a trace of condescension. Nor does he ever treat the puppets as if they were just hollow tubes with hands inside. He would no more talk down to Albert the Chipmunk than he would to a young viewer.

Hibbs is an incredibly busy man. He works all week as a senior research scientist in the Jet Propulsion Laboratory at California Institute of Technology. On Thursday night he leaves his home in Pasadena and takes a jet from Los Angeles to Washington, D.C. Arriving before dawn, he takes a cab to the State Department and turns on the lights in the Arms Control and Disarmament Agency, where he heads a group studying arms-control problems. Late on Friday, Hibbs takes the air shuttle to New York and goes over to NBC for an *Exploring* rehearsal. He memorizes his script overnight and on Saturday morning is prepared to tape the following week's show.

A scientist who helped design America's early space satellites might have seemed a curious choice for host of a children's show. Hibbs, however, had had much appropriate experience. He had been a consultant to the Los Angeles City Schools and California's Department of Education, and he had lectured to elementary-school students on math, general science, the moon and planets and space technology. While participating in a television series at Cal Tech he came to the attention of NBC executives, and they urged him to audition for *Exploring*. Out of 60 candidates, including several actors and professional funnymen, Doctor Hibbs got the job.

Paul and Mary Ritts, by contrast, were veterans of radio and TV. Before *Exploring*, they ran local TV shows in New York and Philadelphia. For one program a puppet was needed, and, by trial and error, Paul constructed Albert the Chipmunk. The Rittses have been building and working puppets ever since. "I have seldom seen a child walk away from a puppet show," says Paul.

On *Exploring*, the Ritts puppets are used to get across much of the factual information. In the opening show of this season, for example, Paul's script featured Calvin the Crow in an episode about migration. Calvin, a raspy-voiced, wise-cracking, cigar-smoking sort of crow, whose bow tie lights up, announces that he is going to fly down to Miami Beach for the winter. "I'm flying via Washington," he says, "because I want to drop in at the Department of Agriculture. I hear those boys have got twenty million bushels of corn in there, and I want to walk around in it in my bare feet." Calvin says he knows crows usually stay north but that he is tired of robins getting all the attention just because they travel. He says he will be gone a month and, somewhat regretfully, takes off.

Magnolia the Ostrich asks Doctor Hibbs how migrating birds know where they are going. "It's one of the big mysteries of science," he tells her. "Nobody knows for certain. Some think the birds may be sensitive to the earth's magnetic field. Some think they navigate by the stars. Perhaps some boy or girl will grow up and discover the real reason someday." Suddenly Calvin shows up again. "Look," he says, "I'd just get bored staying down in Miami all that time. Make it three weeks." And he flies off again. Magnolia says, "My, it's such a long trip. I hope he has the strength."

"Birds have amazing endurance," Hibbs says. "There's a type of barn swallow that nests in Alaska in the summer and flies all the way to Argentina for the winter, a distance of over 7,100 miles."

Suddenly Calvin shows up again and says, "Make that just two weeks." Hibbs points out to him that it will take him a week to get down there and a week to get back, and he will have no time to relax. Calvin says it's true, he will just wear himself out for nothing. Albert the Chipmunk suggests that Calvin just vacation at home. "You know something, Doctor Hibbs," says Calvin, "it sure is good to get back."

Craig Fisher, who went on to build a new NBC show called *Sunday*, has been succeeded as producer of *Exploring* by Ed Scherer. But the format he established is still observed. "The first half of the show," he says, "is more fun and games, lighter material, the animation, the music and the Rittses. The second half, with science and history, is more for the older kids, and the younger ones may drop out. We couldn't possibly interest every child in everything. But the whole idea is to stimulate the kid enough about something so he is compelled to say to somebody afterward, 'Tell me more about this.'" That is why Fisher is pleased so many adults watch *Exploring*. "It insures that there will be somebody there for the kid to ask," he says. □

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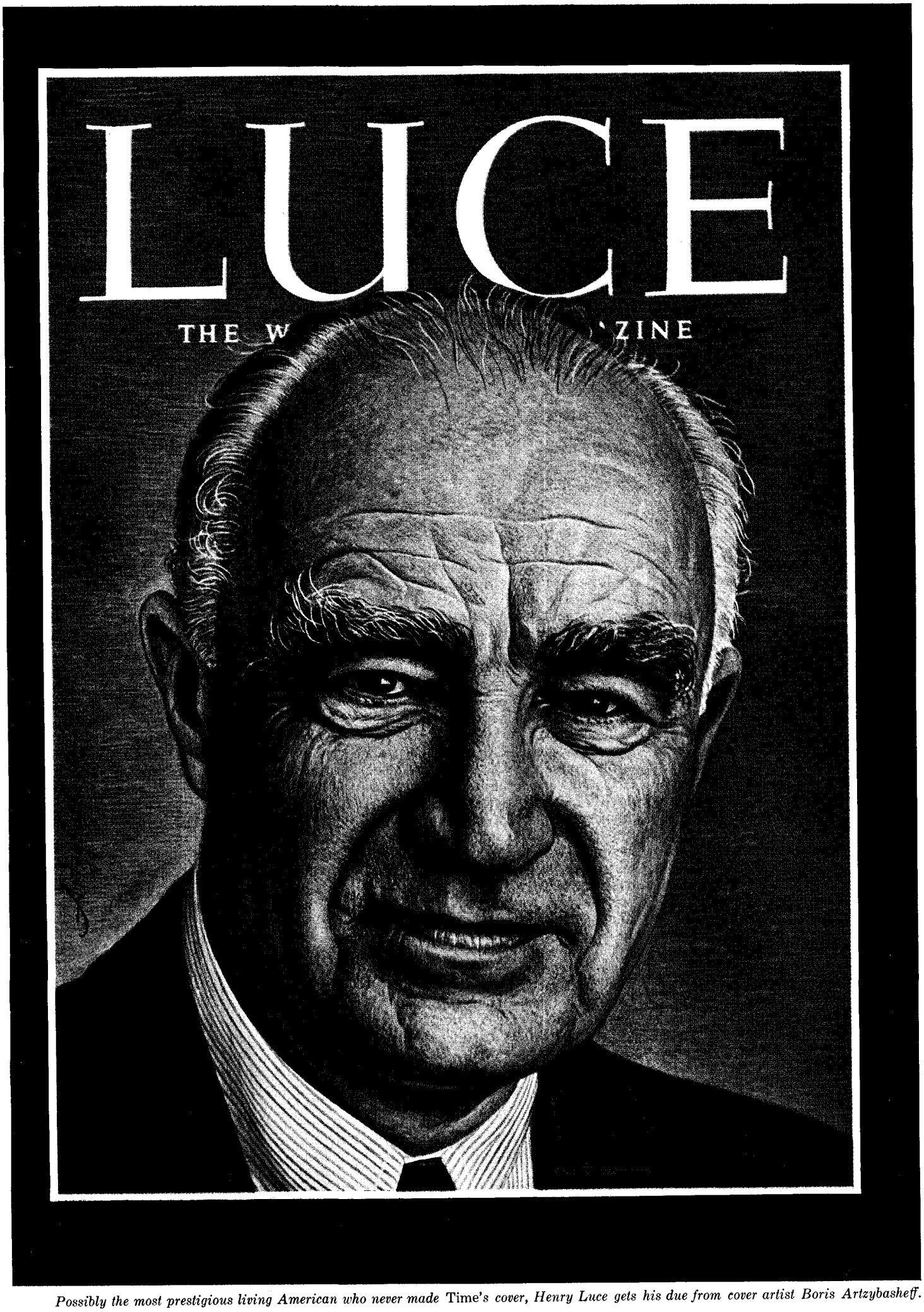

Possibly the most prestigious living American who never made Time*'s cover, Henry Luce gets his due from cover artist Boris Artzybasheff.*

THE AND THE

A TV interviewer once asked Henry Robinson Luce, the cofounder, principal stockholder and then Editor-in-Chief of Time Inc., if he didn't think he had too much power for one man. "Influence, perhaps, and upper responsibility," Luce replied. "I associate power more clearly and more semantically with public office."

"Yes," said the interviewer, "but your magazines influence public office."

"Well, if you like the word," the press lord conceded.

It was a modest concession. One measure of a man's power is how many minds he can reach, and by that yardstick few private citizens wielded greater power than Luce until he resigned last April as Editor-in-Chief. From Time Inc.'s Manhattan skyscraper, in a chastely elegant 34th-floor office, dominated by a wall-size map of the world, he controlled access to millions of minds. *Time The Weekly Newsmagazine* (circulation: 3.1 million), which he and the late Briton Hadden launched 41 years ago, remains the keystone of the Lucean arch. His other publications include *Life* (7.2 million), *Fortune* (420,000) and *Sports Illustrated* (1.1 million). International editions of *Time* and *Life* bring the total circulation to 13 million.

Luce is among the few Americans of his generation to have built up so vast a personal fortune from scratch. A single original unit of Time Inc. stock cost $50. Last April 20, after a 3–1 stock split, that same share was worth $22,000 and had yielded dividends through the years totaling $11,000. Luce owns 16.61 percent of the shares now outstanding, or about $63 million worth.

As for the corporation, its starting capital in 1923 was $86,000. In 1963, the most profitable year in its history, it netted $14,204,000. How much each magazine contributes is a bookkeeping secret. But according to educated guesses in the trade, *Time* accounts for the major share. *Life*, once the leader of the Luce chain, until television made heavy inroads on its advertising, barely broke even during the late '50's; the word is that it showed sizable profits again in the last two years. *Sports Illustrated*, added in 1954, lost more than $20 million the first five years, but has begun to edge into the

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FIRST TYCOON
POWER OF HIS PRESS

By John Kobler

"Small Boy Luce," three, in Tengchow mission compound where he was born. Family had recently fled Boxer Rebellion.

black, and Luce predicts a golden future for it. In 1937, the only year the corporation disclosed *Fortune*'s profits, the net was $498,000. The luxurious, $1.25 magazine has had better years since. Time Inc. also has a mail-order book division which last year sold 3.7 million books; a textbook subsidiary (seven million sales); a book club, the Time Reading Program, with close to 100,000 subscribers; four local TV-radio stations reaching some 2.5 million homes; paper mills, timberland, an oil field, real estate. From these diversifications it derives some 40 percent of its net, and the percentage has been increasing. A Time Inc. business executive lamented, "If only we'd stop publishing magazines, we could be way up there with the top corporations." As it is, the Fortune Directory of the 500 Largest U.S. Industrial Corporations lists Time Inc. 158th.

But neither profit nor personal glory has motivated Luce as deeply as a missionary urge to improve his countrymen, and he has exercised his power in the sincere, if not unanimously shared, belief that he knows what's good for them. A rock-ribbed Republican and devout Presbyterian, intense, blunt, literal, humorless and sometimes self-deluded, he is totally dedicated to what he conceives to be America's destiny. Few heads of state ever took their responsibilities or themselves more seriously. Indeed, he often acts as if Time Inc. were an extension of the U.S. State Department, or vice versa. His parting words, in 1940, to the first correspondent he assigned to Berlin, were, "When you get there, remember you're second only to the American ambassador." Last year when difficulties were mounting for South Vietnam's despotic Diem oligarchy, which both *Time* and the State Department supported, Luce ran into an assistant secretary of state who once worked for him. "I see we're both in trouble in Vietnam," he said.

Luce has committed Time Inc. to the "dominant aim and purpose" of defeating Communism throughout the world. "Is that a private declaration of war?" he asked at a Time Inc. executives' dinner in 1961. "And if so, may it not be unlawful and probably mad? Perhaps, but there are some mighty fine precedents." He cited Sir Francis Drake, who waged his own naval war against the King of Spain. "Private war? No—the term is out of date in this organization age. [Some listeners detected a note of regret.] But even the organization doesn't have to wait for the Government to do everything. Every individual and every organization in the land can strike a blow for liberty and against Communism—now."

Luce rejected objectivity as a journalistic ideal at the outset of his career. *Time* is a monument to subjective journalism. "Make a judgment," he would exhort his writers and editors. The ancient canon of the craft, by which facts are allowed to "speak for themselves" and opinions are confined to the editorial page, he considers illusory. "Show me a man who claims he's completely objective," he says, "and I'll show you a man with illusions." Most journalists today would agree. Which facts? The mere selection entails value judgments. No journalist can help but define, evaluate, interpret his material, and so, consciously or not, project personal attitudes. To report the facts in exhaustive, undiscriminated detail would, even if possible, blur the story's significance, not to mention its readability. As Erwin Canham, editor of the august *Christian Science Monitor*, has pointed out, "The bare news event can be so misleading as to be false."

The real standard is not objectivity, but fairness. Has judgment resulted from facts, or have the facts been manipulated to support a prejudgment? Under the system of group journalism created by Luce and Hadden, facts and opinions are so tightly interwoven that the reader cannot always distinguish between them. Essentially, the co-founders adapted many techniques of fiction writing to news. *Time* stories have the narrative structure of the old-fashioned short story with a beginning, a middle and an end.

> The four-place Cessna 180 descended toward a landing at Wyoming's Minuteman Missile Site B-6. Down and down it went, faster and faster. Too fast. One of the passengers leaned toward veteran pilot Edgar Van Keuren. The pilot's eyes were open—but sightless. He was dead of a stroke.

With adjectives of characterization, action verbs, atmospheric nouns, *Time* can infuse more pungency into a single page than *The New York Times* would deem fit to print in an entire issue.

> (Richard Burton) is the demi-Atlas of this earth, the arm and burgonet of men, the fellow who is living with Elizabeth Taylor. . . . The tympanic resonance of his voice . . . is so rich and overpowering that it could give an air of verse to a recipe for stewed hare. . . .

Puns, *double entendres* and general word play typify *Time* style, most conspicuously in its critical departments.

> A man (John Updike as a writer of light verse) who can dance a light fantastic without tripping over his dactyls is a treasure to be prized.

> There is more to Sophia Loren than meets the eye, and Director Vittorio de Sica is the man who sees it. In *Two Women* he gave the girl an accelerated course in Duse and don'ts.

> Several ax murders later [in the Bette Davis shocker, *Dead Ringer*] the problem appears to be: how you gonna keep Momma down on the farm when she has such a penchant for pruning.

Time style evolved from the physical limitations imposed by a small magazine aiming to cover all important news. Concision was essential. At their best, the ace *Time* writers are capable of lapidary phrases that make a personality or an event stick in the mind.

> Winston Churchill, wholly British, half American. . . .

> Harry Truman was as sore as a hoptoad in a tack factory.

> The hand [of a Fascist-minded author] that cradles the rock.

But such verbal diamonds must come naturally. Straining for effect produces only rhinestones. Among *Time*'s worst stylistic offenses are its variations on tired phrases like "It must be seen to be disbelieved," its tortured puns like "guilt-edged insecurities." Repeatedly used to avoid clichés, they become clichés themselves. As news writing goes, however, *Time*, on the whole, has superior quality.

The polish it strives to impart to every story, together with its tight space restrictions and deadlines of sometimes only a few hours, demands solid gifts, and its 200-odd staff members (Time Inc. employs 7,400 people altogether) number some of the deftest hands in the profession. The magazine is a training school nonpareil, whose graduates have adorned every branch of literature and publishing. Former employees include John O'Hara, John Hersey, Hamilton Basso, Archibald MacLeish, James Agee, Stephen Vincent Benet, John Dos Passos, all three founders of *American Heritage* and *Horizon*, the publisher and the editor of *Scientific American*, the editor of *Time*'s chief competitor, *Newsweek*.

But is *Time* fair? As the Frenchman replied when his wife asked him if he was faithful to her, "Frequently." It depends on the area. Where facts do not clash with preconceptions, *Time* steers a relatively straight course. This generally applies to its "back-of-the-book" departments—ART, MUSIC, RELIGION, EDUCATION, and so on. But in its national- and foreign-news coverage, policy often intervenes.

Below the managerial level droves of Luce's employees have shared neither his political nor his philosophical outlook. Did they then occasionally have to betray their principles to keep their jobs? In an early memorandum to writers and researchers, the managing editor, Manfred Gottfried, tried to dispel such suspicion.

"*Time*," he wrote, "never did and does not now demand servility, intellectual or otherwise, from members of its staff. On the contrary, *Time* does demand from every staff member the most forthright intellectual honesty and frankness in dealing with its editors and readers.

"Your job is to consider and try to appreciate the editors' points—but not to accept them unless you are convinced. If you still believe something else, it is your job to bring the editors around to your view."

But what if the editors can't be brought around? "They have to trust their own judgment—that's what they are hired for. So it is their business to

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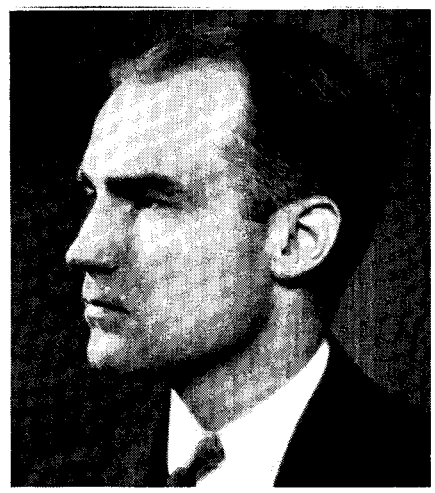
Moving up and down Time's assembly line,



Luce in early career (right) had to concentrate on business, but his first love has always been editorial affairs. Below, Luce the editor meets with staffers at 1964 G.O.P. convention.

LUCE OF TIME-LIFE

revise the story according to thei lights or get it rewritten by somebod who sees their points."

The system has not fundamentall changed, though lately Luce's hanc has been less directly felt. Lecturing a the University of Oregon school o journalism 10 years ago, he declared "The owner-editor cannot honorabl evade his confrontation with every as pect of truth in every aspect of hi paper." But while the spirit of the over lord, emanating from the 34th floor continued to permeate the furthes reaches of his domain, Time Inc. grev too labyrinthine for him to participat at every juncture. His age alone pre cluded it. In 1959 he felt obliged to be gin transferring the reins of power. A reorganization brought younger mer into key positions. The title of Editoria Director of Time Inc.—in effect, hei apparent—was conferred upon *For tune*'s managing editor Hedley William Donovan, a taciturn, vigorous, learnec man of 46. When Donovan recentl mounted the throne as editor in chie Luce assumed the more-or-less honor ary title of Editorial Chairman.

No man ever rose so far so fast in th organization as Donovan. In 1945 while scouting for fresh Time Inc talent, Vice President Eric Hodgin compiled a list of Rhodes Scholars wh had chosen journalism as a career. On man he could not find to interview wa Donovan. Yet at that very momen Donovan was knocking on *Fortune*' door in quest of a job. After they finall met, Hodgins reported to *Fortune*' editors, "I think Donovan is a remark able young man and that taking hin on the staff at an intermediate level o a three-to-six months trial basis woul be a very good gamble."

Donovan was born in Brainerd Minn., the son of a mining engineer He graduated *magna cum laude* fron the University of Minnesota with a B.A. in history and a Phi Beta Kappa key, and for two years studied histor at Oxford as a Rhodes Scholar. Afte that he was a reporter on the Washing ton *Post*. During the war he serve with Naval intelligence, attaining th rank of lieutenant commander.

Starting as a *Fortune* writer, Dono van became associate managing edito in 1951, managing editor two year later, and in 1959 Luce's second i command, a position that four year later paid him $113,375. Politics, gov ernment and foreign affairs are hi prime journalistic interests. Donovan' elevation is not likely to bring any pro nounced changes in Time Inc. editoria policy. As Luce put it, "Donovan, o course, will make the final decisions o policy. But he will consult the Senate

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the work of many writers takes on a uniform tone and viewpoint.

And I wouldn't have picked Donovan to succeed me if he hadn't been *simpatico.*"

Even before his resignation Luce delegated a great deal of authority, and his adjutants enjoyed enormous autonomy. *Time*'s cool, tough, archconservative managing editor, Otto Fuerbringer—variously known as "The Iron Chancellor," "the Nerveless Wonder," and "Otto Forefinger"—has run the magazine for weeks without seeing or hearing from Luce, so that to a great degree it carries the slant of his thinking. From Fuerbringer the long chain of command stretches through an assistant managing editor, 11 senior editors, 21 associate editors, 37 contributing editors, 68 editorial researchers—all women (on *Time* there is no room at the top for women). The Luce newsgathering machine comprises 38 bureaus and 390 part- or full-time correspondents. Every employee is encouraged to make honest, independent judgments. But Fuerbringer's pencil is the last to touch a piece of copy, and except when Luce intervened, his has been the ultimate judgment.

The system was not designed to accommodate the nonorganization man. There are few by-lines to gratify pride of authorship. Practically never does a story reach print exactly the way any one reporter reported it or any one writer wrote it. The anonymous end product is a distillate of many minds. Yet as copy moves up the assembly line to Fuerbringer, and frequently back down again for revisions, it acquires such a uniformity of tone and viewpoint that a single mind might have produced it all. "The regimentation of ideas often becomes profoundly depressing," a *Time* veteran wrote in 1948 to a friend on another magazine where he hoped to find a less inhibiting job. "It's getting to the point where almost every story must toe the line."

What correspondents file from the scene of action, the policymakers thousands of miles away do not necessarily heed. *Time* editors draw upon a multitude of other sources—newspapers, wire services, official statements—and if their own man's dispatch contravenes policy, they may ignore it altogether. Such was the experience of Theodore White, a star correspondent, when his reports from China during World War II grew critical of Chiang Kai-shek, a Luce hero. It happened to Charles Mohr when he reported that South Vietnam was losing the war whereas the Luce cabinet had concluded it was winning. In Luce's absence Fuerbringer took it upon himself to virtually repudiate Mohr in *Time*'s PRESS section. Both White and Mohr broke with the magazine. White, however, patched up his quarrel with Luce and now writes under contract for *Life.*

Time's editor-writers are an imaginative crew with strong egos. Why, then, do they reconcile themselves to such a submersion of individuality? The range of motives, from cynicism to conviction, is much the same as in any corporation. For some, no conflict exists. They value the group system, respect the Luce concepts and accept the sacrifice of ego in the spirit of a Marine who puts the Corps ahead of any individual. Some, not wedded to the system, find enough escape hatches to satisfy their consciences. Never, it is true, are they asked to write a word against their beliefs. The queasy writer can refuse to work on a particular story, without risk of dismissal. Other writers, able to compartmentalize their minds, consider their private opinions irrelevant. They think of the story as a commodity to be sold, and they package it as attractively as their talent allows. And still others, the downright cynics, prize foremost Time Inc.'s agreeable working conditions and handsome salaries.

Of *Time*'s political bias, Thomas S. Matthews, who was a *Time* editor from the Hoover to the Eisenhower Administration, says, "The bad years were the presidential years. Then is when *Time* got excited and ceased to be fair."

On the political stage, as viewed through *Time*'s tinted spectacles, Republican actors have been predominantly valiant knights, the Democrats knaves and buffoons. To project the desired image, the magazine resorted to artful devices, such as the allusive word, innuendo, highly selective quoting.

Few events ever drove so deep a wedge between the magazine's upper and lower strata as Stevenson's first bid for the Presidency in 1952. An overwhelming majority of the staff revered the Democratic candidate. "The distortions, suppressions and slanting of [*Time*'s] political 'news'," Matthews charges in his autobiography, *Name and Address,* "seemed to me to pass the bounds of politics and to commit an offense against the ethics of journalism. The climax was a cover story on Adlai Stevenson, which was a clumsy but malign and murderously meant attack. As editor, I had taken over the editing of cover stories, so I was able to scotch this particular snake—but Luce was appealed to, and that was the last political story I was allowed to edit. At that point I decided to resign."

Time's treatment of Stevenson aroused such bitterness among its staff that Matthews advised Luce to make some conciliatory gesture. So he bade everybody to a dinner at the Union Club. He evidently forgot the purpose, however, because midway through dinner he rapped on his glass, rose and announced, "In case any of you don't know who I am, let me introduce myself. I'm your boss. I can hire and I can fire." In the question period later, an editor asked, "Do you feel *Time* has been harmed by its extreme partisanship?"

"I don't think circulation has been affected," said Luce.

In the 1956 race between Stevenson-Kefauver and the incumbent Eisenhower-Nixon slate, *Time* called Sen. Estes Kefauver "the professionally common man." He campaigned with a "poor-mouthed Southern drawl," his handshake was "limp," his speeches "dull, platitudinous, primerlike," and he kept an extra shirt in his briefcase because "he perspires heavily." By contrast to that image, Richard Nixon emerged as a firm handshaker, "a man of consistent principles, whose values are as sound and fundamental as any in the U. S. today." What prompted Adlai Stevenson to run a second time? "The presidential virus is not easy to shake off." And Eisenhower? He "sincerely and devotedly" wanted "to continue the job."

For a Democrat, John F. Kennedy fared well at *Time*'s hands while a presidential candidate. Possibly Luce's friendship with the family may explain it. (Luce wrote the preface to the young Kennedy's 1940 book, *While England Slept,* pronouncing it "remarkable," and in the White House, Kennedy told a *Time* correspondent, "I like Henry Luce because he reminds me of my

Son and heir: Henry Luce III is a Time Inc. research executive.

Protégé and successor: Hedley Donovan took title of Editor-in-Chief.

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father.") But it also happened that illness kept Fuerbringer away during the campaign, and his replacement, Thomas Griffith, was a liberal Democrat.

After the Iron Chancellor resumed his command in January, 1961, President Kennedy had little reason to love *Time*. Appraising his first 100 days, it found hardly a single act or a single quality meriting commendation. Its hostility pursued him beyond the grave. The issue following his assassination mingled grudging praise for a few undeniable accomplishments with derisive comments about practically everything else, concluded that the Kennedy Administration might be known "less for the substance of its achievements than for its style. . . ."

But to one of the dead President's habits *Time* accorded the friendliest attention—he studiously read *Time*. The publisher's promotional letter, which prefaced that issue, spoke glowingly of Kennedy's "special feeling about *Time*," quoted him as saying he considered it America's most important magazine. The letter so incensed a *Newsweek* editor that he wired Luce,

THERE IS NO ACCOUNTING FOR TASTE, BUT PERHAPS THERE SHOULD BE. HOW TYPICAL OF *TIME* TO BLOW ITS OWN HORN WITH KENNEDY'S LAST BREATH.

As it did to so many Republicans, the nomination of Barry Goldwater brought a time of doubt and soul-searching to the Luce publications. For a while it seemed that Republican tradition would prevail. *Time*'s cover story on the nomination had a tone favorable to Goldwater, and *Life* ran a story on the financial affairs of Lyndon Johnson which unstintingly detailed the Johnsonian bent for accumulating private wealth while in public office.

Then, as Republicans directed mounting criticism at the general run of U.S. journalists for anti-Goldwater "bias," Editor-in-Chief Donovan turned writer and did a piece for *Life* called *The Difficulty of Being Fair to Goldwater*. It examined certain confusions and inconsistencies in Goldwater's public statements, and at times it came close to caustic criticism. It was no surprise when some three weeks later, *Life* gave Johnson its official endorsement.

But if reason dictated support of Johnson, taste recoiled before his style. His sentimentality, his boisterousness, his wild-western recreational habits scarcely fitted the Lucean ideal of presidential comportment, and *Time* seemingly took pleasurable pains to highlight some of these failings. Its story on the campaign windup was filled with the most overblown samples of the President's oratory. He was "carried away by the wonderfulness of it all" as he spoke of the Great Society. . . . "In Los Angeles, where tinsel dreams are mass-produced, Lyndon sounded every bit as utopian." Piling quote on Claghornian quote, the piece reported that the President "talked, talked, talked.... Much of it was pure corn, or just plain tasteless." After missing his lunch in Milwaukee, *Time* noted slyly, Johnson stopped at a grocery for "a little hunk of baloney."

In contrast, while *Time* deplored Goldwater's views, it clearly liked the cut of his jib. Here was a well-bred gentleman, and even when criticizing him, it maintained a respectful tone. The senator's lunches went unchronicled. His final campaign utterances, as *Time* reported them, were a straightforward summation of the G.O.P. case.

Even though Luce has abdicated his title, he has not abdicated his influence. He is in his office every day when in New York, close to every important decision—and no major decision, certainly, will be taken in direct opposition to his will.

All apart from his direct influence, Luce's impact on his magazines is likely to be felt long after his final departure. The absolutism of *Time*, somewhat tempered by the years, is a manifestation of Luce's own craving for tidy formulations. Abstract thinking, speculation, ifs, ands and buts set him fidgeting. A Far East correspondent, having made no headway discussing with Luce the complexities of Red China, dredged up from his memory a comparison he had read someplace: "The Russians concentrated on production while the Chinese Communists are concentrating on social organization as a way to production." Luce pounced on it and repeated it frequently. (To this day the correspondent is not sure what it meant.)

In a *Fortune* manuscript about the Red Chinese economy, the author wrote that its failures resulted from "successive years of mismanagement, confusion, natural calamities and population pressures—and perhaps the sheer unwieldiness of China itself." Luce scrawled across the margin, "Too many explanations. The simple answer is Communism."

As reflected in *Time*, this aversion to qualifying facts has generated an aura of Olympian omniscience. "Let Subscriber Goodkind mend his ways!" So Briton Hadden answered an objector and hung a framed copy in his office. Though *Time* has moderated the cocksnookery of its salad days, this imperious rejoinder might still serve as its motto. "Who says so?" a reader asked long after Hadden died, and the LETTERS editor replied, "*Time* says so." Arrogance ranks with bias as the offense most often charged against the magazine.

Brusque and flinty as Luce can be, with a seeming insensitivity that sometimes verges on cruelty, scores of employees, past and present, profess affection for him. By and large, it is not the affection that warmth or charm inspires, but rather the response of craftsmen to a master of their craft. "If you love magazine writing, you have to love Luce," says Theodore White. "He's a prisoner of his virtues. Any man as positively domineering as Luce has got to be a so-and-so in certain respects, and only a man that positive could have had such a tremendous effect on journalism. He and Harold Ross [the late founder-editor of *The New Yorker*] revolutionized the thinking of American readers." Winthrop Sargeant, *The New Yorker*'s music critic, who has worked for *Time* and *Life*, acclaims Luce as a "journalistic genius.

Among the natural endowments to which Luce's admirers attribute his editorial success are curiosity, instinctive timing and prescience. The combination, they contend, has enabled his magazines to keep far enough ahead of the reader to flatter his intelligence, but not so far ahead as to confuse him. Though neither profoundly erudite nor profoundly responsive to aesthetic experience, Luce does have an intuitive feeling for what intellectual and artistic ideas will prove significant, exciting, influential. He has been a tastemaker. He anticipated, for example, America's cultural expansion as a result of increased leisure. His magazines, accordingly, ventured deeper into the arts and sciences, provided a forum for such thinkers as historian Arnold Toynbee, scientist Julian Huxley, educator Jacques Barzun.

The teacher-preacher in Luce longed to elevate the American mind, taste and ethic. "America's intellectual health" was a phrase often on his tongue. *Life*, he felt, provided a lot of the needed nourishment through such series, in sumptuous color photography and glittering text, as THE EPIC OF MAN, THE HUMAN BODY, THE MIRACLE OF GREECE, THE WORLD WE LIVE IN. Let sophisticates scoff at the lurid, de Millesque depictions of prehistoric man or the science-fictionlike freaks personifying bodily functions. Luce never shrank from showmanship to lure people into the lecture hall.

Luce, who has seldom missed Sunday church or gone to bed without praying, also worries over what he considers America's shortcomings as a Christian nation. In his own writings and speeches he continually refers to God, Scripture and the American Proposition. The last he defines as the historical result of two mainstreams flowing together—eighteenth-century French libertarianism and revealed religion." He holds that America has a "constitutional dependency on God," although it is still "far from being a Christian country."

It puzzles and pains Luce that his magazines have met consistent rebuff where he most wanted them to be taken seriously—in the intellectual community. The caustic ex-*Fortune* editor, Dwight MacDonald, relegates *Life* to what he calls "Masscult, a spurious mishmash of popular fare and High Culture. . . ."

"The competence of (*Time*'s) presentation," wrote the eminent literary critic, Edmund Wilson, "tends to mask the ineptitude and cynicism of the mentality behind the report, and the effect on the public consciousness may be almost as demoralizing . . . as the tirades of the old Yellow Press." In a *Time*-financed survey of 800 scientists, the majority voted it their favorite magazine. But a sociology instructor at the University of Maryland polled 700 members of the Federation of American Scientists as to which publications' editorial policies they found "congenial." None mentioned any Luce publication. What Luce still regards as his most important statement on foreign affairs, a 1941 *Life* editorial in which he proclaimed that "the 20th Century must be to a significant degree the American century," the *Nation*'s highbrow editor, Freda Kirchwey, called "pompous poppycock."

At the age of 66, Luce has the remote and chilly dignity of a Pilgrim Father sculptured in marble. Tall and lean, his jaw firm, his mouth thin, he peers at people intently but impersonally out of pale blue eyes set under shaggy brows. He has almost no hair on the top of his head, and the white strands at the sides are sparse. His normal facial expression is one of stony inscrutability. Though hard of hearing, he refuses to wear a hearing aid. "You ought to make up your mind to it," Matthews, a fellow sufferer, told him. "It takes a lot of time and patience to get used to." Luce brushed aside the advice, claiming, "If ten people are talking around me, I can understand seven of them, and the other three probably don't matter." But this was an illusion. During staff conferences he was apt to lash out at Editor A for some displeasing comment uttered by Editor B.

Luce's busy mind continually outraces his tongue, resulting in a conversational style which is hard to follow. The idea may be cogent at its origin, but it tends to tumble out in elliptical fragments. He leaps forward from sentence to choppy sentence, backtracks, repeats, lapses into enigmatic silence, picks up a new thread. In his youth he stuttered, and when excited or angry—he has a hot temper—his tongue still trips. Luce discourses rather than converses, and until he is finished, he leaves his listeners no openings for the word edgewise. He disdains small talk. While capable of an occasional dry witticism,

Yale Daily News's 1920 staff included chairman Hadden (center), editor Luce (second left).

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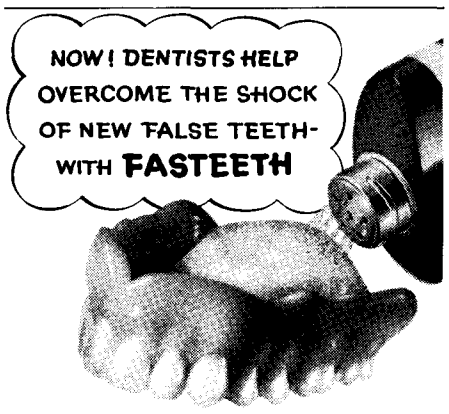

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Ranging the world, Luce

Still consulted in key decisions, Luce conf

LUCE OF TIME-LIFE

he seldom attempts a joke. When he does, it is likely to fall flat, whereupon he will repeat it and laboriously explain the point.

For a world-traveled acquaintance of the great, Luce exhibits astonishing social deficiencies. Whether host or guest, he is a clock-watcher and a foot tapper. Easily bored when the conversation loses altitude, he does not hesitate to get up from the dinner table while others are still at coffee. He forgets to pass the salt and pepper, to see if everybody's glass is full. (He fancies old-fashioneds himself, but takes no more than two or three an evening and normally none during the day.) A chain smoker, unable to swear off despite a persistent cough, he will absently preempt any matches and cigarettes in sight. He once broke up a party an American diplomat gave for him in Hong Kong by looking at his watch and loudly announcing, "Time to go."

"De big boss done spoke," said the diplomat, and everybody went.

Gourmets among Luce's employees have endured excruciating torments because of his indifference, if not positive antagonism, to the pleasures of the table. They ascribe it partly to his intense preoccupation, partly to the Calvinist tradition of asceticism in which he was reared.

One day Luce summoned a *Life* writer, Lincoln Barnett, and the managing editor, John Shaw Billings, to lunch at the Waldorf-Astoria. "I was scared of Billings," Barnett recalls, "and Billings was scared of Luce." Did they want a cocktail? the waiter asked. Not Luce. So Barnett and Billings, though longing for several, declined. They were ravenous, and the menu listed an abundance of delectable foods. Luce ordered frankfurters and beans. Barnett and Billings likewise. Luce sliced off a bit of sausage, raised it to his mouth, put it down again. "Now about that series. . . ." Barnett and Billings had to stop eating to listen and react. So it went throughout the meal. They managed about two mouthfuls each. When they got back to the office, Barnett thanked Luce for his hospitality, then ducked out to a cafeteria.

Another time, wanting to discuss an article at lunch with *Life*'s entertainment editor, Oliver Jensen, Luce sent him ahead to the Café Louis XIV nearby to order for them both. After careful deliberation, Jensen chose extra-dry Martinis and *filets de sole Marguery*. Luce arrived half an hour later, gulped down his drink, wolfed his food. "I hope you liked what I ordered," said Jensen. "Just fuel," said Luce, "fuel, fuel."

With his wife Clare, Luce shares a Fifth Avenue apartment, a winter retreat in Phoenix, Ariz., and a summer home in Ridgefield, Conn. For a multimillionaire's properties, they are not exceptionally opulent. Except for paintings, of which he is a fairly discerning collector, Luce takes only a casual interest in his physical surroundings. If anything, the trappings of wealth and power embarrass him. His office is a good deal less ornate than those of some of his executives, with few art objects relieving its functional severity. There is a bronze bust of Luce by Jo Davidson, which Mrs. Luce commissioned, and a bucolic painting by Sir Winston Churchill, which Luce acquired while a guest of the former prime minister at his country seat, Chartwell. Churchill offered him a choice of any painting in his studio. Luce said he would prefer one of Chartwell. "With or without sheep?" Churchill asked. "With," said Luce. But the artist found he had none with. So he painted in a flock. Beside Luce's desk stands a photograph of Mrs. Luce—"For my darling Harry from his Clare."

What leisure the Luces have the time and the capacity to enjoy, they enjoy most at 43 Biltmore Estates, their Phoenix pleasance. The property encompasses a long, one-story house, an aviary, a cactus garden and a heated swimming pool. The patio borders the Arizona Biltmore Hotel's golf course, which makes it easy for Luce to obey doctor's orders and exercise. In Phoenix he plays at least nine holes every afternoon, but, too impatient to walk the course, drives a golf cart. Mrs. Luce, meanwhile, applies herself to writing and to her current avocation, mosaic art. Before lunch husband and wife meet at the heated pool; wearing bathing caps, they enter at the shallow end and slowly sidestroke up and down, conversing gravely as they swim.

Luce's curiosity is obsessive. He engorges facts, the trivial as well as the momentous, and his attention to people quickens or flags according to what they can tell him that he doesn't know. Anybody with expert knowledge he will try to pump dry. The wife of a *Life* editor, whom he was berating for arriving late at his house for dinner, turned away his wrath by tossing him a fact, as one might quiet a bawling infant by popping a candy into its mouth. "Did you know," said the clever girl, "that airlines won't carry a woman seven months pregnant?" Luce's tirade stopped dead. "What? What?"

"In case of premature birth, of course."

Curiosity once led him to a psychoanalyst. But the first hour was the last. "The fellow didn't tell me anything," Luce complained.

When he travels, as he tirelessly does, the strain upon his news-bureau personnel is severe. Not only must they be prepared to appease his voracious appetite for information, they must arrange for him to meet People Who Count, and without any waste motion—he accepts no delays, except perhaps those caused by acts of God. To reconstruct some typical episodes from the Luce Odyssey:

London. A late staff dinner. "Africa," an editor remarks, "is on the eve of a great transformation." Luce pricks up his ears. "Who's got a map?" At that time and place, nobody. "Clear the table," he commands, and with all hands pitching in, draws a map on the tablecloth. "Now what's the constitutional situation here . . . and down here? . . ." Luce has discovered Africa. The Q-and-A lasts until early morning. Not long after, *Life* publishes a special issue on Africa.

Zurich. The airport. Luce has appointments in Vienna. But because of bad weather no planes can land there. He tears up to the booking counter. "What planes *will* be taking off?"

"Where to?"

"Anywhere."

The booking agent smiles gently, like a man humoring a lunatic. "Well, there's a flight to London in an hour, to Paris in forty minutes and to Amsterdam in twenty minutes."

"Give me a ticket to Amsterdam." There must be authorities in Amsterdam whom he can talk to profitably. The Swiss correspondent phones his Amsterdam opposite number. By the time Luce lands, barely two hours later, the impossible has been accomplished—an audience awaits him with the prime minister.

Rome. Passing through, after a tour of the Near East, Luce is eager to discuss his observations with Eugene Cardinal Tisserant, Secretary of the Sacred Congregation of the Eastern Church and an authority on Arabic culture. Luce informs His Eminence, "A religious revival is brewing in the Near East."

"Oh," says the cardinal, "I was not aware of it."

"Just got back. Pretty sure I'm right."

"I have spent some years in that part of the world. How long were you there, Mr. Luce?"

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th Donovan at San Francisco convention.

"Fortnight."

"Really! How enterprising of you to learn Arabic for such a brief stay."

"Don't speak Arabic."

"You mean you got by on your French alone?"

"Don't speak French."

The cardinal's irony grows sharper. But like a brave bull stuck full of banderillas, Luce stands firm. And events prove him at least partly right. A pan-Arab, if not a religious, revival will soon sweep through the Moslem world, carrying to the fore Nasser and the United Arab Republic.

When Luce returned from such journeys, he customarily addressed a long memorandum to his key editors. It would embody reporting as perceptive as any his magazines printed. It would also prescribe policies.

To people who identify Luce, with good reason, as a standard-bearer of the right, these policies have sometimes been confusing. While conservatism is his natural ideological climate, he has an independence of mind which may lead him into an atypical position. In 1928 he deviated so far from the expected as to support Al Smith for the Presidency against Herbert Hoover, because he considered Smith progressive and approved his anti-Prohibition policy. He never again supported a Democratic nominee until 1964.

Before World War II the American power elite was predominantly isolationist. But Luce recognized the evils of Hitler at an early stage and the inevitability of America's involvement in a Europe threatened by him. It was Luce who proposed to Roosevelt in 1940, as wolf packs of Nazi submarines began stalking British ships, that the U.S. give a fleet of overage destroyers

engorges facts, meets all the important people.

to England. The American people would not tolerate it, Roosevelt objected. Luce insisted they would, once they understood the peril. Let Luce then, said the President, try to change public opinion. *Time* and *Life* proceeded to do so, other publications supported them, and in the fall Roosevelt delivered to Churchill 50 destroyers in exchange for U.S. bases on British possessions in the Western Hemisphere.

In the glow of optimism following V-E Day, Russia did not seem menacing to most Americans. But Luce perceived the nature of the Communist threat, and was violently denounced by liberals for the alarm he sounded. Later he recognized danger of another kind from the extreme right as exemplified by Sen. Joseph McCarthy. In Luce's view, internal Communism no longer posed a serious threat, and McCarthy's activities weakened the fight against the real peril of international Communism. *Time* struck hard at the senator as early as 1951, and helped to hasten his eventual downfall.

In a rare mood of wistfulness and self-revelation, Luce once told an audience of Time Inc. executives, "You could never guess what I have most missed in my life. It is the fact that I have never had—and cannot have—a hometown, an American hometown. An American always explains himself satisfactorily by citing where he comes from—be it the sidewalks of New York or the farm lands of Illinois, or Houston, Tex. 'Where do you come from?' I would give anything if I could say simply and casually, 'Oshkaloosa, Iowa.'"

But he could only say, "Tengchow, China." His parents were Presbyterian missionaries from Scranton, Pa., poor, though socially well-connected. The Rev. Dr. Henry Winters Luce (Yale '92) traced his ancestry to the early 17th-century settlers of Martha's Vineyard, Mass. Elizabeth Root Luce, a Y.W.C.A. worker before her marriage, counted among her forebears English landowners, soldiers, clergymen and public servants. In Tengchow, an ancient port on the promontory of Shantung Province that juts into the Yellow Sea, Doctor Luce taught physics at a burgeoning Christian college. An eloquent fund raiser, he later persuaded rich American Presbyterians to finance two universities in China.

Henry Robinson (after the pastor of Scranton's Second Presbyterian Church) Luce was born on April 3, 1898, the first of four children, behind the mud-brick walls of a mission compound. By custom, foreigners received Chinese names phonetically similar to the original. The minister's name was transliterated into three characters pronounced *Lu Ssu-i*, the last two meaning "one who seeks righteousness." Harry Luce, who learned Chinese before he spoke English, became Lu Shao-i—"Small Boy Luce."

Spartan austerity governed his formative years. Writing home from the Tengchow compound, Mrs. Luce described the family's daily schedule:

6:00 A.M.	Rise, cold bath, dress.
6:30–7:00	Bible Study.
7:00	Breakfast.
7:40–8:20	A little more study.
8:30–11:30	Chinese lessons.
12:00 Noon	Lunch.
12:40–1:20	Nap.
1:30–4:30	Chinese lessons.
4:40–5:30	Walk.
6:00	Supper.
Evenings	General reading and more Chinese study.

In June, 1900, China's long-smoldering hatred of the "foreign devils" who were exploiting her resources erupted in the Boxer Rebellion. Terrorists calling themselves "Righteous Harmony Fists" ("Boxers" in loose translation) murdered scores of foreigners, among them several missionaries. The Luces, now increased by a daughter, Emmavail, escaped to Korea aboard a Chinese gunboat, returning to Tengchow the following autumn after European troops had quelled the uprising. Three years later, with the addition of a second daughter, Elizabeth, they moved inland to another compound near Weihsien. The fourth child, Sheldon—Shao-ling [Little Bell]—was born there nine years later.

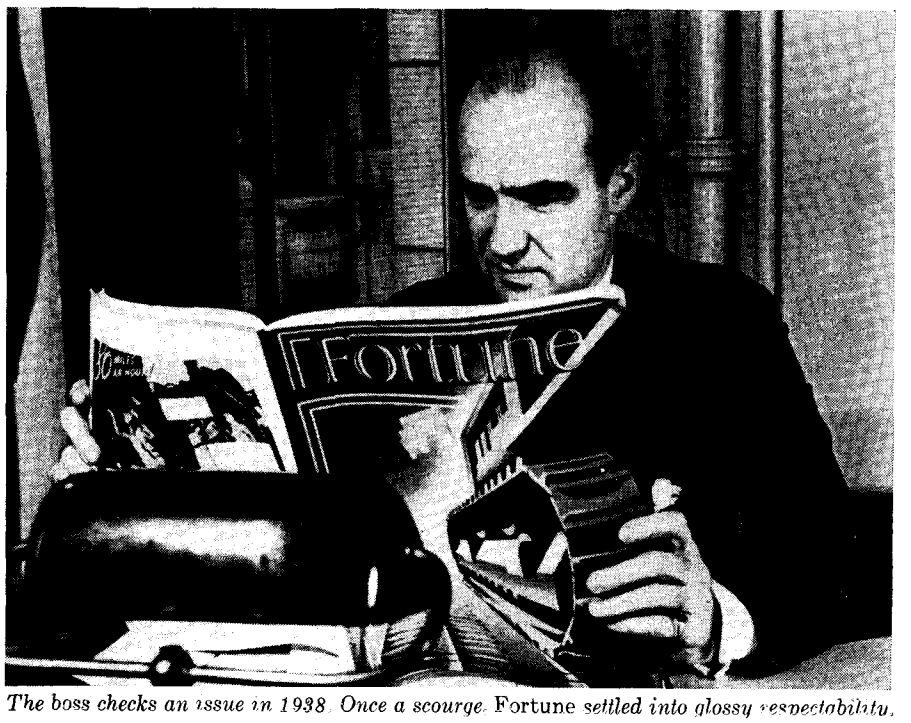
Of Small Boy Luce his mother wrote in 1911, "He is the queerest child! He pores over a new *Yale Bulletin* and has been trying to find out what the 'Entrance Exams' will be for 1915, when he hopes to enter! Some specimen Exams are given & yesterday I found him working over a French Exam paper—isn't it funny!"

Signs of precocity in her firstborn had amused Mrs. Luce since his infancy. At the age of four, having been exposed to the thundering Sunday sermons of the mission elders, he began dictating to her sermons of his own composition. The cadences of Holy Writ charmed the tot's ear. The Christmas boxes shipped to the Luces by their Scranton supporters contained, at Harry's request, an American *Revised Standard Bible*, sets of Shakespeare and the Victorian novelists. In his eighth year he underwent a tonsillectomy. The anesthetic wore off before the operation was over. To that trauma, his mother always ascribed the stutter which he developed soon after.

A military-history buff, he would reconstruct famous battles on the nursery floor with tin soldiers and building blocks. The vast plain surrounding the compound, dense with sorghum and millet growing taller than a man, and studded with Buddhist burial mounds, offered choice terrain for active combat games. The mission boys, totaling about a dozen, formed two armies—"the Bloody Triangle," consisting of the three oldest, biggest boys, and "the Howling Caterwaulers," consisting of all the others, whose strategy was mapped by Small Boy Luce.

If Luce was serious-minded beyond his years, life at Weihsien scarcely inspired frivolity. Around the compound ran a stone wall 12 feet high, its only gate barred and guarded at night against marauders. Bandits or skirmishing warlords made it hazardous to venture far outside. Bubonic plague periodically ravaged the province. Black smallpox killed one mission child. To the Chinese, hunger was a specter so familiar that they traditionally greeted each other, not with a "good morning," but the question, "Have you eaten rice yet?" Luce never forgot the purpose served by certain stone towers he passed during cross-country hikes. On top of them destitute families would abandon the babies they could not feed.

The Luce's house at Weihsien, the first they ever owned, they owed to the bounty of Mrs. Cyrus H. McCormick, the widow of the Chicago harvester millionaire. While home on leave in 1906 trying to raise money for the mission college, Doctor Luce had visited her with his family, and she had immediately warmed to them. She wanted to adopt Henry and have him live with her, but after praying for



The boss checks an issue in 1938. Once a scourge, Fortune *settled into glossy respectability.*

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guidance, his parents decided to take him back to China. To the end of her life, 16 years later, Mrs. McCormick remained their benefactress.

In their isolation and penury the missionaries had to contrive their own diversions. The compound became a force bed for creative endeavor. Doctor Luce, a buoyant man, played the violin, accompanied on the piano by his wife. Their son launched his maiden journalistic venture here—a handwritten boys' newspaper, the hand being entirely his own.

Luce venerated his father, and Doctor Luce's beliefs greatly influenced his son's stance as an editor. *Time*'s Jovian arrogance reflects his inbred sense of mission, his urge to teach, reform, pronounce judgments. (Mrs. McCormick felt her protégé could qualify for the ministry.) Paternal influence played a part, too, in the crises of conscience besetting Editor Luce. "Benevolence and righteousness are my only themes," said the Chinese sage, Mencius, whom Doctor Luce liked to quote; "why must you speak of profit?" The doctrinal Presbyterian need shun neither profit nor power, providing he pursues them not for self-gratification but the welfare of others. Pitfalls yawn at his feet, however: To maintain power, with even the noblest ends in view, may sometimes demand the temporary abandonment of principles.

In 1961, for example, *Life* printed a short item about the Christian Anti-Communist Crusade, an ultraright movement organized in Los Angeles by a former Baptist revivalist named Frederick C. Schwarz and backed by West Coast industrial potentates. With sawdust-trail fervor, anti-Communist-crusade orators clamored for such actions as an end to foreign aid and "a practical program for the seizure of power by anti-Communists abroad."

Time had been the first national magazine to carry a full exposure of the John Birch Society. Though Schwarz professed disapproval of the society, on many issues crusaders and Birchers stood shoulder to shoulder. *Life* called the Crusade "a new kind of 'revival meeting,' serving nonreligious ends. . . . Schwarz preaches doomsday by Communism in 1973 unless every American starts distrusting his neighbor as a possible Communist or 'comsymp' [Communist sympathizer]."

In Los Angeles the earth shook. "Whoever pulled that sleazy stunt," roared Schwarz, "is working for the Communist criminal conspiracy." Raging protests, many from big-businessmen, overwhelmed the magazine. If any correction were due, the normal place for it would have been *Life*'s LETTERS department. But large corporations were threatening to withdraw millions of dollars' worth of advertising. Reluctantly Luce, the pragmatist, conceded the need to make handsomer amends. Westward winged *Life* publisher Charles Douglas Jackson to appear on the same platform with Schwarz at a Hollywood Bowl rally.

Jackson, who died last year, exceeded his mission. Before 15,000 cheering crusaders he not only made an abject apology but aligned *Life* with Schwarz in the fight against Communism.

Two weeks later *Life* repaired its tattered pride in an editorial reaffirming its hostility to the radical right. But for Schwarz it reserved a pat on the head. He was "well-informed," and his crusade attracted "respectable support," even if it also attracted people "too superheated to teach or learn anything."

Bishop James A. Pike of California's Episcopal diocese was so puzzled that he wrote to Luce asking, "What do *you* think?" Luce replied with a reminder of *Time*'s record as a foe of ultrarightism. As for the Schwarz affair, "It was regrettable that C. D. Jackson, who is an uncompromising 'libertarian,' should have been understood to have apologized. The mistake we made about Schwarz was to imply that his motives were largely commercial. Such an assumption was stupid in any case, and it required a decent expression of regret. But, in view of many distortions of our position, we owed it to ourselves to make it clear that we were not forswearing our own long-standing, extensive and often painful, opposition to Communism."

Elsewhere in the letter Luce explained, "We stand in the great liberal tradition—with what some theologians might call Christian presuppositions. My own political hero was Theodore Roosevelt, who . . . did not hesitate to assert that 'righteousness' is relevant to politics. . . ."

Here were sentiments his father would have applauded. Doctor Luce was a Bull Moose Republican and a theological liberal, a man who typified a new missionary trend that stressed education as a means of conversion.

The bulk of Luce's philanthropies commemorate his father's devotion to China, the Presbyterian Church and education. Dispensed through the Henry Luce Foundation, whose assets exceed $1.5 million, they include grants to the Chinese Institute of America, designed to promote cultural ties between Nationalist China and the U.S., and to the United Board of Education in Asia, the culmination of Doctor Luce's lifework, which supports six Far Eastern Christian institutions.

Theodore White, who was *Time*'s China bureau chief from 1939 to 1945, attributes Luce's quixotic espousal of Chiang in part to filial loyalty. White began losing favor as he reported the corruption and ineptitude of the Kuomintang under Chiang's leadership. Luce came to believe White had swallowed the Communist propaganda glorifying Mao Tse-tung and finally replaced him. "Luce's attachment to Chiang goes back to the Japanese invasion of China in 1931," says White. "When they occupied Yenching University (with its *Ssu-i-ting*—Pavilion of One Who Seeks Righteousness), it was a desecration of his father's lifework. In Chiang, the Christian warrior, he saw the instrument to save and carry on that work." For Chiang's failure and Mao's triumph Luce blamed General Marshall's coalition policy more than the feudalistic Kuomintang.

Decades before World War II Doctor Luce foresaw the rise of Japanese imperialism. America's future, he contended, lay in the Pacific, and China was her natural ally. A prey to heart disease at the age of 70, he was living in Haverford, Pa., with Emmavail and her husband when the Japanese bombed Pearl Harbor. In bed that night he wrote to a friend, "We are entering a new great period in world history. We must believe that at long last all will work out for a total good." He died next day. To White, who offered his sympathy, Luce, dry-eyed, his jaw set, replied, "He lived long enough to know that we and the Chinese are on the same side."

Another indelible influence in Luce's boyhood was the ubiquity of British might. British ships tied up, as the saying went, at the No. 1 buoy in the Whangpoo River. British merchant princes dominated Chinese trade, and an American had second-class status. Luce both resented and admired those cocks of the walk, and determined that he would amount to something.

His ambivalent feelings were intensified at the British-run boarding school in Chefoo to which his father sent him when he was 10. Headmaster McCarthy, a martinet known by the nickname of "*Ires*" [Wraths], strove to emulate Eton and Harrow. If he failed to equal them academically, he surpassed them in the severity of his discipline. The rules he imposed bounded the students' every waking minute. Infractions were noted in a registry. For the first few entries the offender was "quadded," that is, confined to the premises on the next holiday. Additional entries cost him a thrashing with a bamboo cane over the knuckles or buttocks.

By prodigious diligence Luce managed to stay close to the top of his class, broke few rules, and so endured only occasional canings. He found it hard, however, to stomach the food. Novelist John Hersey chanced to be traveling on a coastal steamer that put in at Chefoo just after World War II. The school was still there, and he asked an aged master if he remembered a boy named Harry Luce. "He wouldn't eat his porridge," said the master.

Curiously, Luce's scorn for progressive schools, which has sometimes been mirrored in *Time*'s EDUCATION section, stems from his experience at the unprogressive Chefoo school. "I hated it and loved it," he recalls. "The school was very religious and very rough and tough. It had never heard of any of the pedagogical ideas taught at Columbia. Yet after Chefoo, I found the getting of A's at Hotchkiss and Yale was for me a relatively easy matter. If scholarship in America had not been so soft, I might be an educated man today."

Luce's father had heard of a grammar school at St. Albans, England, whose headmaster supposedly knew how to cure stutterers. But when Luce left after a few months he still stuttered. He had meanwhile won a scholarship at Hotchkiss. Before he sailed for America, his parents allowed him to take a three-week tour by himself of France, Switzerland and Italy. It hardly strained their budget. So frugal and resourceful was their son that the total expense came to only $63.

At Hotchkiss, two gaps in his knowledge made Luce feel particularly un-American—he understood neither baseball nor craps. In a welcoming speech to the new boys the headmaster, the Rev. Dr. Huber Gray Buehler, announced that Hotchkiss had only one rule: It expected them to be gentlemen. This struck Luce, accustomed to the restraints of Chefoo, as overcasual; he preferred to know where he stood. Doctor Buehler later summoned him to his study and lectured him about his nonconformist attitude. "I thought they shouldn't fuss so much about my attitude," Luce remembers. He felt that the ideal of the good fellow, which translates into Rotarianism and clubability, was beyond his reach.

His schoolmates nicknamed him "Chink" and chaffed him for being the only boy at Hotchkiss who, as they imagined, could never become President of the United States because he was born abroad. He hastened to set them straight; his birth, he informed them, had been registered at an American consulate, and therefore he stood as good a chance as any of them.

Aloof, proud and earnest, his reddish eyebrows already beetling, "Chink" Luce commanded respect, though not popularity. He avoided athletics as a waste of time better devoted to intel-

Fittingly perusing Time's *"Medicine" section, Luce donates to Time Inc. blood bank in 1951.*

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lectual pursuits. Throughout his Hotchkiss career his scholastic record read "Honor Roll, Leader of Class." On his college-board Greek exams he scored the highest marks in the country, a feat which moved Doctor Buehler to declare a school holiday. He controlled his stutter enough to captain a debating team. Smoking and drinking he considered foolish drains upon health and pocketbook. Prudish about sex, he appeared to disdain girls, probably because he could ill afford to date them.

He spent his most gratifying hours outside the classroom as editor in chief of the *Hotchkiss Literary Monthly*. By wheedling articles out of prominent Americans, reporting school activities critically and introducing picture layouts, he made it one of the country's liveliest school magazines. His own contributions were mostly poetic, with Oriental or religious overtones. A poem entitled *Egotist* ran in part:

My heart's desire my idol is;
My creed, that he who aims and
struggles high
Shall see all things subservient to his,
Until they pass from him, when he
shall die
And fall away.

No Oriental superstition shall I fear,
Chasing through fever avenues of my
life,
Not for one sentimental cause shed
one small tear;
But, taking things as take I may,
Shall win the strife.

Thus happiness, obtainable, obtained
by me,
Shall mark the path of Fortune for
the mind
Triumphant in myself, nor shall I
flee
When all around, beneath, before,
behind,
Cries: "Enter Death!"

Luce was also assistant managing editor of the weekly school newspaper, the *Record*. The managing editor was Briton Hadden. They made an incongruous pair. Born to prosperous New Yorkers, Hadden was cocky, gregarious, volatile and raucous. A baseball fanatic, he affected the mannerisms of the dugout, chewing gum and talking tough out of the corner of his mouth. In the breezy *Record*, which he intended to outshine the high-flown *Lit*, he twitted Luce's poetic flights. Luce retaliated by billing the *Lit* as "First in the Prep-School World." The rivalry extended to other fields. At the annual literary contest Hadden won the declamations award with a fiery rendition of *Casey at the Bat*. Luce, pale and intense, won the extemporaneous-speeches award. His topic: "Things Learned Outside the Classroom." Hadden never approached Luce's scholastic achievements. But he shone in the Dramatics Association, and he delivered the class oration. Luce was the class poet.

No intimate friendship ever flowered between them. But in their common passion for journalism and their conviction that its techniques could be vastly bettered they became firm allies.

They both went to Yale where they found wider scope for collaboration as well as competition. Luce's father paid $500 toward his initial expenses. The

On wartime tour of Pacific, Luce and Time *editor Roy Alexander (second left) donned khakis.*

rest Luce earned, $1,500 the first three years at such spare-time jobs as manager of student eating houses and commission agent for a tailor.

The most prestige-laden extracurricular office, and the most lucrative, was chairman of the board of the Yale *Daily News*. Competitors for any position on the paper—"heelers," as they are still called—were judged according to the quantity and quality of copy they got into print and the number of ads they sold. Hadden achieved an all-time record, with Luce a close second. From among the winning heelers the board established the succeeding staff by vote. Normally elections took place in junior year. But with America's entry in World War I most older classmen left for Army camp. Thus, in sophomore year Hadden became chairman and Luce editor.

In 1918, now campus grandees, they, too, interrupted their rise to take officers' training at Camp Jackson, S.C. Ever since Hotchkiss they had agreed that too many Americans were abysmally ignorant about the state of the world, and at Camp Jackson they determined someday to publish a periodical that would spread enlightenment. They were due to sail overseas when the war ended and they returned to Yale.

The collaborating rivals graduated with the class of '20 in a blaze of glory. Luce, who had won a Phi Beta Kappa key, was voted "most brilliant," Hadden "most likely to succeed." Both had been tapped for Skull and Bones, Yale's oldest, lordliest senior secret society, whose members, so legend holds, lend each other a helping hand through life.

Luce and Hadden separated after graduation. Hadden, having chosen the New York *World* as a medium to develop his talents, barged unannounced into the office of its editor, Herbert Bayard Swope, and demanded a job as a reporter. Ordered to leave, he said, "Mr. Swope, you're interfering with my destiny." Swope relented and Hadden talked himself into a job at $25 a week.

Luce, with $4,000 he had saved out of his earnings at the *News*, decided to enlarge his intellectual equipment at Oxford. He stayed there two terms, studying European history, and taking occasional continental jaunts. He got back to the U.S. with two Savile Row suits, a moustache, 20 cents and tender memories of a girl he had met in Rome, Miss Lila Ross Hotz of Chicago.

It was to Miss Hotz's city that Luce went in search of work. The *Daily News* took him on at $16 a week as a legman for Ben Hecht. Then a Yale classmate, Walter Millis, who was writing editorials for the Baltimore *News*, wrote Luce that a $40-a-week reporter's job could be his for the asking. He sent a similar letter to Hadden on the *World*, who forwarded it to Luce with the notation, "If we're ever going to start that paper, this looks like our chance."

In Baltimore the two Hotchkiss-Yale alumni resumed their rivalry and reaffirmed their alliance. As reporters they vied with each other in the number of stories they could land on the front page (Hadden maintained a slight lead); during their free hours they hatched plans for a weekly newsmagazine to be called *Facts*. The prospectus which they eventually circulated under the title *Time* is one of the most quoted, argued-about and germinal documents in the annals of journalism. Brashly challenging the prevailing tenets of the craft, the 24-year-old upstarts set forth:

> People in America are for the most part, poorly informed. . . .
>
> People are uninformed BECAUSE NO PUBLICATION HAS ADAPTED ITSELF TO THE TIME WHICH BUSY MEN ARE ABLE TO SPEND ON SIMPLY KEEPING INFORMED. . . .
>
> TIME is interested—not in how much it includes between its covers—but in HOW MUCH IT GETS OFF ITS PAGES INTO THE MINDS OF ITS READERS.

After outlining the process (in about 100 short articles all important information, culled from the press, would be reduced to its essence) and the arrangement of material (under fixed department headings such as FOREIGN NEWS, THE ARTS, SPORTS), the prospectus explained how *Time* would differ from other periodicals, especially from the illustrious *Literary Digest:*

> The *Digest*, in giving both sides of a question, gives little or no hint as to which side it considers to be right. TIME gives both sides, but clearly indicates which side it believes to have the stronger position.

Time would not editorialize. It would simply state. But the editors, recognizing that "complete neutrality on public questions and important news is probably as undesirable as it is impossible," acknowledged prejudices which might predetermine their opinions:

1. A belief that the world is round and an admiration of the statesman's "view of the world."
2. A general distrust of the present tendency toward increasing interference by Government.
3. A prejudice against the rising cost of Government.
4. Faith in the things which money cannot buy.
5. A respect for the old, particularly in manners.
6. An interest in the new, particularly in ideas.

In February, 1922, Luce and Hadden left the *News* and went to New York. For $55 a month, which came out of Hadden's pocket, Luce's being empty, they rented as an office one room on the second floor of a dilapidated brownstone at 141 East 17th Street. It could barely contain them and the brass washtub they installed to receive cigarette butts. They nevertheless squeezed in a Yale classmate named Culbreth Sudler, because he supposedly understood something about advertising, having the previous summer sold space in Chicago buses. He borrowed $548.88 to contribute to the partnership. Sudler loved eating crackers. Two pretty, emancipated young women, who read Havelock Ellis, occupied a back room of the brownstone, and he would indulge his appetite in their company.

Luce and Hadden spent the next eight months seeking professional advice and capital. Of the former they found no scarcity. Most of it could be summed up in the three words of Charles Lanier, who owned *Review of Reviews:* "Don't do it." They had anticipated no trouble raising the $100,000 they figured they needed to get started. Surely, they knew at least 10 Yale men rich enough to risk $10,000 in the new company's shares. But this was gross overoptimism. While many alumni wanted to help, the average investment fell far below $5,000.

They struck out across the land, using their social connections to get into country clubs where they might meet potential investors in relaxed, receptive moods. In Cleveland former Secretary of War Newton D. Baker turned Hadden down because Hadden refused to commit himself as to where *Time* would stand on the League of Nations. (As Baker would have wished, the

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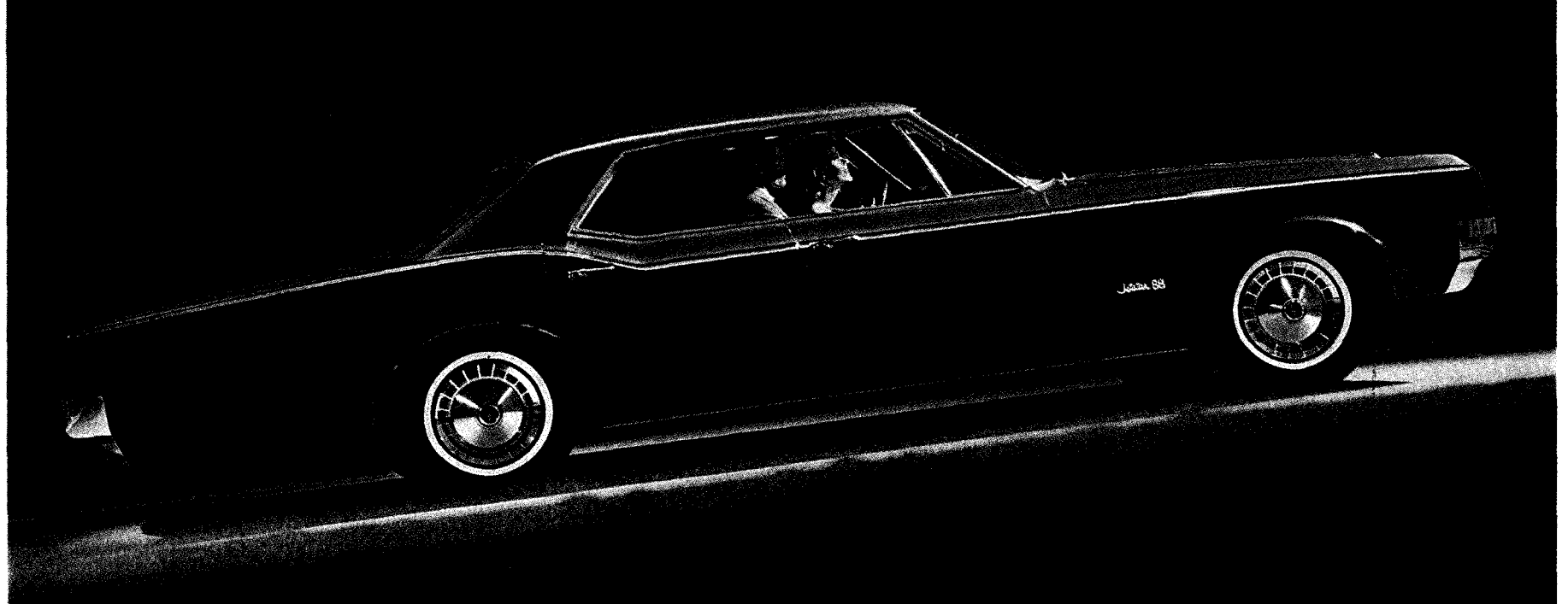

Smooth talker, this Jetstar 88. Flatters you *outrageously!* Like the proud way it makes you feel behind the wheel. Like the way it pampers you with its velvety coil-spring ride. Like the way its Jetfire Rocket V-8 responds to your every command. And wait till it talks price . . . sweet and low. That's Jetstar 88—*Oldsmobile's lowest-priced full-size series.* Give it half a listen, and it'll talk you right into Oldsmobile ownership.

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magazine supported it.) The country-club expedition left them halfway to their goal. It was the Harkness family of New York who brought them close to it. William Hale Harkness (Yale '22) and two relatives each pledged $5,000, and Harkness arranged for the stock salesmen to call on his philanthropic mother. An elderly widow, almost stone deaf, Mrs. Harkness heard little of their sales talk, and sat silent as the sphinx. Then, after half an hour she broke in, "That will do, boys. Put me down for $20,000."

With $86,000 banked, representing 72 investors, the partners ran out of likely prospects. They decided to plunge ahead anyway. Moving into larger quarters in an Eighth Avenue loft, they incorporated the firm in November, 1922. Culbreth Sudler, meanwhile, had pulled out. They refunded all but $72.81 of his investment, a shortage partly accounted for by the crackers he had consumed. They hired as circulation manager a Harvard graduate, Roy E. Larsen, paying him what they paid themselves—$40 a week.

But just as Yale predominated among *Time*'s original backers, so did they predominate among its original staff. Of the 18 people on the first masthead, 11 were Yale alumni. Both Luce and Hadden thought of themselves primarily as editors. Yet one, they realized, would have to manage the business side. They agreed to exchange posts every year. But who would edit first? They tossed a coin. Luce lost, and became so entangled in business problems that three years passed before he could switch to the editorial desk. Had he won the toss, he feels, *Time* would have developed differently.

Luce's family were on home leave in New York during the prepublication months, a stroke of luck, since they gave him free board and lodging. He also got free labor from his 11-year-old brother Sheldon. At night, with dummies of the magazine spread over the dining-room table, Sheldon would sharpen pencils and run errands for him. "I was *Time*'s first office boy," he recalls. But the publishing world ill suited Sheldon, who moved to Palo Alto, Calif., where he now owns a ranch. Luce's sister, Elizabeth, who had attended Wellesley, wrote book reviews for the magazine. "I learned a lot about journalism from Harry," she says. "He had a knack of focusing your attention on the essential. 'I think the point is this,' he would tell you, 'but I don't want more than a hundred words.'"

Vol. I, No. 1 of *Time*, a 28-page issue, published from a new address at 9 East 40th Street, was dated March 3, 1923. It sold for 15 cents. The cover framed a black-and-white lithograph drawing, by an artist named Oberhardt, of Republican Speaker Joseph Gurney (Uncle Joe) Cannon, the retiring "grand old man" of the House. The pictures inside looked to the humorist Robert Benchley "as if they had been engraved on pieces of bread." The week's news, divided into 22 departments (the same number as today, and with a few exceptions, under the same headings), had been culled largely from *The New York Times* and recast. The magazine could afford no wire service, let alone its own correspondents—only agile rewriters. The reference library consisted mainly of *Times* files going back 20 years, an outdated encyclopedia, *Who's Who* and Roget's *Thesaurus*.

Twenty-five thousand people had agreed to look at three issues and, if pleased, to pay five dollars for a year's subscription. But how many copies of the first issue reached the proper destination nobody will ever know, because Larsen recruited a bevy of debutantes to address the three sets of wrappers, and the pretty creatures mixed them up, so that some people received three copies and others none. Perhaps 9,000 saw the first issue, Larsen guesses.

Circulation climbed slowly to 110,000 the third year and advertising revenue to $283,000. But not until 1927 did *Time* show any net profit. The turning point came the following year with a net of $126,000, and thereafter profits began to soar.

What hooked the attention of a mass audience was the bag of stylistic tricks which Hadden encouraged his writers to develop. They revolted purists, enraged many of the people *Time* portrayed, tickled the irreverent, and gave rise to a host of imitators. Two basic ingredients of early *Time* style—the double epithet and the inverted sentence—Hadden adapted from the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey*. But where the Homeric epithets were poetic ("rosy-fingered Aurora," "Zeus, the cloud-gatherer," "fleet-footed Achilles"), *Time*'s were abrasive ("snaggle-toothed," "hog-fat," "beady-eyed"). The inverted Homeric line sang ("Then to the city, terrible and strong,/With high and haughty steps he tower'd along"). *Time*'s inversions were acrobatic ("Ghostly was His Eminence's mission"). Under Editor Hadden's prodding, and later Editor Luce's the repertory of attention-getters grew to include:

- The tantalizing picture caption (Perfumer François Coty and his divorced wife: "For her smell work, $5,200,000").
- Telescoped words ("cinemactor," "cinemaddict," "cinemalefactor" and so on *ad nauseam*). (One of the few blends to have entered common usage is "socialite." The latest *Webster's* lists it.)
- Archaisms ("moppet" for child), neologisms ("ecdysiast," coined by H. L. Mencken but popularized by *Time*, for stripteaser), slang ("oldster"), exotic words ("tycoon" from the Japanese *taikun*, meaning prince), euphemisms that skirted libel ("great and good friend" for mistress), the repetition of trite phrases until they became *Time* trademarks ("As it must to all men, death came last week to . . ." "In time's nick").
- Avoidance of "he said." In *Time* people snapped, snapped back, burbled, gruffed, croaked, chuckled, gushed, sneered, guffawed. Nor did they just get into vehicles. They climbed in or piled in. They didn't walk either. They strode, dashed, popped out, bounced, leaped, shot ahead.

Hadden's racy touch extended even to the LETTERS department. He had his staff fake letters expressing violent views on controversial topics and, as he intended, these would draw equally violent rebuttals from readers. To bear the brunt of blunders, Hadden and Luce also fabricated an editor, "Peter Mathews." They had created an elaborate checking system which required the researcher to pencil a dot over every word of copy, indicating that she had verified its accuracy. But the straining for effect, the loaded words, the compulsion to judge inevitably led to errors of interpretation, if not of fact (they still do), and Peter Mathews could be blamed. He was fired in 1938, later rehired, finally fired for good.

Through most of its history, *Time*'s treatment of minorities has been exemplary. But in their youth the cofounders did not yet fully appreciate the obligations of a democratic society. *Time* then tended to reflect the attitudes of well-born Yale men and the Long Island country-club set. Its favorite epithets for delinquent Negroes were "blackamoor" and "blackamoron." At times it would go to the other extreme of referring to Negroes as "Mr.," but that was because Hadden liked to annoy southern white supremacists.

In stories involving Jews the prewar *Time* would identify them by religion, a practice it dropped with the rise of Hitler. Hadden and Luce did not restrain their foreign-news editor, Laird Goldsborough, from referring to the French statesman Léon Blum as "lean, spidery . . . Socialist and Jew" and "Jew Blum." Long autonomous in his department, Goldsborough eventually lost his prestige and left *Time* to freelance, renting an office in the same building. One day in 1950, he jumped or fell from his office window, carrying a cane and wearing a bowler hat.

As *Time* prospered, the flamboyant Hadden and the sobersided Luce grew temperamentally further apart. Work wholly absorbed Luce. Hadden found leisure for play. He loved bizarre parlor games, of which he invented several, noisy card games like slapjack, collecting China dogs and live alley cats, and carousing. At night he would preside over a coterie of kindred spirits in a Third Avenue Hungarian tavern, bellowing his favorite drinking quatrain:

He is not drunk who from the floor
Can rise again to drink some more.
But drunk he is who prostrate lies
And who can neither drink nor rise.

Luce worked with grim-lipped intensity, fists clamped to his temples, a *tableau vivant* of Thought. Hadden, for whom journalism was also a game to be played with dash, was all raucous motion. Arriving at the office, if the elevator didn't respond instantly to his ring, he would bang the door with his cane. In his headlong sprints through the corridors, he would knock aside any furniture blocking his path. He once kicked viciously at a suitcase. It was full of books, and he almost broke his ankle. When editing, he plied enormous red pencils made to his design (*Time* editors still use the same kind), nervously crunching the end between his teeth, bellowed his delight over neat phrases, snarled at clumsy ones, scribbled terse directives on memos attached to news clippings—"Let's blat this guy," "Flay!", "Makes sense." The cofounders often quarreled, especially after Hadden reluctantly shifted over to business management and found nothing in the magazine that fully satisfied him. But if anybody tried to step between them, they closed ranks.

Hadden remained a bachelor. Luce had married Lila Hotz in 1923. She bore him two sons, Henry III, now a Time Inc. vice president for research and development, and Peter Paul, who is a management consultant.

It was Hadden's stated ambition to make a million dollars by the age of 30. He made slightly more than that, but he did not enjoy it long. On February 27, 1929, nine days after his 31st birthday and six years to the hour after the first issue of *Time* went to press, he died of a streptococcus infection.

Decades from now journalists may still be arguing about which founder deserved the greater credit for *Time*'s

A few days before their marriage, Luce and Clare Boothe Brokaw take in a Broadway play.

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success. It is a fruitless argument. Their contributions were indivisible. If Hadden, as the first editor, gave the magazine its first distinctive characteristics, Luce imparted others equally distinctive. If Hadden introduced a novel approach to news, Luce broadened it and led it onto firm ground. As a competitor expresses it, "Maybe Hadden devised the creed, but Luce built the cathedral." Luce himself says of Hadden, "Brit was what the French call an *originel*. He was close to a genius." Toward the end Luce felt, as did others, that Hadden was beginning to get bored.

Discussing *Time*'s bygone style. Luce admits, "We went too far. Writers began burlesquing themselves. The original reason for the jolting language was to get the story off the page into the reader's head. But you can destroy the importance of a story by overemphasizing physical traits. It may be more important to show what's inside a man's mind than the size of his nose."

Reform was slow, however, and not until the late '30's had *Time* shed most of its obnoxious mannerisms. (Some still linger. As late as last fall a "snaggle-toothed" character showed up.) A chastening influence was the parody profile in *Time* style that Wolcott Gibbs wrote for *The New Yorker* in 1936. The immediate provocation was a *Fortune* article about *The New Yorker* by Ralph McAllister Ingersoll, its former managing editor and then a Luce lieutenant. In it Ingersoll estimated the salaries, for the most part inaccurately, of his old associates. *The New Yorker* retaliated with one sentence—"Gossip note: The editor of *Fortune* gets $30 a week and carfare." But this failed to placate the injured. *The New Yorker* essayist, E. B. White, thought *Fortune* should be parodied at length. Editor Harold Ross disagreed. "Who reads *Fortune?*" he said. "Dentists." *Time*, he insisted, was the natural target and Gibbs the humorist to fire the missiles.

With Gibbs's reputation as a demolition expert, Ross reckoned, he would not be able to get near the victim. So, keeping Gibbs in the background, he assigned the research to two writers not known primarily as humorists, St. Clair McKelway and Alva Johnston. They misled Luce into believing that they planned a study in depth, and obtained his full cooperation.

It was *Fortune* practice to submit to the subject preliminary proofs of an article, full of rumors, distorted facts and imaginary figures, with the expectation that as he angrily corrected them, he would let slip information not otherwise available. This was decidedly not *New Yorker* practice, but as part of the parody, Ross made an exception. In addition to several deliberate factual inaccuracies, the victim read: ". . . Ambitious, gimlet-eyed Baby Tycoon Henry Robinson Luce. . . ." Gibbs had spared no *Time* idiosyncrasy. "Under brows too beetling for a baby, young Luce grew up inside the compound, played with his two sisters, lisped first Chinese, dreamed much of the Occident. . . . Transmogrified by this success are the offices, personnel of *Time-Fortune*. . . . Ornamented with Yale, Harvard, Princeton diplomas, stuffed fish, terrestrial globes are offices of Luce and other headmen; bleak, uncarpeted the writer's dingy lair. . . ." Two lines remain among the most oft-quoted of any ever penned by a parodist: "Backward ran sentences until reeled the mind" and "Where it all will end, knows God!"

When Ingersoll had read it too, nearly hysterical with rage, he phoned McKelway. "Hearst tactics!" he shouted. "Sure," McKelway blithely agreed. "You out-Hearst Hearst every week in *Time*." Luce, calmer but hurt, spoke to Ross. That night the four men met in Ross's penthouse. Luce went straight up to McKelway. "Gibbs says I have no sense of humor. He's wrong. I do so have a sense of humor."

With the proofs on the table before them, the tussle lasted all night. Ross broke out a bottle of whiskey. He took none himself. Luce nursed one drink. But McKelway and Ingersoll did not stint themselves. At one point, they started for the street to settle matters with their fists. "I'll take Ralph home," Luce said to Ross. "You hold Mac." But the belligerents subsided.

Ross accepted a few corrections of fact. The bite, however, he refused to soften. At the end Luce complained, "There's not a single kind word about me in the whole profile."

"That," said Ross, "is what you get for being a baby tycoon."

Shortly before the profile went to press, Ross wrote Luce a letter saying that the *New Yorker* staff considered the total effect favorable. He added, however: "I was astonished to realize that you are apparently unconscious of the notorious reputation *Time* and *Fortune* have for crassness in description, cruelty and scandal-mongering and insult. I say, frankly but really in a not unfriendly spirit, that you are in a hell of a position to ask anything."

He then passed along some observations of Gibbs's: "I think *Time* has gratuitously invaded the privacy of a great many people; I think it draws conclusions unwarranted by the facts, d.storts quotes, reprints rumors it knows have little foundation, uses a form of selective editing in getting together a story from the newspapers that throws it altogether out of focus, and that *Time*'s style is an offense to the ear."

The parody had a salubrious effect. Thereafter writers found it hard to write "Timestyle" with a straight face, and the magazine gradually progressed toward respectable English.

Fortune, the second Time Inc. venture, had been founded in 1929. It was Luce's brainchild alone, and a daring one, since the corporation had not yet earned any sizable profits. Hadden, who died during the planning stage, could muster no vast enthusiasm for it. What prompted the idea was the abundance of good stories *Time*'s BUSINESS section discarded every week for lack of space. Beyond that was Luce's admiration for the American businessman. "Business," he wrote in the *Fortune* prospectus, "is obviously the greatest single common denominator of interest among the active leading citizens of the USA . . . the distinctive expression of the American genius."

Nobody had ever published a quality periodical devoted exclusively to business. The usual treatment was either a puff or muckraking. Luce proposed to create "a business literature" with the best reporters and writers he could hire. He wanted a magazine of luxurious format and superlative art to give

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business status in the public's mind as well as in its own. In that pre-SEC era, most businessmen were secretive, and informative annual reports were rare. "I plead guilty," says Luce, "to promoting the radical idea that the public has the right to know how business works. You don't need much socialism if you have proper exposure to the capitalist process."

In October, 1929, just a few weeks before *Fortune*'s birth, the stock market crashed. American business, to whose achievements *Fortune* was dedicated, lay flat on its face. Could the magazine still be justified? More than ever, Luce concluded, because now the range of interest was wider. *Fortune* would investigate not only the methods of business but the causes of its collapse. The presses rolled with an initial print order of 30,000 copies. Vol. I, No. 1, had 184 pages, 109 of them ads, weighed two and one half pounds, and included lavishly illustrated articles about the meat-packing and glass industries, islands owned by U.S. millionaires, and New York's Biltmore Hotel.

At first the general tenor was more descriptive than critical. An article about Texaco in the second issue gave rise to the canard that the oil company had paid for it. Similar slanders persisted for years. When Luce heard that one industrialist was trying to find out what it would cost to plant a story in *Fortune*, he said, "Three million dollars and he gets the magazine too."

As the depression deepened, *Fortune*'s approach shifted. Luce, who from his office in the Chrysler Building could see the Bowery Savings Bank below being besieged by depositors lining up to get their money, recognized the urgency for basic business reforms. It is a bemusing paradox that *Fortune*, the magazine of business, questioned the efficiency of the free-enterprise system and even took on a faint socialist tinge. Some of its editors and contributors stood far to the left, Luce realized—but he also realized that he needed iconoclasts to shake up the business world and make it notice *Fortune*.

The glossy monthly became a scourge. It assailed international cartels, arms merchants, professional strikebreakers, industrial espionage, corporations that presented a false picture of themselves to the public. It supported those bugbears of big business, Roosevelt and the New Deal. "I didn't vote for F.D.R.," recounts Luce, later a passionate Roosevelt-hater, "but it was all right with me that he won. He accomplished a lot of necessary social reform."

Both the right and left execrated *Fortune*. When it attacked business, it was a tool of Moscow. When it praised it, bankers were the corrupting force. But Luce's intuition had not failed him. *Fortune* became obligatory reading in Wall Street, where everybody wanted to know why the roof fell in and how good times could be recovered. Advertisers threatened to cancel their contracts, to no avail, and none of any importance did. By the end of the depression *Fortune* was well in the black.

Before *Fortune* grew much older, Luce repudiated Roosevelt. The President, he charged, continued to treat the country as an invalid, keeping it in a state of hypochondria. Worse, as he told a group of bankers, "Franklin Roosevelt has made most businessmen feel that he does not like business. . . . While basing all his policies on the assumption that private enterprise will work, he has based his political popularity on the implication that business is antisocial, unpatriotic, vulgar and corruptive."

Under the managing editorship of Russell Davenport, a progressive Republican, *Fortune* appeared to favor a mixed economy. It was Davenport who saw presidential qualities in Wendell Willkie, and interested Luce in backing him against Roosevelt. With America facing World War II and the need to produce arms, *Fortune* took up the cry, "Give business the order and let it go." The time for chivying "economic royalists" was past.

The politico-economic outlook of the top *Fortune* editors today falls in a narrow spectrum centering on moderate conservative. Some hold views less liberal than Luce's. But he feels they suit the kind of magazine *Fortune* should now be, just as once he saw the value of a critical, left-of-center approach. His attitude has doubtless been influenced by his association with the country's business élite and his own success as a businessman. *Fortune* remains as visually resplendent as ever, its articles as deeply researched and skillfully written. It still stings, too, but usually only those who have let the business system down, such as price-fixing conspirators. "In the old days," says an industrial public-relations veteran, "you prayed *Fortune* wouldn't write about your client. Now you pray it will."

Had Luce no other asset than his ability to mobilize business brainpower in his own offices, Time Inc. would probably still have flourished. In Charles L. Stillman, chairman of the finance committee, he found an investment genius who with a single coup involving Time Inc.'s oil and timber holdings realized capital gains of $18 million in 1956. In Roy Larsen, *Time*'s first circulation manager and now chairman of the executive committee, he found a prodigious merchandiser. Through Larsen the corporation branched out into radio, then movies.

It started in 1928 with a promotional scheme. To radio stations across the country Larsen distributed gratis a program called Newscasting, assembled from *Time* stories. The stations broadcast it so extensively that Larsen pressed for a full-fledged network program. As originally planned, *The March of Time* was to run only six months. Successively sponsored by various advertisers, it ran 15 years. While it netted no big profits, it made millions aware of *Time*. No one who heard it could ever forget the portentous voice of announcer Westbrook Van Voorhis as he intoned: "TIME MARCHES ON!"

Under Larsen's supervision a series of *March of Time* movies, produced by Louis de Rochemont, began in 1935, and next year won an Oscar for revolutionizing newsreels. It rejoiced Larsen's heart that theater owners would pay money to show films promoting *Time*. De Rochemont produced 287 M.O.T.'s all told, among them *Huey Long, Men of the FBI, Child Labor, The Lunatic Fringe*. His adventures in getting footage were sometimes as dramatic as the finished product. His camera crew infiltrated Father Divine's "Heavens," the German-American Bund, Gerald L. K. Smith's Fascist rallies.

One day in 1939 Ulrich von Gienanth, an attaché of the German Embassy in Washington, called on de Rochemont with some stunning reels the Nazis had shot of the Polish blitz. M.O.T. could use them exclusively, he said, providing his government controlled the narration. Without committing himself, de Rochemont asked to view them. On the way to the projection room, he whispered orders to the operator. As each reel ended, it was rushed to the lab and duplicated. Then, handing back the originals to von Gienanth, de Rochemont said he could not accept his condition.

To use the duplicates would have violated international copyright law. De Rochemont consulted a friend in the Department of Justice, who showed him how, with England at war against Germany, the trick could be turned. That night an M.O.T. employee left by train for Canada, taking along the reels. De Rochemont phoned Canadian customs. In Drawing Room A of The Montrealer, he told them, they would find a passenger with German property. Perhaps Canada's alien-property custodian would wish to seize it. He would indeed. De Rochemont had learned that a bill of sale issued by a sovereign government confers title even to stolen goods. The custodian let de Rochemont have the duplicates back for one dollar. They formed the climax of M.O.T.'s *Inside Nazi Germany*.

De Rochemont could not resist the mischievous pleasure of inviting von Gienanth to a private preview. The German turned pale. "If Hitler sees this, I am a ruined man," he said. "De Rochemont, you will pay for this."

"Glorious days," says de Rochemont. The M.O.T. series ended in 1953, killed by competition from a plethora of other documentaries and television.

In its issue of August, 1930, Condé Nast's stylish monthly magazine, *Vanity Fair*, nominated Luce for its Hall of Fame. The editor who wrote the caption accompanying his photograph was a brainy, ambitious, blue-eyed, blond beauty of 27 named Clare Boothe Brokaw. From modest origins as the daughter of a vaudeville fiddler and an ex-chorine, she had risen to become the bride of George Tuttle Brokaw, one of the richest bachelors in the *New York Social Register*. He was 23 years older and an alcoholic. The marriage lasted only six years. Mrs. Brokaw won custody of their daughter, Anne Clare, and a settlement of $425,000. No woman to languish in uncreative idleness, she turned to journalism.

Her Hall of Fame caption nominated Luce because he

> . . . originated the News-magazine idea; because at the age of thirty-two he is the successful editor and publisher of *Time* and *Fortune;* because he was born in China; because he was once a humble newspaper reporter on the *Chicago Daily News;* and lastly because he claims he has no other interests outside of his work, and this work fills his waking hours.

As she wrote, she thought, "What a dull man!" At a dinner party three years later he reinforced her appraisal. By then she was herself a minor celebrity, having advanced to the managing-editorship of *Vanity Fair*, established rapport with glittering figures in the arts and politics, and campaigned for Roosevelt's first election. ("I was the kitchen maid of the New Deal kitchen cabinet," she recalls.) Luce, however, appeared unimpressed. Like many people meeting him for the first time, she found him not only dull but boorish. Early in the evening he whipped out a pocket watch, a habit of his that still chills social gatherings, mumbled, "Well, got to go," and left.

Their next encounter, in the home of one Countess Waldeck, left Mrs. Brokaw breathless with indignation.

"Why don't you start a picture magazine?" she suggested. The notion was hardly original; innumerable publishers, including Luce, had been considering it, and he brusquely told her so. "Problem is how to do it," he said. "For instance, the Mikado's death, how would you handle it?"

"With pictures, of course, but I wouldn't rely on the picture agencies alone. I'd have photographers under contract whom I could send anywhere in the world."

"That's not very original either."

As she opened her mouth to retaliate, out came his watch and he was gone. Fuming, she swore revenge.

An opportunity came the following year. The scene was the Starlight Roof of the Waldorf-Astoria; the occasion, a ball staged by Elsa Maxwell. Mrs. Brokaw, luminous as a star herself, glimpsed Luce crossing the ballroom with two coupes of champagne. Intercepting him, she archly asked, "Could one of those be for me by any chance, Mr. Luce?" He was, as it happened, carrying them to his wife's table. But the lights dimmed for the floor show, and he had no choice but to sit where he was.

It had been the lady's intent to deride whatever he said, then drop him cold. Luce, however, can be powerfully stimulating, not so much by conversational brilliance, but by his flair for drawing out others, and in spite of herself she lingered, talking through the entire floor show.

As the band struck up again, Luce, who can't dance, proposed a walk in the lobby. It was about three A.M. when, without preamble, he hurled the question at her, "How's it feel to know you're the only woman in a man's life?"

"Whose life?" she asked, stupefied.

"Mine."

He asked where she lived. Could he drop by some afternoon? She agreed somewhat uneasily.

"Next Thursday, five-thirty," said Luce.

She started to demur, but, glancing at his watch, he cut her off in mid-sentence with a curt good-night.

A more urbane suitor, and a less self-confident one, might have phoned in advance. But Mrs. Brokaw heard not a word. She was inclined to phone him and forestall the threatened visit. Better still, she would simply not be there. Curiosity prevailed, however, and she was on hand when he showed up punctually. With scant effort to ingratiate himself, he announced that he intended to marry her.

As he pressed his suit during the next week, romantic feelings began to stir in the editor's breast. She fled to Havana to weigh the prospect in solitude. He followed. She insisted they separate for six months before she gave an answer, and she went abroad. He did not await her return, however, to ask his wife to

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Every project needed philosophical justification for Luce—even

A life among the great and celebrated: From left, Luce with friend at 1949 dinner honoring Churchill; with Pope Pius XII in Vatican, 1956; with Gina Lollobrigida, 1963; announci

LUCE OF TIME-LIFE

divorce him. The settlement included a big block of Time Inc. stock.

For all his decisiveness Luce's Calvinist conscience tormented him. Divorce was unheard-of in his family. Since boyhood he had held idealistic views of marriage. If *he* ever married, he once told a Hotchkiss classmate, it would be forever. He has never entirely shaken a sense of guilt.

Although *Time* did not mention the divorce, which became final in October, 1935, it reported two months later under MILESTONES:

> Married. Henry R. Luce, 37, editor and publisher of TIME, the MARCH OF TIME, FORTUNE, the ARCHITECTURAL FORUM, LETTERS: and Clare Boothe Brokaw, 32, playwright (see p. 68), onetime managing editor of *Vanity Fair;* at Old Greenwich, Conn.

The page number referred to *Time*'s review of a melodrama she had written, her first invasion of Broadway, entitled *Abide With Me.* A cliché-strewn pastiche about an alcoholic sadist, it opened two days before the nuptials and closed 28 days after. The critics not only ripped it to shreds, but ridiculed the author for taking what they considered unwarranted curtain calls. To the *Time* critic fell the task of combining tact with truth. After half a dozen agonizing attempts, he appealed to Luce, who sent for his bride. Gallantly, she dashed off a review herself, describing her brainchild as "stinking."

"No play's that bad," said the adoring husband. Among the three of them they finally composed a bland mixture of censure and faint praise.

Theatrical disaster was not the only frustration to cloud Clare Luce's horizon. The advent of *Life* in 1936 produced another. She had reason to hope for a dominant voice in its affairs. She had, after all, been advocating photojournalism ever since she knew Luce. And he had told her, "I don't really want more magazines, but if it pleases you, we'll go ahead." On their yachting honeymoon in the Caribbean they took along sheaves of pictures clipped from European publications. To acquire the name *Life*, which belonged to a famous but declining humorous weekly, Luce paid $85,000. It gratified his wife to remind him of a memo she had addressed to Condé Nast three years earlier, urging him to convert his faltering *Vanity Fair* into a picture magazine called *Life.* At that time the old *Life* could have been bought for $20,000.

But the boss's wife as a boss was not a prospect that enchanted the Time Inc. hierarchy. How they felt about her she learned one evening months before *Life* first went to press. After dinner in the Luces' Manhattan apartment, Time Inc's. Ralph Ingersoll complained to her, "Harry used to work until midnight. Now he goes home at five. He can't edit with one hand tied behind your back."

Her eyes flashed. "He can edit a better magazine than you with both hands and legs tied." She darted into her bedroom and wept. When her tears dried, she told Luce she would never take any part in his publications, and except for contributing occasional articles, notably as a *Life* war correspondent, she never has.

Her energies, however, have found no dearth of other outlets. Following her renunciation of Time Inc., she dashed off a second play, *The Women,* in three days. Despite poor reviews, it achieved worldwide success and enriched her by some $200,000. Her next two plays, *Kiss the Boys Goodbye* and *Margin for Error,* likewise failed to captivate the critics and likewise were hits. In addition, she wrote movie scripts, books, syndicated columns. She served two terms (1943–47) as Republican congresswoman from Connecticut. A pink rose pinned to her shoulder, redolent of a piney scent with which she sprayed her office as well as herself, and accompanied by a cocker spaniel named Speaker, she enthralled Washington. Her congressional oratory, spiced with wisecracks, alternately delighted and outraged the House. "Globaloney" was the word she coined to disparage Vice President Henry Wallace's thinking when he advocated freedom of world air space. The most publicized Catholic convert of the era, she has aided church causes with money and the weight of her prestige. As the Passionaria of Eisenhower's first presidential campaign, she was rewarded with the only major ambassadorial post ever entrusted to a woman—Italy.

The impression persists that Mrs. Luce has influenced Time Inc. policies through her husband. But it has been a matter of concurrence rather than influence. If the Luce magazines sometimes seemed to echo her conservative views, that was only because Luce shared them.

The tone the Luces take with each other in public has the formality of institutional figures—the Publisher and the Stateswoman. Uninterruptible by anybody else, they defer to each other, though with almost visible effort. They compete constantly to score points and to rivet attention; here Mrs. Luce, with her gift for crystalline expression, has an edge on her husband, with his conversational gropings, mumblings and tangential flights. Yet the Luces are emotionally dependent on each other.

"My wife and I agree broadly on most things, but not entirely," Luce once told an interviewer. "We have argued plenty. If we ever basically disagreed, I don't know what the situation would be." He hastened to add, "Time Inc. obviously does not promote her political fortunes."

It obviously did not in 1964, when Mrs. Luce actively stumped for Barry Goldwater. Yet Mrs. Luce has no grounds to complain of neglect by her husband's publications. *Time* quotes her witticisms and reports her multifarious activities. During her Italian period (1953–56) it printed more Italian news than ever before or since. But then it was Luce's Italian period too. Eager to make her tenure a triumph, he spent half the year in Rome, cultivated industrialists and political leaders, and gave her the benefit of his observations. The ends Madame Ambassador served officially he served privately, such as warning Italian leaders that if Communism gained strength in the government, Italy would forfeit American economic aid. To facilitate protocolary seating at diplomatic functions, he received the simulated rank of minister. In effect, Italy got two ambassadors for the price of one.

Upon his wife's retirement from Congress, Luce announced that he himself would write the story to spare the staff embarrassment. He delivered a tribute to her public performance. Otto Fuerbringer, then NATIONAL AFFAIRS editor, returned it with the suggestion he tone it down. Generally amenable to argument, Luce tried again. He rewrote the story four times before Fuerbringer approved. "Otto," a former *Time* writer notes, "had sensed instinctively that Luce would admire him for it."

In moments of pique Mrs. Luce has been heard to refer to her husband's employees as "Harry's people." Whenever one of them wrote a book, she would give him a leatherbound copy with the phrase stamped on the spine, ON TIME'S TIME. (The collection grew to number several novels which harshly portrayed a Luce-like publishing empire.) To an editor of the latest Luce proliferation, *Sports Illustrated,* when he introduced himself to her at a party, she remarked, "Ah, yes, *Sports* . . . the only good things in it are Charles Goren on bridge, which I suggested, and my articles on skin diving."

The success of *Life*, whose first issue was dated November 23, 1936, transformed the corporation, in Luce's words, "from a big little business to a little big business." But recalling the gloomy portents, he marvels that he ran the risk, for he had nothing to go on except a hunch that the enterprise would somehow succeed. None of the prospective budgets indicated how such a magazine, which, as Larsen *et al.* agreed, must be printed on quality paper and sold at no more than 10 cents, could make money. The most optimistic estimates of circulation did not exceed a million, and advertising rates were based on a quarter of that. When Luce's experimental department had finally arrived at a formula for pictorial journalism that satisfied him, he said, "We have earmarked a million dollars to see *Life* to success or an honorable grave." The figure proved to be five million too little.

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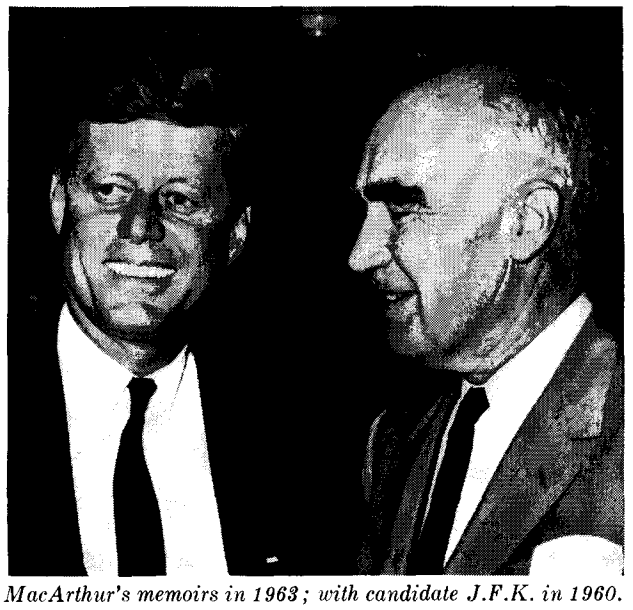
the one they called "Muscles."



ıe Inc. purchase of General MacArthur's memoirs in 1963; with candidate J.F.K. in 1960.

The Publisher and the Stateswoman: The Luces at a Time Inc. cocktail party last month.

A tentative prospectus drafted by ɔ. D. Jackson announced that *Life* vould show readers the man-of-the-veek, "his body clothed and, if pos-ible, nude," would reveal "the loves, candals, and personal affairs of the ılain and fancy citizen." This gave an .pproximate foretaste of the *sauce ıiquante* with which *Life* would vary ts heavier fare. Early issues featured ıathing beauties, Gypsy Rose Lee, ılimpses of the Duke of Windsor's ırivate life, a pictorial guide on HOW TO UNDRESS BEFORE YOUR HUSBAND, midget 20 inches high, pictured full-ize for no other reason than that he xactly fitted into a double-page spread. When a *Life* editor heard that the wife ıf Assistant Secretary of State Adolf Berle thought him such a wit she had wo tubs installed in their bathroom so hey could converse while bathing, he vired the Washington bureau to get a ıicture. His instructions ended, "Rear iew will do." The bureau chief, out-aged by the tasteless re uest, com-ılained to Luce: "We shouldn't have o put up with this. Only ome silly kid vould send such a wire to the nation's apital." Luce solemnly explained, What prompts this kind of request is hat if they could get only thirty per-ent of the impossible, what a thing it vould be."

But the Jackson prospectus failed o convey the high purpose of Luce's ıissionary aspirations, and Luce wrote he final version himself:

> ɔ see life; to see the world; to eyewitness reat events; to watch the faces of the poor nd the gestures of the proud; to see strange hings—machines, armies, multitudes, shad-ws in the jungle and on the moon; to see ıan's work—his paintings, towers and dis-ɔveries; to see things thousands of miles way, things hidden behind walls and within ɔoms, things dangerous to come to; the ɔmen men love and many children; to see nd to take pleasure in seeing; to see and be mazed; to see and be instructed.
>
> Thus to see, and to be shown, is now the ill and new expectancy of half mankind. To see, and to show, is the mission now ndertaken by *Life*.

Instantaneous popularity nearly illed the magazine. Within a year cir-ılation shot past a million. But ad-vertising rates had been set on the basis of 250,000. Thus, advertisers got a free ride. Every page they bought meant a loss to *Life*. In April, 1937, Luce made this appeal at the annual convention of the American Association of Advertising Agencies:

"I am here because you are the only court in the land to whom I am accountable for the sum total of my acts as an editor and a publisher. . . . I ask that you shall appropriate over the next ten critical years no less than one hundred million dollars for the publication of a magazine called *Life*. . . . If you do, there will be *Life*. If you do not, there will be no *Life*."

With a circulation guarantee of 1.6 million *Life* raised its advertising rates for the following year fourfold to $5,700 per black-and-white page. Many advertisers balked. Also a severe recession overtook American business. Millions more were lost. But by 1939, having reached a circulation above two million, *Life* turned the corner. From then on it raced ahead, and by 1948, 19 percent of every magazine advertising dollar spent in the country went to *Life*, while its readership was 21 percent of the entire population over 10 years old.

A curious instance of Luce's need to combine idealism with pragmatism accompanied the birth pangs 10 years ago of *Sports Illustrated*. It was the only Luce publication that did not germinate from some high-minded concept. *Time* proposed "to keep men well-informed." *Fortune* "to give business a literature of its own," *Life* to help mankind "see and be instructed." But the considerations that engendered another magazine were primarily material. Waiting to be tapped was a new leisured, moneyed market grown up since the war. At the same time, the corporation had accumulated a reservoir of technical resources and talent larger than its existing publications could absorb. Why not use the surplus creatively and profitably?

But why "Muscles," as the magazine came to be called around Time Inc.? No area was more remote from Luce's personal tastes. He once returned a *Time* editor's excitingly written baseball story with the marginal comment, "I have no interest in sports, but this could make me a fan." As subject matter for the new magazine, he had weighed numerous alternatives—short stories, poetry, art, do-it-yourself. Of almost irresistible appeal to Luce, with his passion for uplift, had been a fortnightly "think" magazine proposed in 1945 and known as "Project X."

Project X never got beyond the dummy stage. According to Luce, the trouble was, "Too many people got involved. They mulled it over too much."

As Luce explains his final choice, "the compass needle always swung back to sports." At an executive meeting he met no resistance. Marketing surveys by Time Inc.'s advertising-promotion experts fortified the decision. They learned, for example, that of all the women's ready-made clothing sold in department stores, a fourth is sportswear. So the mighty Luce machine, which had never yet produced a failure, moved into high gear.

One can hardly imagine a Hearst, a Pulitzer or a Beaverbrook worrying about the "philosophical justification" of a commercially promising enterprise. But Luce's conscience makes stern demands. No lofty principle being inherent in "Muscles," he must superimpose one. During a prepublication luncheon conference, he asked each staff member in turn what *he* thought was the magazine's philosophical justification. It was an awkward moment. Nobody had been thinking in such exalted terms. Hems, haws and confused mumblings greeted the question. A promotion man had the misfortune to suggest the last *raison d'être* for the project Luce could ever accept: modern society was materialistic and anti-intellectual, and the magazine seemed suited to that spirit. The temperature in the dining room dropped.

An editor struck a more Lucean note. Whereas most sportswriters tended to talk down to the fan, the new magazine would treat him as an intelligent gentleman. "Well, that's exactly right," Luce said. He raised the tone of the discussion further with a reference to the Socratic idea that the unexamined life is not worth living. The sporting life, he said, is one to examine.

In a talk to the business staff he soared still higher. "Sport has aspects, too, of creativity. Man is an animal that works, plays and prays. As a boy, I remember reading a book titled *Four Things Men Live By*. These four things were love, work, play and prayer. No important aspect of life should be devalued. And if play does correspond to some important elements in spiritual man, then it is a bad thing for it to be devalued. And sport has been devalued. . . . The new magazine will . . . put it in its proper place as one of the great modes of expression." Finally, he cited a passage from Goethe's *Faust* to sum up his thoughts.

The year after the magazine appeared Luce virtually equated it with national survival. In an open letter to the head of an advertising agency, he declared, "We have the H-bomb and we have *Sports Illustrated*. These are the two instant symbols of our fears and hopes. . . . Peace in America in mid-20th century means enjoyment of life, the pursuit of happiness. It means, in short, *Sports Illustrated*. . . ."

After a lifetime of ignorance about sports, Luce began his education with the aid of the knowledgeable buffs among his employees. Nerving themselves for an orgy of questions, they took him to ball games, prizefights, horse races. *Life*'s managing editor, Edward K. Thompson, was his mentor at his first Madison Square Garden basketball game. As they reached their seats, arriving late, one team was freezing the ball. "Why are they doing that?" Luce asked. "It's a defensive play," Thompson explained. "They're ahead, and they don't want to endanger their lead." Luce immediately identified himself with the other team, and his comment bespoke a fighting trait of his own that has enabled him, once embarked on a project, to let no setback thwart him. As with *Life*, so with *Sports Illustrated*, which was to drop many millions before it turned a penny's profit. "They'll lose," said Luce. They did, too. □

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workj

1965 Chevrolet Fleetside pickup. In background, Series 60 medium-duty model with grain body.

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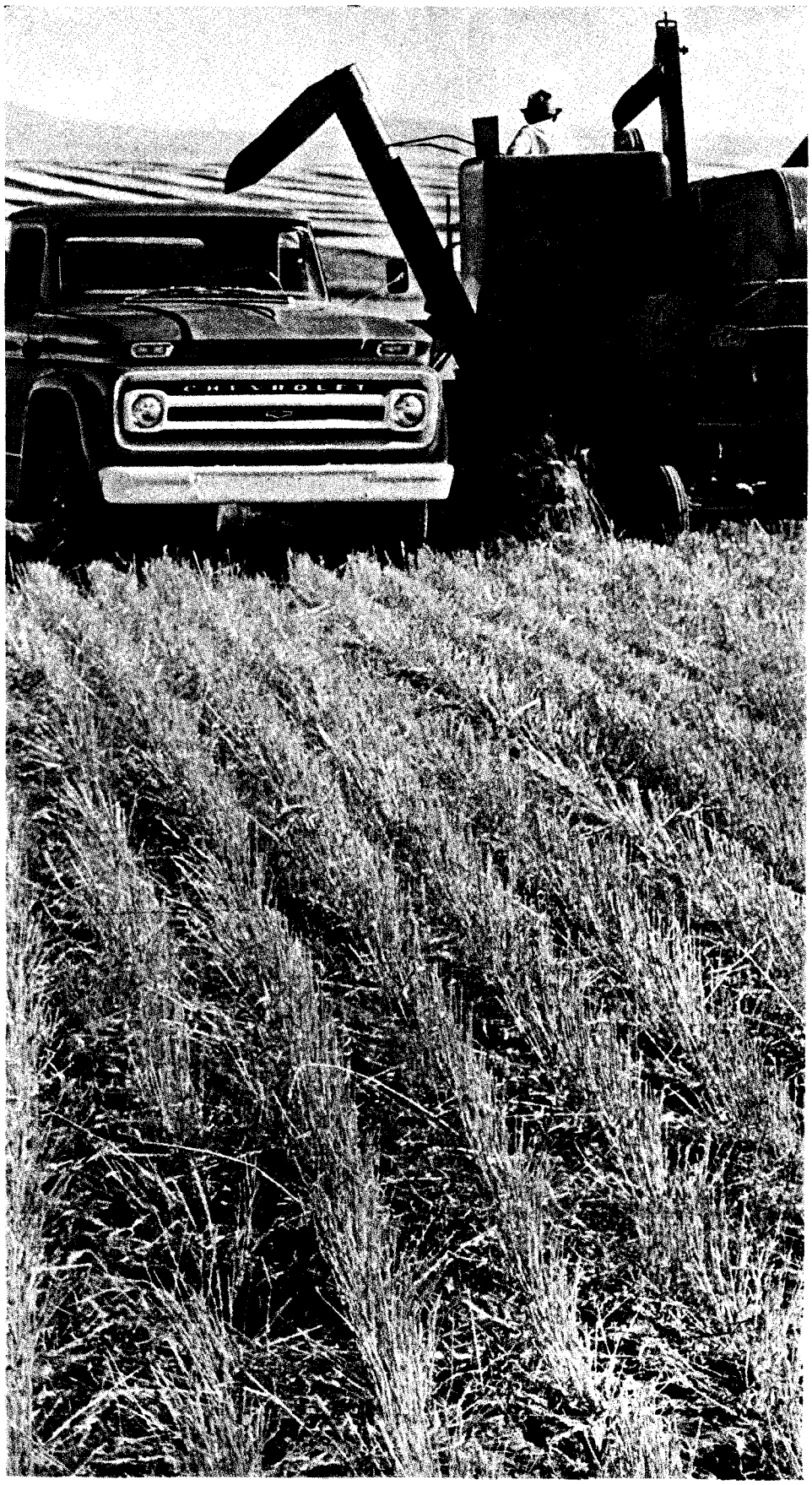

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Walker's Peak

BY ROBIN WHITE

The reason men climb mountains is to conquer something—and often the mountains don't matter much at all.

Sunlight was already slanting into the valley when Gideon awoke, stretched in his sleeping bag and saw his son, Walker, grinning at him. "No," he said, and closed his eyes. "I am not yet awake."

"You sure are getting old," the boy informed him anyway.

Gideon rolled over onto his back and assumed an expression of desperate repose.

"You should just see your beard," Walker said. "It's almost all white."

With a groan, Gideon sat up and massaged his face. "What have you been doing?" he asked through his hands, "lying there counting the hairs, or something?" He reached for his parka, bunched into a pillow behind him, and pulled it on. Walker still grinned expectantly from the hood of his sleeping bag, the young hair of adolescence sunbleached against his tanned face. "Well," Gideon amended, mocking a punch at him, "I may be getting old, all

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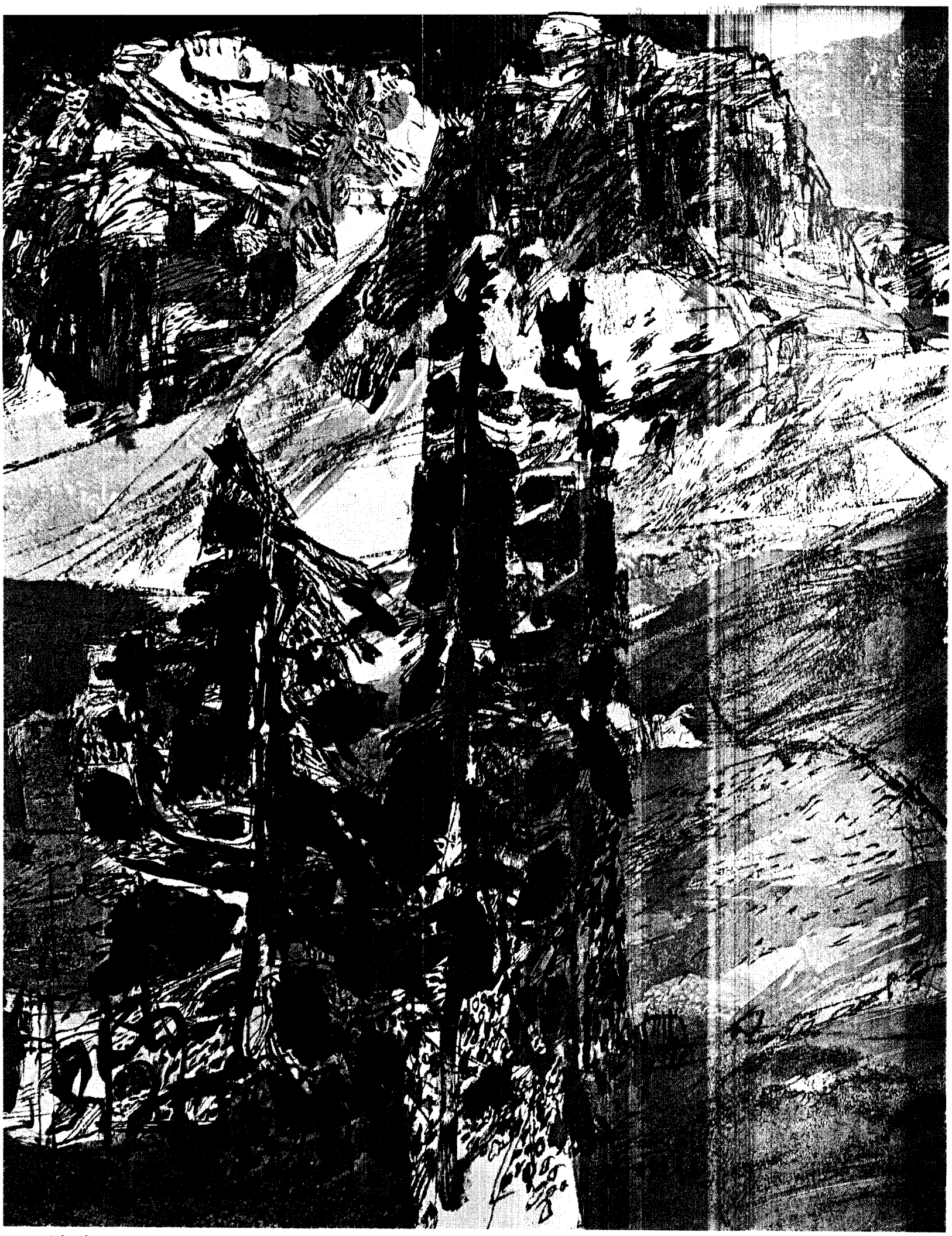

right, but look at the giant who aged me."

This reference to his size delighted the boy. Any reference to the fact that, at fourteen, he towered over his father usually sent him into spasms of ecstatic pride. There was so little he had been able to feel proud about that Gideon referred to it often, watching now as he cackled and wormed deeper into his sleeping bag, his voice rich with falsetto modulations.

"You take your pills?" Gideon asked.

Walker poked out of the bag. "Wha'?"

"Your pills," Gideon repeated, although he knew the boy had heard him the first time.

"Pills schmills," Walker said.

"Come on," Gideon said. "Let's see."

Reluctantly Walker displayed his plastic case. Because the taking of pills was for him a necessity, each night they laid out the next day's dose in a special case with a transparent cover and four compartments, lettered Morning, Noon, Afternoon and Evening, so that it was possible to see at a glance which ones had been taken. This was an arrangement arrived at the hard way, following several instances where the boy had taken a double dose, thinking he had not yet taken the first, or neglected to take any at all because he thought he had already taken them. There had also been random occasions involving the wrong combination of pills, and the punishment for

Illustrated by Hugo Wetli

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these errors was swift and inevitable seizure.

The important thing about the morning pills was timing. If he had them before breakfast and before he got up, he was OK, and subsequent doses kept things in check. But let him start horsing around on an empty stomach and no pills, and within half an hour he would not just "blink off," which was the way they referred to a *petit mal* attack, he would "cork off" into convulsions so violent he would be exhausted into prolonged sleep after they were over. Walker had learned to live with this and needed no reminding, but he enjoyed teasing his father with forgetfulness, as if the whole thing were a matter of the greatest indifference to him, and Gideon would have to act as if he really believed he meant it. It was a private ritual between them, and the boy, who had no friends because of the malady, looked on Gideon as all things—confidant and adviser, servant and master, ally and rival—calling him not "Dad" but by his nickname, "Bumper."

The compartment marked "M" was full. Gideon returned the case. "Take your pills," he said.

Walker feigned weary submission and extracted four different pills from the case—different shapes and different colors so they could be easily distinguished, either by touch or by sight. "Relief is just," he sang whimsically as Gideon handed him the canteen, "a swallow away," and took his pills.

"Now stay put while I whomp up some chow," Gideon said.

"I think I'll rise and shine for a change," Walker announced, sitting up.

The tone of his voice was singularly flat, as if he wished not just to tease but to defy, and Gideon responded with gruff amusement.

"Stay put," he said.

"Make me," Walker replied.

"Oh, wise guy, huh?" Intending to wrestle the boy down, he reached out and found his hand suddenly locked in an iron grip. For a moment they remained that way, rigid, and then Gideon, hesitant to put his weight into it, backed off.

"By all means rise and shine," he said dryly, gesturing. "Of course if you do, the climb's off, you understand."

"Like, *sieg heil!* and all," Walker said.

"I'm not kidding," Gideon warned.

Slowly Walker lay down. "Sugar," he whispered, drawing out the "sh."

"What's that?"

"I said, 'Sure, sure.'"

In a vague way the exchange bothered Gideon, and at first he did not know why. One aspect of the boy's epilepsy was a tendency to bursts of peevish, disoriented behavior, as much seizures as blinking or corking off despite the fact that he remained conscious. Since these were often difficult to interpret, impinging upon an area of normal hostility and disobedience, there was always the problem of where to draw the line between what he should be disciplined for and what he should not; and in the past Gideon had erred in both directions confident of nothing except that the basic rapport with his son was strong enough to compensate for occasional misjudgment. But as he reflected upon the puzzling tone in Walker's voice, he realized with a start that it was not the mere threat of defiance which troubled him; it was the thought that the boy had become too big to control physically.

Gideon maintained what he hoped was a reasonably stern appearance, donning his boots with great concentration. Then he rolled his bag and stashed it by their rucksacks against the tree.

The spot they had chosen was at the foot of the pass, just below the timberline and in full view of the mountain, where the stream rushing from the glacier widened across a stretch of soggy meadow into a blue-green pool. Small clusters of pines dotted the edge of the meadow, next to a sheltering rise of ground, and it was here that he and the boy had set up base camp for their climb. Gideon could hear the distant roar of the stream tumbling over boulders, and the violence of its descent had left a white froth around the lip of the pool. Although the floor of the valley was still in shadow, the profile of the eastern ridge was etched against the rocky pass. Above it rose the summit with its glacier, a gleaming plane of snow surmounted by a jagged wall of black rock beneath a clear, brittle sky.

As Gideon knelt to arrange twigs over a tuft of pine needles in the fireplace, he found himself once again wondering if perhaps he had agreed to an objective too high and too rough for the boy's first experience—one that might either exhaust him into seizure at a crucial point, or from which they would have to turn back defeated. There had been no way to scout this mountain. In fact, owing to its location in the range it had remained hidden from view until they had rounded the bend onto the meadow, and then all at once it had appeared looming over them like some cold, hoary mammoth, and the sight of it, the visual knowledge of what on the contour map had been an unimposing arrangement of lines and elevation markers, had taken Gideon by surprise, in a way that made him wish he had included the safety factor of a third member, more than just the rope and ice ax.

His immediate response had been to cancel the attempt. But before he could find the right words, Walker had exclaimed, "Man, will you look at that, will you!" and Gideon, looking at it, nodding, awed by the sight, had let the moment pass. The mountain was, after all, "Walker's Peak," not only by the coincidence of name that had prompted the boy to pick it in the first place but also by virtue of a year of dreaming about it, and despite his reservations, Gideon could not quite bring himself to call things off.

He struck a match to the pine needles, moving the flame into the heart of the cluster. With a hissing, crackling sound the pitch ignited and released a dense bluish smoke that trailed slowly upward, convoluting into black, expanding wisps in the thin, still air. Then he crisscrossed larger sticks over the twigs until the flame was strong enough for the kindling they had cut and stacked by the site.

From the rucksacks he selected a pot, black on the outside with a patina of smoke from many fires and gleaming bright on the inside, and went down to the pool to fill it. Fish darted at his approach—lithe shadows against a sandy bottom. They were strange, almost colorless fish, with none of the greedy exuberance of those five miles downstream, and Gideon wondered what impulse had brought them here, to the icy headwaters of their world, where there was so little food, and nine months of the year were frozen solid. Some were good size, but he had refused to try for them, thinking that already their life was too hard.

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Careful not to stir up silt, he swept the surface of the shallow water and submerged the pot, through the faint rainbow film of oil that drifted away, then quickly raised it, dripping, clear and sparkling as a jewel. The cold stung his fingers so that he had to shift the pot from hand to hand as he crossed the meadow and returned to the site. There he placed a small wire grill over the fire and, covering the pot, set it on to boil.

"What would you like to eat?" he asked Walker.

The boy propped himself on an elbow. "Eggs Benedict and caviar on toast."

Gideon laughed. "Powdered eggs or mush?"

"Ugh," Walker said, indicating with a hand to his throat that he preferred voluntary strangulation.

"The eggs have it," Gideon said, and got out the skillet, bacon bar and powdered-egg pack.

The bacon came in a foil-wrapped brick the size of a Milky Way bar, the label of which advised, "Equal to one pound cooked bacon." Unwrapped, it looked like compressed dog food. He crumbled the bar into the skillet and placed it over the fire while he mixed the powdered eggs with water in a separate pan. After a few minutes the bacon began to expand and sizzle, exuding an aroma of salt pork. Gideon stirred it with his sheath knife until it was a dark, oily brown. Then he poured in the egg mix, letting it swell and thicken and pop with steam bubbles before running his knife under and through it, coaxing it to assume the moist, lumpy texture of scrambled eggs, finally removing it from the fire and dividing it onto two aluminum plates. The larger portion he handed to Walker with a spoon. The other he ate standing by the fire. It wasn't, he reflected, half bad, but in keeping with an unspoken agreement to treat most of what they did disparagingly, he grimaced and swallowed with noisy difficulty, as if he were the world's worst cook, having just struck a new low. Walker himself gasped and grunted, but managed to lick his plate clean.

The water started to boil. Gideon mixed two mugs of instant coffee with Pream. "You can get up now," he told the boy, offering him a mug.

"Thanks loads," Walker said. He wormed out of the bag, pulled on his boots and, donning his red baseball cap, accepted the coffee. The cap was with him a sort of trademark: on at the start of each day, not off until the end of it—the official flag of his personality, raised and lowered to the accompaniment of a small ritual of sounds and gestures.

"Well, what do you think?" Gideon asked.

"What do I think of what?" Walker wanted to know.

"About the climb," Gideon said. "You still want to do it—I mean, now that you've seen what the thing looks like?"

"Of course," the boy said. "After a week getting in here, I sure don't want to just *look* at it."

"You wouldn't rather try some other first," Gideon suggested, "and kind of get the feel of things."

"Shucks no," Walker said. "This is the one with my name, isn't it?"

"It's the one with your name, all right," Gideon assured him, "but that doesn't mean it can't wait."

"If it's got my name," Walker said, "I don't want to climb some other one first. It wouldn't be right."

"I know," Gideon said, mildly grateful that he had not dubbed his son Everest, "only it just so happens your peak is a whole lot more mountain than I expected."

"I'm not scared," Walker said.

"I didn't think that you were," Gideon replied.

"Then what's this all about, anyway?" Walker asked.

"Oh, just sounding you out," Gideon said, "to see if you really want to do it."

"Well, I sure do, Bumper," the boy said.

"Even if we find it's impossible?"

Walker shrugged. "How can you say that until we try?"

The answer stumped Gideon, and he lingered over a swallow of coffee, aware that his son was right. How indeed? because when you got right down to it, there never was any way of saying much about anything until you tried.

In dismay he looked off at the mountain. The risk, it seemed to him, was prohibitive; for if Walker suffered an attack up there they might find themselves in serious trouble. And yet if he reneged on his promise to the boy, if out of fear he denied him the right to try, would that not place in even greater jeopardy something of a far more vital nature? A variety of futile wishes briefly presented themselves: that the mountain, like some mirage, would dwindle to a pleasant, rolling hill; that he could discuss his own anxieties and reservations frankly with his son; that he could abandon honesty altogether and cheerfully trot the boy part way up, at an opportune moment developing a pulled muscle, a sprain,

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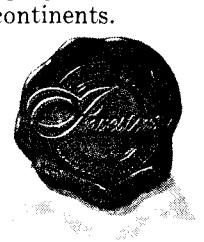

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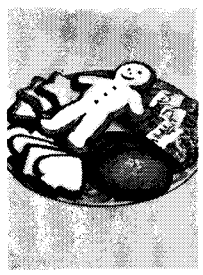
She was just plain Kook-ie until Grandma's Unsulphured Molasses made her a tasty cookie!



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bound next to page 70!

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dizziness—some phony disability that would force them back before they went too far.

How indeed? he thought again, and drawing a hand across his face, slowly turned to Walker whose pale blue eyes were fixed patiently, confidently upon him as he waited for an answer, the answer, the only answer.

"So," Gideon said, and nodded once, heavily.

While the boy rolled his bag and lashed a poncho over their gear, Gideon scoured the pots by the pool with a fistful of sandy grass and, returning with water to the site, doused the fire, feeling the char with his hands to make sure it was cold, finally covering it with dirt.

Walker offered him the ice ax and coil of rope.

"You load the shoulder sack?" Gideon asked.

"Check," Walker said, and strung it about his neck.

"Give it here," Gideon said.

"Don't I get to carry something?"

Gideon hesitated, not wishing to deny the boy, yet reluctant to risk overtaxing him in any way.

"You got enough," he said, "just lugging your own big self."

The boy smiled joylessly and surrendered the sack.

Once again Gideon surveyed the area to make sure all was in order. "OK," he said, pointing with the ice ax for Walker to go first.

They circled the meadow to cross the stream at a narrow point and headed toward the pass. The climb to it was through low brush, where shrinking patches of snow on soggy ground filled the air with the busy gurgle of small streams, and the sound of them, the warm caress of sunlight against the cold, made Gideon feel as if he could walk forever. The rope, shoulder sack and canteen seemed almost weightless as he followed Walker up the hill, their heavy oiled boots crunching in moist gravel, punctuating the song of birds, and he stabbed rather than placed the handle of his ice ax into the ground at each step.

This was spring in the high country, and the tumbled moraine was everywhere spotted with green in which grew tufts and clumps of flowers. Walker kept wanting to know the names of all, and Gideon did not know to tell him, except a few of the most common, and those that were edible. But as they entered the pass and came upon a small level area where the stream branched and filtered through a bog spotted by granite boulders, they were confronted by a field, almost waist high, of yellow flowers radiant in sunlight, and the boy was ecstatic.

"Will you just look at this!" he exclaimed. "What are they?"

"I'm not sure," Gideon said. "Some kind of daisy, I think." He placed his back to a rock and leaned against it. "Let's take a short rest here."

Walker continued to gaze at the field with rapt attention. "They're happiness flowers," he said presently. "That's what they are."

"Oh?" Gideon said. "How come?"

"Because they are something bright and smiling in a hard place," Walker said.

"Why, so they are," Gideon said, struck by the thought and remembering the time when, in the months after his wife's death and everything had seemed so shrouded with despair, this gangling lad beside him, this almost-man with his baseball cap, rudimentary beard and boyish shoulders, had been a dimpled cherub in his arms. And he had often danced around the room with him then, to the rhythm of music on the radio, the feel of motion bringing to the baby's face a crooked, drooling grin of delight that would evoke in Gideon a wild intoxication of joy, sharpened to a painful thing by the circumstance of grief that surrounded it and through which, like these radiant flowers in a bleak field, it blossomed.

There had been other moments too—like the time when he had been out of a job and hopelessly broke, and the boy, just beginning to speak and bumping around the house on unstable legs, always greeted him with cries of "Gaga!" because he could not then say "Gideon," the Gaga in time changing to "Goompa" and finally to "Bumper," and in response to it Gideon used to scoop him up, holding him high, looking into those gleeful eyes and the breathless laughter that descended upon him, like an iridescent cascade of the purest wealth.

"So they are," he said again, and reached out to place a hand on Walker's shoulder.

Abruptly the boy asked, "Am I dumb?"

"No, of course not," Gideon replied, startled. "What makes you ask a thing like that?"

"Happiness flowers," Walker said. "It's a kind of dopey name to call them, I guess."

"I thought it was a pretty good one myself," Gideon said.

"*You're* my father," Walker told him.

"Now what's that supposed to mean?" Gideon asked.

"Nothing," Walker explained, "except when I say things like that in school the kids laugh at me."

"Jokers laugh at everything," Gideon said. "That doesn't mean you're dumb."

"Do I have a high I.Q.?"

"I haven't looked into that," Gideon admitted. "And anyway, I'm tired of high I.Q.'s. Everyone I know has a high I.Q. No one ever has anything but very high I.Q.'s."

"Well, if I'm not dumb," Walker asked, "why am I different?"

"Ah, come on, now," Gideon protested, annoyed because at times the boy's mind did seem to flicker, like a bright light to which the current has been uncertainly reduced—one moment incandescent, the next a pulsating glow—and he did not like to think about it, or to countenance in any manner the fiercely suppressed yet ever-present anxiety that perhaps things would not work out for his son.

"I have epilepsy, don't I?"

"Yes. Only what's wrong with being different?"

"I'd just like not to be, is all," Walker said.

"And you think calling happiness something glad in a hard place makes you so different?" Gideon said. "Well, if it does, God help everyone who isn't." He straightened. "You rested?"

"I wasn't tired," Walker said.

They went on through the pass and, following the stream, encountered their first obstacle: a massive rise of broken rock, apparently heaped up by the glacier when it had been young and active, and through which now bled its dying flow. The rocks were all flat-faced and rectangular, as if at one time they had been part of a gigantic staircase, and Gideon, after a brief survey of the situation,

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decided to climb rather than circle them.

The timberline was now far below, and even brush no longer grew—just mats of thick wet grass clinging to small accumulations of gravel along the stream where it spilled over the rock steps. In the thinner air Gideon soon found himself winded. Struggling from one level to the next, the rough edges hard against his hot hands, he could smell the vapor of his exertion rise from the front of his shirt. Patches of it clouded the inside of his dark glasses, the salt sting of it was in his eyes, and he could taste it at the corners of his mouth. The boy, however, had breath to spare and kept up an easy chatter, not pausing until they crested onto a vast sloping area of uninterrupted granite, polished to an almost glasslike slickness that caught and reflected the glare of the sun, except in places where it had cracked and broken away like veneer. The presence of this rubbed and marble-smooth landing, coming as it did after the broken stairs, furthered in Gideon's mind the impression that they were entering the once-grand habitation of some monstrous being who, having withered and grown old, had allowed his palatial residence to lapse into decadence and disrepair.

Walker uttered a small cry of astonishment and bent over to feel the surface with both hands. "What is it?"

"Glacial polish," Gideon explained.

"But it looks just like someone must of shined it."

"Some *thing* did," Gideon said, and in response to the boy's puzzled expression nodded toward the glacier whose frayed lower edges trailed like an old shawl onto the forward shoulder, beyond and above the distant end of the plateau.

Walker kept running his hands over the polish, remarking that it was so smooth it glistened as if it were wet.

"Let's take a break," Gideon said, and dropped the rope and ice ax near the stream which, less than an inch deep now, sped across the plane of rock and, striking a crack, shot up in a small, restless arc. He emptied and refilled his canteen in it, thinking that later the stream would be too close to the snow to drink it. In summer when the snow was old you had to be careful not to drink the runoff too close to the source because it would give you the GI's. It had first to pass rapidly a long-enough distance so that the air and sunlight could clean it, and then it was all right.

From the shoulder sack he unwrapped a chocolate bar, broke it and handed Walker half. The boy wanted to press on, but Gideon told him they were making very good time and to take it easy. There was danger in letting him overexert, which he tended to do whenever he became enthusiastic, and if he burned up too much blood sugar the result could be as bad as a mix-up on the pills. So they sat and ate the cold-hardened chocolate, Gideon deliberately taking his time over it in order to pace the boy, who downed his share in quick, large bites and fixed his attention once again on the polished rock. How, he wanted to know, had it gotten that way? How had just a lot of ice and snow been able to shine rock, solid rock, when you could squash it, melt it with bare hands? And Gideon explained the way the glacier had once been so large and heavy that its own weight made it move as it grew, the crushed stones trapped under its belly working like sandpaper ground across the hard inclined surface of the plateau, and that over the years all this action had not only polished rock, it had also carved great valleys, dumped the moraine below the pass and created the tumbled slabs up which they had just climbed.

The boy listened intently and was silent. "Somehow," he said after a moment, "it's almost easier to think that people did it, it's so, well, *personal*, sort of."

"I know," Gideon said. "There are a lot of natural things that do seem that way."

The boy's epilepsy had seemed that way to him at first—as if some occult yet definitive spirit had penetrated and controlled his mind, his whole being, making him fall and writhe with a force unbelievably powerful, extraneous, not human. He could still vividly remember the shock of that initial seizure. It had happened at night, at the beginning of a hot, unbearable summer and the end of Walker's first year in school. They had always slept in the same room, in the loft over the shop where Gideon designed and sold custom back-pack equipment, and he had been up late over a set of specifications to which there seemed no reasonable solution. Blaming it on the heat, finally, he had retired to the loft to take a cold shower; and as he undressed in the dark he heard that sound, that curious strangled cry. He quickly switched on the light. Amid tangled sheets Walker lay thrashing in violent convulsions, head thrown back, arms and legs rigid, his face contorted and discolored, choking on the phlegm that frothed at his lips and nose.

His immediate impression was that some force, some thing he did not understand, had entered the room, possessed

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"I'm afraid I must agree with Mr. Peabody. It does need a pinch more of salt."

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and metamorphosed his son, and he knew only to rush to him, thinking that he was dying, holding him in his arms and crying, "Oh, my God, help me, help me!" blinded by the prism of tears, the scalding weight of anguish filling and constricting his throat. He had not known then that this struggle was not mortal but would pass, that by applying a cold rag to the base of Walker's skull he could help it pass, and that the only danger was that the boy might hurt himself by falling, choking on his back or stomach, or biting his tongue. All he knew was that a strange and awesome power had entered his life and that he was helpless before it, could only hold his son until this landslide of muscular spasms subsided and, subsiding, left the boy in a slumber so profound it seemed like a coma.

He had called the doctor, who had arranged to have Walker admitted to the hospital in what was then the early hours of morning, and although the boy did not speak of his fear, Gideon could see it in his face: that nameless dread of being left alone in an unfamiliar place; and so he had stayed there in the hospital, sitting up with him and dozing in the chair beside the bed until the tests were done and the doctors, calling him out into the hall, uttered quietly that one word which was like the pronouncement of immutable and unending doom: epilepsy.

It was as if life itself had suddenly come undone, unjointed, in loose parts that no longer went together, that his hold on joy had been but a brief illusion, easily shattered into the million reflective splinters of despair. During the day he had been able to hide his depression from Walker, but at night, after the boy was asleep, he could not bear the darkness.

He had of course eventually learned not just to live with what had happened but to accept it as a challenge to which there could be possible solution if he fought hard enough and was unceasingly vigilant in the search. Walker had not been taken from him; he was still the same boy with the same needs to be met, the same love and warmth emanating from him. There was only this occasional intrusion, and if at times it did seem to him that his son was, between these moments, somehow on "loan" to him, that loan was infinitely better than an empty memory.

We don't pick our problems, Gideon thought, they pick us; and sometimes he wondered if he might just have been born to a wrong way of things. He had not picked this mountain, either; and yet looking at the boy beside him, he doubted if even Walker had picked it, when perhaps after all they had both been drawn to it by some disparate force of need acting within the particular contexts of their lives.

It was mid-morning by the time they crossed the plateau of glacial polish and, to Gideon's consternation, came out not on the edge of the glacier but down into an intervening depressed area of damp gravel from which rose low piles of flat stones that looked like the eroded ruins of some ancient temple. An atmosphere of eerie desolation lay over the place. No grass or lichen grew on it, and water had collected into dead, shallow patches. Unthinkingly Gideon lowered his voice as he called for Walker to wait.

"You rang?" Walker said, turning back.

"I don't want you getting way ahead of me," Gideon said.

"How come?" Walker asked.

"Because we're going to be hitting some real stuff pretty soon," Gideon told him, "and the idea is to keep close." He reached into the shoulder bag and unfolded the contour map. "How far would you guess it is from here to the edge of the glacier?"

"About a mile maybe," the boy replied.

"That's what I'd say," Gideon agreed, "which means this no-man's land should be big enough to be on the map but it isn't. It just isn't here at all."

"Perhaps the glacier melted back since the map was made," Walker suggested.

"Humph," Gideon said, because that much melting in just a few years was unreasonable, and yet there did not appear to be any other explanation for this place.

"I know what," Walker announced cheerfully. "The map maker was a practical joker."

"Some joke," Gideon said. "I wonder how much else is wrong from here on up?"

"We aren't lost, or something, are we?" Walker asked.

"No, no," Gideon assured him, and folded the map away, thinking that there was a strangely dreamlike familiarity to this place that did convey a certain sense of being lost, as if he had been here before at some forgotten time.

There was an odd feel to the area: in full sunlight dead—freshly dead, still soft. And it seemed to Gideon somehow fitting when, a moment later, they came upon the first sign of another human being in this place: a small pyramid of flat stones loosely arranged, and into them thrust a stick to which had been attached a shirt. So well camouflaged was this little monument that Gideon looked directly at it, unseeing until Walker shouted, "Hey, look-it here," and they went over for a closer inspection of what Gideon's eyes confirmed but were unwilling to believe.

The shirt was tattered and gray, and the stick sagged in the pile of stones. There were no footprints near it, no markings of any sort on the shirt, and Gideon assumed that it must be a survivor of the winter. He scanned the area, wondering if perhaps someone else was in fact already on the mountain. The peak had now dropped from view behind its forward wall, but the angle to the saddle from which they would have to ascend the cliff was in a straight line. He could detect no sign of anyone, and the emptiness and silence and bright sun imparted a sense of being not alone but watched.

They left the marker and headed on to the steep rock shelf leading up to the lower edge of the glacier. The incline here was steep enough to oblige them to proceed on all fours, and where the rock was clean the footing was at least sure if limited. But as they neared the glacier they began encountering small patches of snow alternating with mounds of rubble, and there was the constant risk of slipping on both. The rope was of no use here, since the danger was not of a long fall but of plunging through the surface of the snow, or going down in a tumble of sharp stones. Twice Gideon plunged waist deep into the snow, collecting icy slush in his boot tops, the impact knocking the wind out of him and bruising his groin, and in the places where Walker slipped trying to go ahead of him over the rubble he caught the slide against his shins and hands.

They were both breathing heavily now, sweat collecting and streaking the grime of black rock on their faces, but Walker's longer legs and lighter weight permitted him to forge easily ahead so that Gideon kept having to call for him to wait. Despite the shouted commands, however, the boy's lead continued to grow, as if he were impelled by another summons stronger than the sound of his father's voice. At each point his lead increased, and increasing, diminished the effectiveness of Gideon's cries, heightening his concern that unpaced exertion would trigger a seizure.

When Gideon finally reached the glacier, he saw that shouting was no longer of any avail: Walker had passed well out of earshot and was but a small, dark, diminishing figure, capped by the red speck of his baseball cap, against the blinding plane of icy snow. Noon sunlight was full on the glacier, and it was in rotten condition, serrated with deep pockets surrounded by jagged edges, like fish scales all standing up. The shortness of Gideon's legs slowed him still further. The ridges were impossible to walk on, and so he had to straddle them, stepping from one pocket to the next, bruising himself, his boots filling with slush, the constant slipping contact with ice saturating his denims. For several agonizing minutes he had the impression that Walker really intended to outstrip him—that indeed this unexpected and compulsive disobedience was a deliberate gesture of independence and that there was nothing he could do about it.

A terrible panic gripped him. He could see disaster bearing down on them both: His lungs and heart would explode from the effort to overtake Walker, the glacier opening its sun pockets to envelop him in a glittering icy casket; and Walker, up there alone, would run out of energy and, before he knew it, convulse and fall to a separate end. He cursed the mountain, cursed himself, cursed each step and anything and everything else he could think of in great and exhaustive detail.

And then halfway across the glacier the boy drew up. For a moment Gideon thought he was waiting because he turned and appeared to face downhill. He paused, leaning on the ice ax, to rest. Good boy, he gasped to himself, and waved. A moment later, however, he realized that Walker was not waiting, he was in fact wavering, as if on the verge of seizure.

"Easy!" Gideon screamed, in the hope that the sound of his voice would carry sufficiently to give the boy something to focus on until he could get to him. "Easy boy! Easy!"

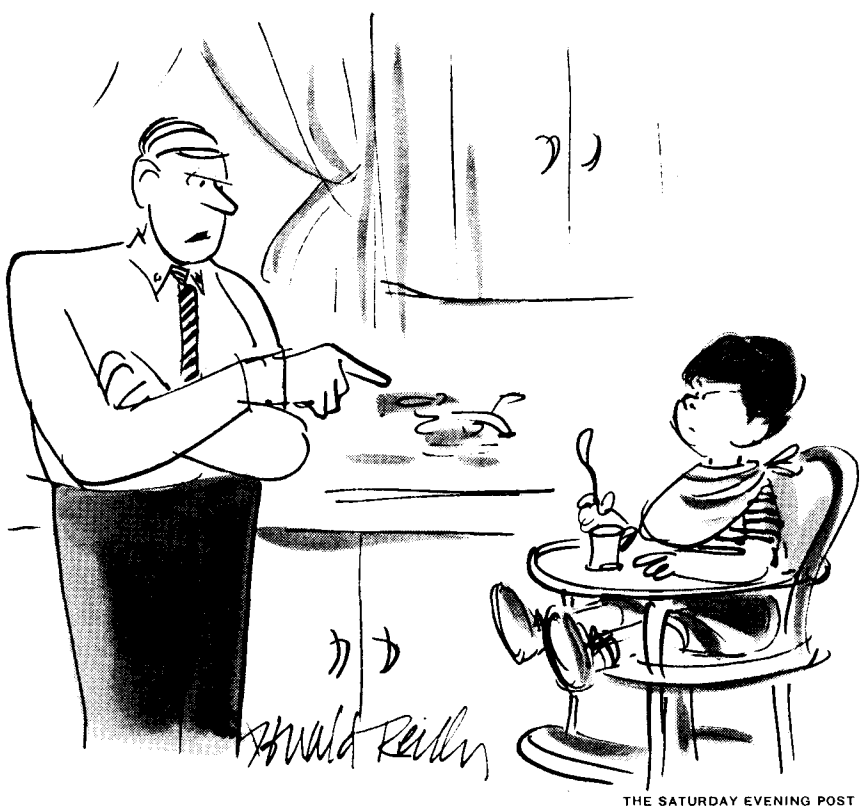
As he scrambled blindly over the ice, a sudden dry, acrid taste now in his mouth, the vision of another form of disaster presented itself to him, and he could see Walker falling into convulsions on the ice, seriously injured, afterward lapsing into the deep slumber that would force them to bivouac on the glacier in the dead cold of night. He kept looking up, shouting, his throat hoarse and tasting of blood, and looking up, he fell sideways into a deep pocket, the glacier flying up at him in a flash of white, twisting pain. It took him a moment to recover his dark glasses, and when he looked up again there was no sign of the boy.

The fall disoriented him, and he was at first unsure in which direction to proceed. Then he sighted on the snow a speck of red that looked like Walker's cap, and he moved toward it, thinking that the worst had happened and trying to prepare himself for it. Long before he reached the cap, however, he heard the sound of Walker's voice, at first faint like muffled cries for help, then distinct and full-throated and plainly addressing the general area around him with the most dire imprecations. Gideon realized the boy had slipped into a crevice and was stuck.

With mingled relief and anger, he waited until he had fully recovered his breath and the pounding of his heart had subsided before proceeding unhurriedly up to the boy who, having wedged his foot deep in the ice, was in the process of exhausting his vocabulary of expletives against it. His dark glasses were missing, and Gideon surmised they had fallen into the crack and that Walker had slipped in after them.

"Well, well, well," Gideon said. "What have we here? Doctor Livingstone, I presume. How nice of you to wait. Or maybe this is hide-and-seek?"

"Give me a hand up, will you, Bumper?" the boy said. "I'm stuck."



THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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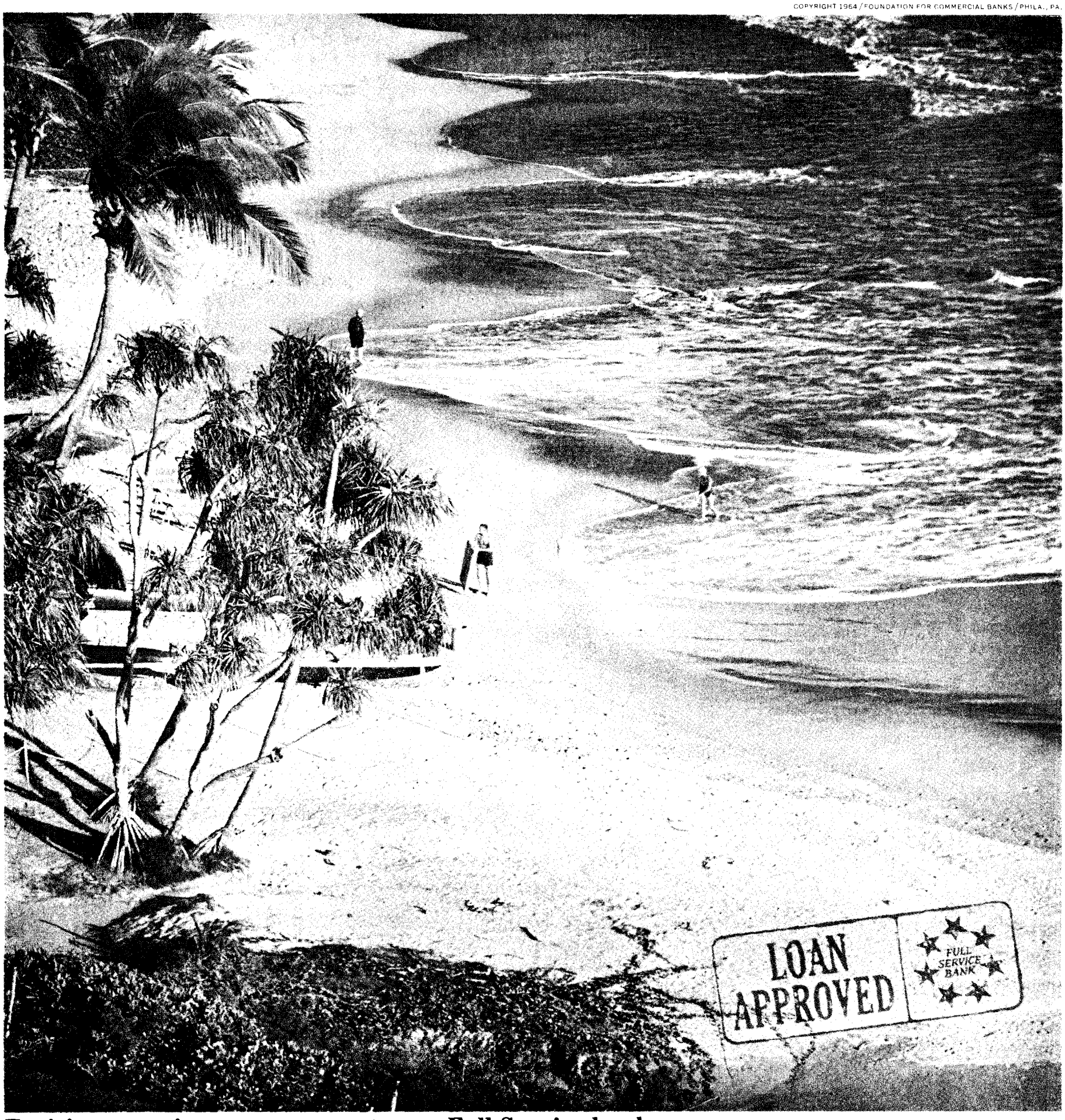

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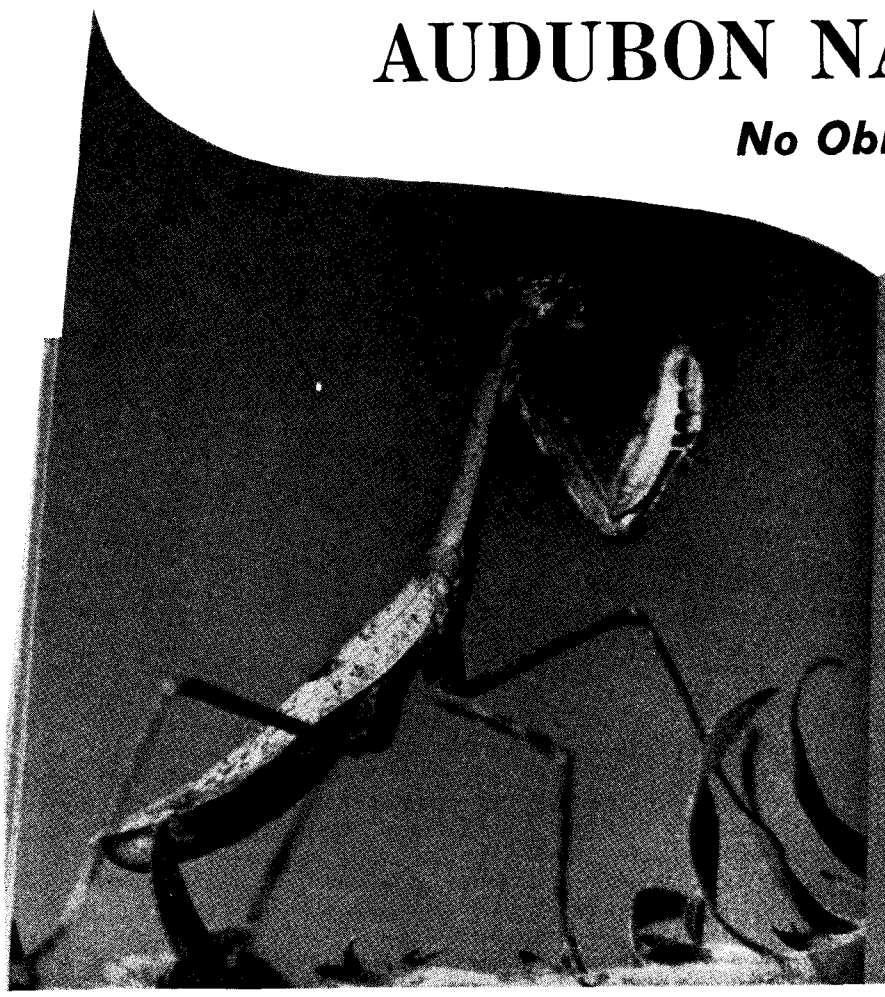
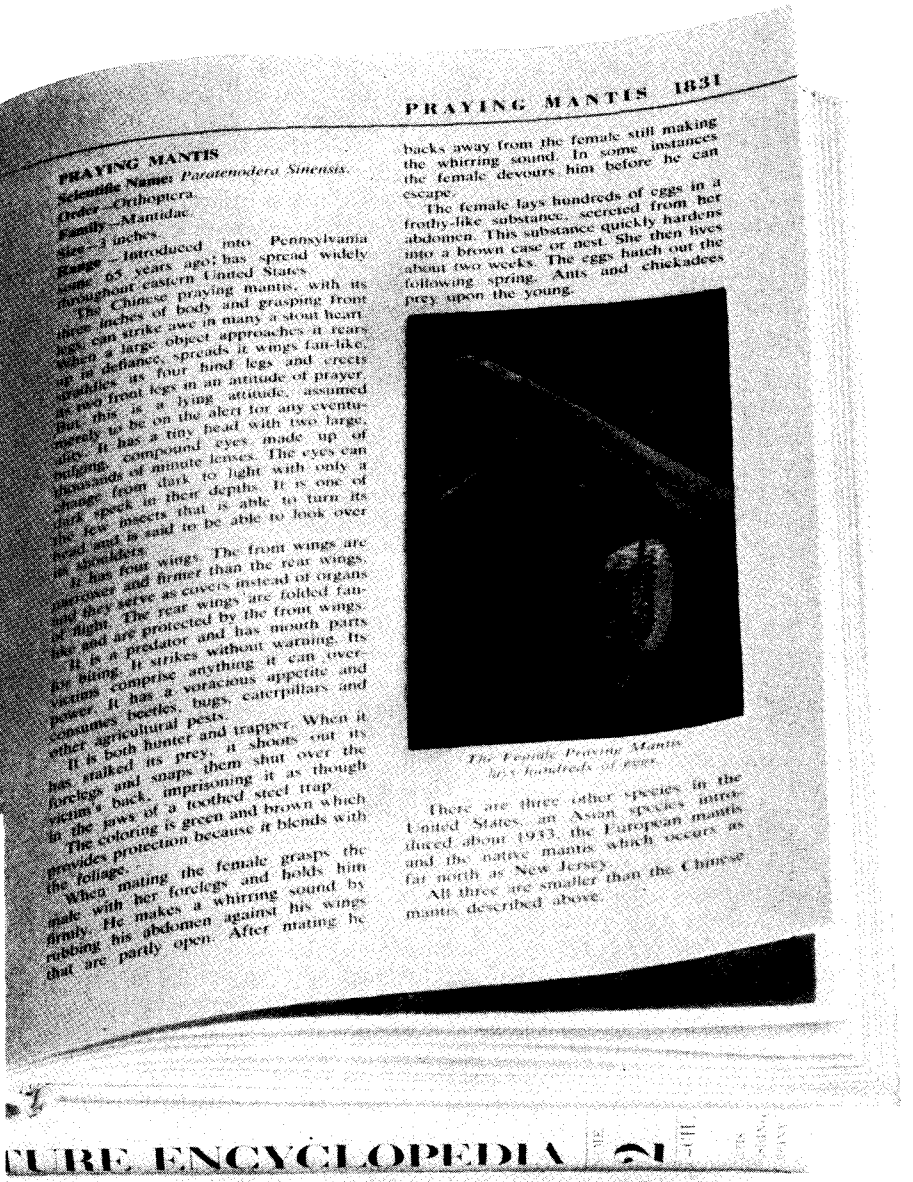



PRAYING MANTIS 1831

PRAYING MANTIS
Scientific Name: *Paratenodera Sinensis.*
Order—Orthoptera.
Family—Mantidae.
Size—3 inches.
Range—Introduced into Pennsylvania some 65 years ago; has spread widely throughout eastern United States.

The Chinese praying mantis, with its three inches of body and grasping front legs, can strike awe in many a stout heart. When a large object approaches it rears up in defiance, spreads it wings fan-like, straddles its four hind legs and erects its two front legs in an attitude of prayer. But this is a lying attitude, assumed merely to be on the alert for any eventuality. It has a tiny head with two large, bulging, compound eyes made up of thousands of minute lenses. The eyes can change from dark to light with only a pin-head speck in their depths. It is one of the few insects that is able to turn its head and is said to be able to look over its shoulders.

It has four wings. The front wings are narrower and firmer than the rear wings, and they serve as covers instead of organs of flight. The rear wings are folded fan-like and are protected by the front wings.

It is a predator and has mouth parts for biting. It strikes without warning. Its victims comprise anything it can overpower. It has a voracious appetite and consumes beetles, bugs, caterpillars and other agricultural pests.

It is both hunter and trapper. When it has stalked its prey, it shoots out its forelegs and snaps them shut over the victim's back, imprisoning it as though in the jaws of a toothed steel trap.

The coloring is green and brown which provides protection because it blends with the foliage.

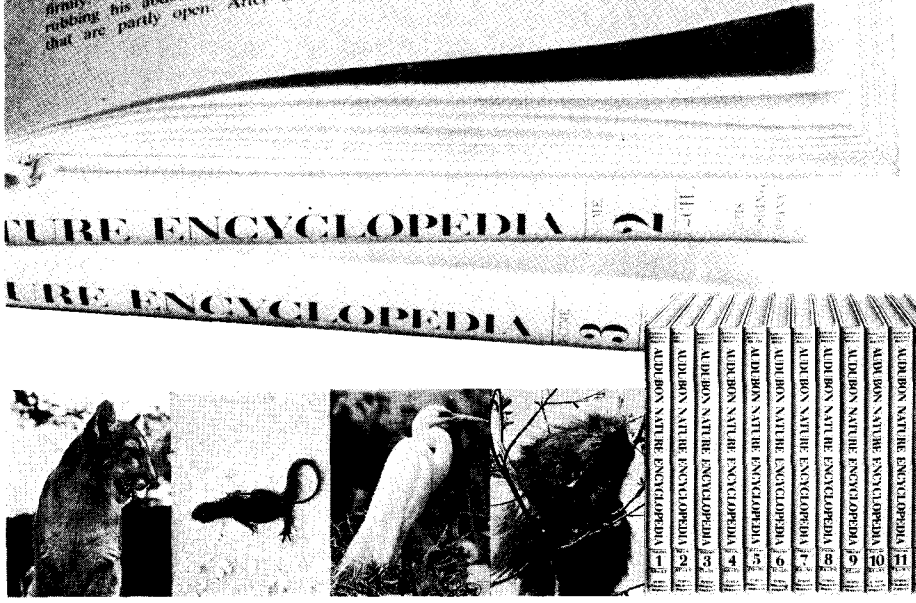
When mating the female grasps the male with her forelegs and holds him firmly. He makes a whirring sound by rubbing his abdomen against his wings that are partly open. After mating he backs away from the female still making the whirring sound. In some instances the female devours him before he can escape.

The female lays hundreds of eggs in a frothy-like substance, secreted from her abdomen. This substance quickly hardens into a brown case or nest. She then lives about two weeks. The eggs hatch out the following spring. Ants and chickadees prey upon the young.

The Female Praying Mantis lays hundreds of eggs.

There are three other species in the United States, an Asian species introduced about 1933, the European mantis and the native mantis which occurs as far north as New Jersey.

All three are smaller than the Chinese mantis described above.



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WALKER'S PEAK

Gideon flung his rope and ice ax down by Walker's cap. "I know bloody well you're stuck!" he roared. "What the hell did you think you were doing, getting ahead like that!"

"Oh, just walking, sort of," Walker replied submissively.

"Didn't you hear me?" Gideon cried. He reached down to give the boy a hand. "Didn't you hear me yelling my fool head off back there for you to hold up?"

"My glasses fell off," Walker said as he emerged from the crack.

"I can see that," Gideon snapped. "Just answer me why you charged ahead when I kept calling for you to wait."

"I wasn't sure what you wanted," Walker said lamely.

"Well, the next time I call," Gideon growled, "you damn well better hold up until you *do* know what I'm saying." He peered into the crevice, at the bottom of which in a pleasant greenish light Walker's dark glasses glistened. "How did they get there?"

"They dropped," Walker said.

"You mean you dropped them."

"Sort of," Walker admitted. "I stopped to wipe the crud off them and they just sort of slipped."

Gideon leaned down into the crack and with the point of his ice ax gently raised the dark glasses by the bridge. "I suppose," he said, handing them to Walker, "it never occurred to you that you might have scared holy hell out of me."

"Are you going to make us go back?" Walker asked.

"I ought to," Gideon said. "I sure ought to." A worried, somehow sad expression appeared on Walker's face. "But, I don't know. We've come this far, so maybe we'll see how things go."

He moved over to an outcropping of rock from which the glacier had melted, like a sore, and sat down. Since it was nearly noon, he decided they would eat lunch here. He gave Walker his pills.

"Not too much water yet," he cautioned.

"I'm sorry, Bumper," the boy said, "about going ahead and dropping the glasses like that."

There was such a contrite tone in his voice that Gideon felt the last vestiges of his anger dissipate.

"And I didn't mean to get so angry at you, either," he said.

"It's all right," Walker said. "You did right. I shouldn't of goofed up like that, and I'm sorry."

"Let's just forget it, then," Gideon said, thinking of the time the boy had come out of exploratory surgery, which the doctors thought might eliminate the seizures. It had been a drastic move, a wildly frightening hope that the scar tissue on his brain would be not only within easy reach but also effectively removable. And Walker himself had begged for it, begged for anything that might result in freeing him of epilepsy. The surgeons had opened the skull and closed it immediately, telling Gideon in the waiting room that the scar tissue was so located that more damage would be caused getting to it than the removal would justify. And later, when he was finally allowed to see Walker and the boy knew what had happened, he just looked up at Gideon and said, "I'm sorry, Bumper," as if somehow he had been responsible for the lack of success. The words had been too much for Gideon, and he had to step out into the hall to keep from crying in front of the boy.

He looked away now, noticing the insects blinded and trapped in the sun pockets. There were several varieties of insect: small gnats, larger flies and some sort of yellow-winged moth. Why they had strayed up here so far, above their sources of food, seemed to him odd. Perhaps, he reasoned, the glare of the snow field had attracted them, and they had responded in some instinctive, phototropic way, reaching for the sun, reaching for the dazzling glacier the way the moth reaches for that smaller sun of a candle in the dark. And now here they were, trapped, unable to escape because of senses overwhelmed by the stimuli that had attracted them. He felt suddenly sorry for these lost and doomed insects, these little specks of life that now bumbled around in epileptic daze and would soon become frozen in the snow.

Facing Walker, he opened the shoulder bag and spread the food in it on the rock between them: beef jerky, chocolate, prunes, hardtack, smoked salami and Swiss cheese.

"Gorge yourself," he said.

Walker reached for the jerky, which he loved, and pointing to the soles of Gideon's boots, wanted to know what was coloring them orange. The soles of both their boots were a bright orange from the algae growing in the snow, and Gideon explained this to him.

"You mean there are living things up here?" Walker asked.

"Not *warm* living things," Gideon said, "but living all the same. Look around and tell me how many you see."

The boy looked up at the sky, then at the snow, and suddenly stiffened with excitement. "The abominable snowman?" he said.

Gideon followed the direction of his gaze, almost expecting for one eerie moment to see a snowy monster loping down upon them. And then against the glare he saw the large padded tracks left in the softer snow around the upper edge of the rock. He had the clear impression they were mountain-lion tracks, but they were clearly, unmistakably too huge.

He laughed uneasily. "Must have been the bear that went over the mountain," he remarked, "to see what he could see and got lost looking for a shortcut."

The reference to bears was a source of intense amusement to Walker, who still slept with his mangled Teddy bear and regarded everything from Pooh to Kodiaks as affectionate, embraceable clowns. He laughed loudly and began singing, "The bear went over the mountain."

As Gideon joined him in the song, the roar of their voices piercing the frozen solitude, he found himself wishing with all his heart, through the exultation of the song and the moment, that the thing which had possessed his son, that mountainous evil spirit of natural adversity would, like some great white bear or a fanged and hairy snowman, appear—appear where he could see it, pit himself against it, plunge his arms into its viscera and bloody the glacier with its essential force.

After lunch they repacked the leftovers and moved on toward the saddle. The glacier rose more steeply now, so that the sunpockets, though providing a tenuous footing, were too much of a stretch to step in and out of, and Gideon took a diagonal path across them, kicking footholes in each ridge, pausing frequently to look back the way they had come at the distant horizon of mountains rising above the blue-green forest of the valley. His hands were reddened and painful from contact with the snow, and the blinding white glare of it was like a sharp blow to the eye sockets. The rock wall of the summit, however, had loomed into view, towering over them, seeming to grow as they inched toward it, the periodic rattle of debris falling from it clearly audible, and Gideon knew they had less than half a mile to go before he had to make his decision to try or to turn back.

When they reached the saddle, he angled left up to the base of the cliff and climbed onto a rock shelf to rest. The moment he stepped onto it, a brisk wind, from which they had been sheltered by the mountain, buffeted him, and he had to duck low in order to peer over the edge. On the other side, to his surprise, the mountain dropped away in a clean fall of two or three thousand feet to a high rocky plateau containing a number of frozen, snow-ringed green ponds. It was as if the mountain had been cut in half, presenting a false front to them all this time.

"Man!" Walker said, lying down on the rock beside him.

"Stay back," Gideon warned, and took hold of his belt. "This rock may just be balanced, not fast."

"It's a good thing we didn't try to come up that side," Walker observed.

Gideon nodded and rolled way from the edge. For several minutes he sat scanning the cliff above them in an effort to assess its feasibility. There appeared to be two possible routes: the first a series of ledges directly above them, the second a couloir rising diagonally from near the center. Something about the ledges disturbed him—he was not quite sure what. The couloir, however, presented a secure, almost enclosed path visible from the base of the cliff to the deep V where it broke the sky, and it appeared accessible by traversing the upper edge of the glacier.

"How does it look, Bumper?" the boy asked.

"Like two hundred feet of sheer worry," Gideon assured him, "but possible. You want to take a look, or are we up high enough for you?"

"Are you kidding?" Walker said. "What's the good of coming this far if we don't at least have a go at it?"

"All right," Gideon said unhappily. "We'll work over to that couloir and see if the stuff in it is solid."

"Why can't we just go right up from here?" Walker asked.

"Because I say we can't," Gideon replied.

"But there's all kinds of ledges," Walker argued. "It looks easy."

"Yeah—well, you do as I say," Gideon told him. "The couloir goes all the way up for sure, it's good and narrow so we can brace against the sides, and I can chop steps in the ice if we need them."

He uncoiled the rope and secured one end around Walker's waist. "I'll go first, and you pay out the slack until I stop. Then while I brace and take in the slack, you follow me. The idea is for one of us to be braced at all times, and for there to be no slack in the rope, understand?"

"Check," Walker said, and Gideon turned and started out along the edge of the glacier where it met the cliff, working himself up slowly with the aid of the ax. The ice had melted away from the cliff so that a dark ravine separated it from the rock wall. While this provided a means of bracing up the sixty-degree climb to the middle of the cliff, both ice and rock had to be tested carefully before weight could be applied to footholds in them, and wherever he could find a place to anchor the ax as a span across the ravine, he hooked his rope forward and over it as an extra precaution. To the left the glacier fell away steeply; to his right was the black wall of the cliff. It felt curiously warm between the two, and he wondered how far down it was. The prospects of falling into the depths below seemed remote, but he moved with elaborate care so that Walker would know that it was not a casual matter and could follow his steps clearly. He had often been roped like this before, belayed to others, and there was a satisfying feel to it, knowing now that it was his son on the other end of the bond.

The couloir was a better break than he had expected. Tucked behind an abutment on the face of the cliff, it inclined at about the same angle as the glacier. Just below it was a ledge formed by debris that had slid down the couloir into the space between rock and glacier. Gideon tested it with his ax, then reached up and tapped the ice above. Both were firm. He swung himself onto the ledge and braced against the sides of the couloir.

"OK," he shouted, "come on up."

The rope, however, had gone slack, and Gideon, turning, annoyed at the boy's negligence, saw that the length of it descended into the ravine beneath him. A wave of nausea swept him as he bent over to gather in the rope. Then by the feel of it he knew that there was nothing on the other end. He looked back and down the glacier. There was no sign of the boy anywhere.

"Walker!" he cried. "Walker, where are you?"

ROBIN WHITE writes, "Owing to the fact that my parents were missionaries, I was born and brought up in South India. At sixteen I came to America, during the war, with a cargo of Italian POW's, court-martialed GI's and displaced civilians. I subsequently finished high school in New Haven, Conn., and went on to Yale on scholarship. At the end of my freshman year I went without food for eleven days because I was broke and spent the time writing a novel that bears no further mention. In the middle of sophomore year I eloped; in junior year my first son was born while I was cramming for finals on the floor of a hospital corridor; and in senior year I was awarded the Curtis Essay Prize. Following graduation I began writing full-time. There were a number of hard, unrelieved years after that, and my work first received recognition in magazines. In 1956 I received a fellowship to the Bread Loaf Writers' Conference, and also to Stanford's Creative Writing Center, which brought me to California. My first novel, House of Many Rooms, *was published in 1958, followed by* Elephant Hill, *the Harper Prize Novel for 1959,* Men and Angels *in 1961,* Foreign Soil *in 1962 and* All in Favor Say No *in 1964.* Walker's Peak *is the first novella I've attempted and stems from a love of the mountains, where I take my family back-packing every summer, and my own son's affliction, about which I wrote an article that appeared in the June 8, 1963, issue of* The Saturday Evening Post."

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Silence swallowed the sound of his voice.

The thought struck him that perhaps the boy had suffered a mild attack, and in a daze undone himself and tumbled over the long drop on the far side of the mountain. In panic he was about to retrace his steps when above him in the area of the ledges he heard a slipping noise followed by a brief shower of loose stones. He looked up, not daring to believe what he immediately knew: that the boy had decided, either capriciously or deliberately, to take his mountain in his own way and by himself.

"Walker!" he shouted. "Come back here!"

There was no reply.

"Can you hear me!" he bellowed.

The base of the cliff seemed to muffle his voice, trapping it in the space around him. Thinly the sound of Walker's reply came from somewhere above, but because of the intervening rock Gideon could not make out what he said. His first thought was to work back down to the base of the ledges and go up after the boy. Then he realized that this would be futile: Walker already had too much of a head start and with his long arms and legs would be either up, or dead, in the next few minutes.

Hastily he coiled the rope and ascended the couloir, thinking that if he could get up ahead of the boy he might be able to lower him a line from the top. For the first time in his life he felt wholly, irrevocably cut off from Walker, as if not just the rope but some other bond between them had been undone, severing more than physical communication and contact, severing the very basis of interdependence that had always prevailed. In the shelter of the couloir he could hear nothing but the sounds of his own exertion, see nothing but the enveloping passageway of ice and rock, like a bad dream magnifying and distorting the demon of his loneliness.

Near the top he came upon a ledge and saw that by picking his way across it he might be able to reach a point directly above where he hoped Walker would be. Facing the cliff, he began inching along the ledge, and presently, below and to his right, he saw Walker's red baseball cap, the hub of arms and legs scaling the wall of black rock. Gideon anchored the ice ax in a fissure, twisted one end of the rope about it, and dropped the coil to Walker.

It snaked past him, but the boy thrust it aside and continued his ascent unaided.

"Rope up," Gideon called.

"No," Walker shouted back. "I want to come up by myself."

"Please," Gideon begged. "Use the line."

Walker did not reply, and Gideon was afraid to argue with him, knowing that any further distraction might make him slip. Helplessly he watched as the boy, hooking his fingers into cracks and poking his toes into footholds, worked from level to level, moving only one limb at a time, always keeping the other three anchored. To Gideon it was as if the whole world hung by those young, inexperienced hands, and he started to pray because there was nothing else for him to do. And even as he prayed he saw the boy pause to look down, and looking down, suddenly freeze, dizzied by the elevation.

Gideon closed his eyes, unable to watch. "Don't look down, and don't look up," he called. "Just watch what's in front of you."

The boy recovered, slipping, hanging by his hands, found another foothold and reached the ledge immediately below Gideon's. Gideon held out his hand to him. The boy wavered for an instant, as if he did not want to accept it, then took hold. And pulling him, boosting him ahead onto the ledge above, finally heaving himself after, Gideon saw that they had crested. As they sprawled, gasping, into the wind, Walker grinned, his teeth white as pearls against his grimy, sweating face.

"I did it, Bumper!" he cried. "I did it!"

"You sure did," Gideon said, and could say no more. Every part of him felt twisted and wrung dry.

As they sat there, he thought again of the first peak he had climbed. He had done it in the morning, he remembered, in the hours before dawn, and with a Thermos of coffee watched the sun rise. The vapor of his breath and from the Thermos had steamed into the early light, and watching it, drinking the coffee, feeling its warmth bite the pit of his stomach because he swallowed it too fast, he had seen the white-hot iron of the rising sun pour molten fire across the plains, blazing in every lake, and he had thought that as long as he lived he would never see a sight so glorious.

And in one way he had been right about that, he realized, for the view before them was no equal to that early memory. But in another way he had been wrong, for there was a sight more glorious on this cold, barren and wind-swept pinnacle, and that was the radiance in his son's face as he looked all about him at what forever would be truly below. □

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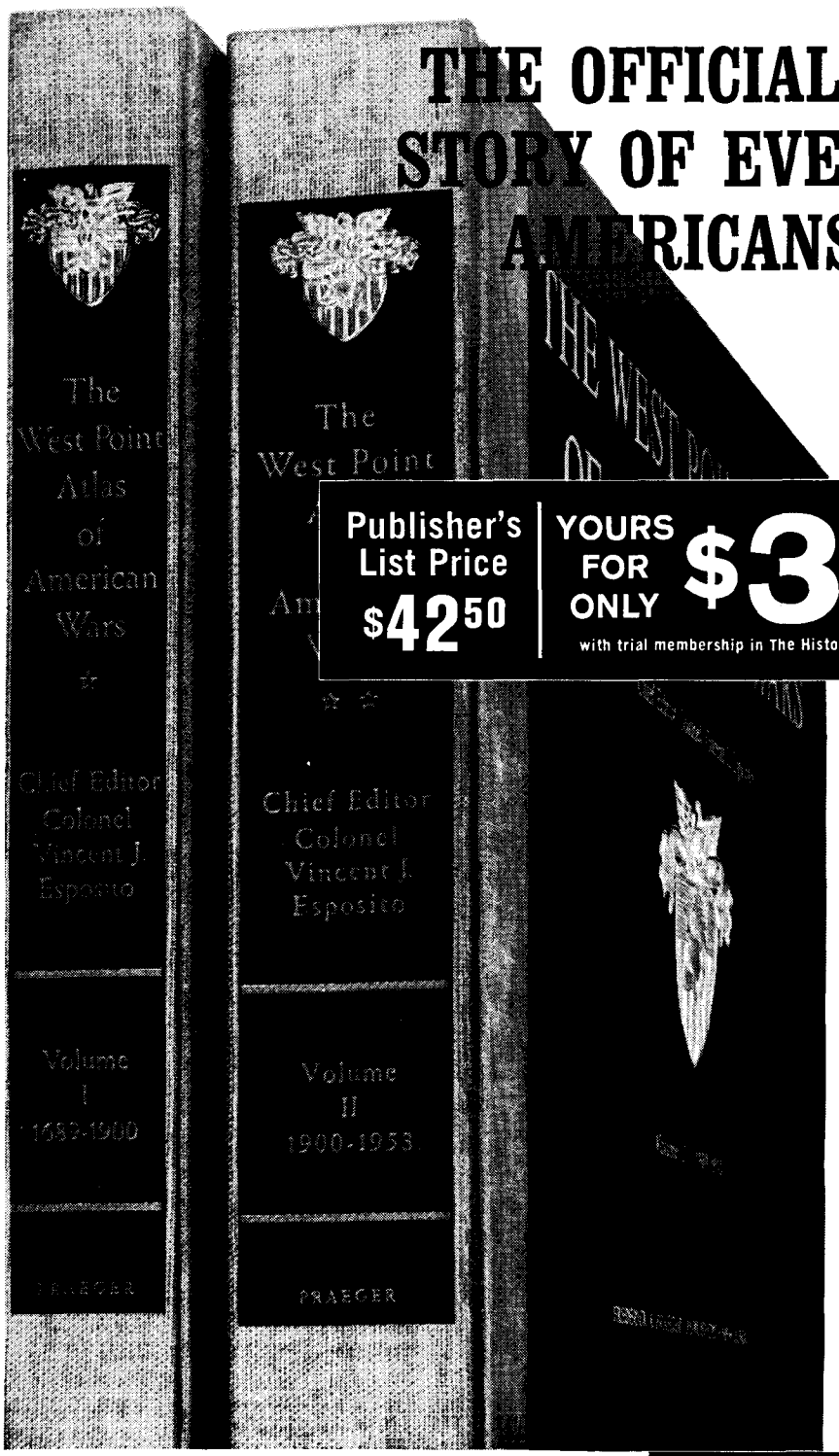
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THE STEEL BALL

There is a kind of man who has s

It had been one of those hot, hazy days that bear down with a still, meaningless pressure, making one hour just like the next. There at the Broadway parking lot where he worked, Benny hardly realized it was the end of the day. He looked up in dull surprise when Phil, who owned the lot, pulled up crosswise on the sidewalk in his white Cadillac and told Benny to hop in. "Got a little deal for you," Phil told him, flashing a square-toothed, diamond-bright smile.

Benny left the lot in charge of his Negro assistant Claude and got into the car. As they drove up Broadway, Benny rubbed his bristly jowls and decided they were flabby compared with the clean-shaven grayish face of his boss, in which vertical lines alongside the taciturn mouth, the casual tilt of the head, the impenetrable dark glasses and the low-set hatbrim gave an impression of laconic ease. Through the traffic Phil expertly nudged the big car, softly pressing the brake and accelerator with his alligator-hide shoes. His checked-coat elbow stuck out the window in nonchalant fashion and he drummed his manicured, square-tipped fingers on the steering wheel, a heavy ring gleaming on each hand.

Benny, pan-faced and now sweaty after his day's work, felt uneasy in the luxury of the big car. He wished he were home or drinking beer somewhere, in spite of the fact that he admired Phil and wished he could be like him: a cool dealer. Benny was no dealer, Benny was more the fall guy, and though he knew this, he could never figure out just where to make his start being a dealer.

"What I got for you," Phil said, "you can surprise the girl friend, give her all the furniture she wants, take all you want for yourself, there's enough stuff to furnish ten houses, all for nothing."

"Do I want furniture?" said Benny.

"One time you told me, Benny, when I get onto something good, let you in on it. So now I got something for you. You want it or don't you?"

"Sure," Benny said, not wanting to appear ungrateful.

"What it is, there's this place I keep just above Eighty-sixth. I'll show you. They're tearing down the building, or they will as soon as they get me out of the place. It's a little hideout, like. You knew that, maybe? You ever been up there?"

"No, I never," Benny said. "I thought you only had the place in Jersey."

Phil looked at Benny with condescending amusement. "There's a lot going on you don't know about."

"Maybe there is," Benny admitted grudgingly.

By ROY BONGARTZ
Illustrated by N. M. Bodecker

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tle going for him that he must plan carefully, enlist friends and make an inconceivable effort, simply to make a botch of things.

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Phil said, "All the same, I'm the legal resident up there. There are different ways of living in a place in New York." He pulled to a stop, blocking a cross street, and pointed up it to an eight-story-high crane dangling a steel ball in front of a partially demolished building. "My building is right next door to that—same owner," Phil said. "I'm working a little molasses on him. Slow him down. He's paid everybody else off already, got them out. They thought they were smart, got themselves a lawyer to squeeze dough out of the owner. They bitched to me because I wouldn't go in with them. Then this hot lawyer of theirs, he sells them all up the river. The owner pays *him* off. Now I'm the only tenant left in the building." Cars were honking at him, so Phil regally drew his car to the curb and stopped by a hydrant. "I'm holding out for some real dough, only we never mention dough. I just hold out, say I don't want to move, that's all. He offers me the bridal suite at the Waldorf for fifty a month, I'll tell him it's too high a floor. Finally he'll get the idea and kick in."

"Where does the furniture come in?" Benny asked, meaning, Where do I come in?

"All those apartments are full of stuff people left behind. It's all yours, Benny. There's some good stuff in there. What I thought was, tomorrow night you could go over there, take your girl friend."

"Maybe," said Benny, wondering whether Flo would want any old furniture.

"You could furnish a house. You and that girl get married someday, your problems will be solved," said Phil. "And things would be better if somebody was living in the place when the owner comes around to verify occupancy. When he finally gets this place torn down he's going to put up one of those stainless-steel affairs, doorman, music in the elevator, sock them a hundred a room. I've been stringing him along. If I hold up construction one month it could cost him a hundred, two hundred grand. Now suppose he finds a family with a bunch of kids subletting my place. You don't have to move in—just be on the premises."

"Who?" Benny asked.

"You and your girl friend and—hell, you can borrow some kids out of that building you live in. Aren't there about ten thousand little bastards all over the place, running in and out the doors and falling out the windows?" He was silent a moment, and then chuckled. "Wait till he sees that place full of women and children."

"I can't ask Flo to do that," Benny said.

"Wouldn't she like a couple roomfuls of furniture?"

"Maybe the furniture, OK. But she'd never play house with somebody else's kids. It's tough enough to get her to play house without any kids."

"For a couple of hours? To do me a favor? Get some kids. Set them on a treasure hunt in there; give them each some piece of junk as a reward. The owner will show up; his name is Adler. It's just a legal thing. You tell him you're living there. That's all you have to do."

"What good is it going to do?" Benny said.

Phil pushed his hat back on his head and frowned. "It's harder to evict a family with kids than nobody at all, right? If he can prove the place is empty, he's got it sweet."

Many objections surged in Benny's mind but he wanted to make a good impression on Phil: Benny the resourceful. He tried to convince himself that it was a simple task, that Flo would like the idea, and that kids would be easy to borrow. "How do I get into the place?" he said. Phil handed him the keys, then drove on up Broadway to Ninety-sixth Street, where Benny got out.

Phil's parting advice was, "Don't take any guff from that Adler."

Benny walked up Ninety-sixth toward the Crosstown Bar where the girl friend, Flo, was a waitress. He wanted to get the Flo part of the scheme over with because he was leery of trying to surprise her with anything like this. Every time he cooked up some idea to impress her, it blew up in his face. Benny was forty-five, and Flo was pushing forty, and they had been going around together—upper Broadway distractions like movies at the Midtown, Chinese dinner at the Gung Ho—for six months now. They were getting practically nowhere.

But right now Benny didn't want to make it any worse than it was. For a ham-fisted blunderer like him, girls, even in populous Manhattan, were scarce. Flo, who was skinny and nervous and forever worried about what was going to happen to everybody, stuck with him, he imagined, mainly because there weren't any million other guys after her, either. Just being within a hundred yards of Benny was usually a trial for Flo, from the way she acted, but Benny figured she might eventually marry him, all the same. He had never asked her because he couldn't make up his mind to do it. Instead he tried to win her over with maneuvers like this deal with Phil's phony apartment.

The way to go at it, Benny decided, is build up the free-furniture angle. She was sitting in a booth working over a newspaper. He sat down and told her about all the free furniture. He brought out the keys and jingled them under her nose.

"You could use something decent," Flo said. "Get rid of that crummy sofa with the springs falling out. I don't know how you sleep on that mess."

"There will probably be sofas. But you can have the first crack at whatever there is."

"You're very generous," she said. She watched him for a moment, tapping her slightly protruding front teeth with her pencil. "What's the catch?"

Benny blew out a lungful of air. "We have to pretend we live in the place so Phil can work a deal on the owner of the building when he tears the place down." Flo's eyes widened. "We have to borrow some kids, too," he said, and laughed tightly.

"A regular little family?" she suggested. "Should I call the Welcome Wagon?"

"It's some legal thing. Phil says all it needs is a token residence and then he's got the owner over a barrel."

"A *token* residence? Can't we really move in?"

Benny eyed Flo reproachfully. "All this is, is some free furniture and a favor to Phil. Will you do it for me?"

"Sure. Shall I get some kids of my own or do you have some particular ones in mind already?"

Benny decided to ignore it. "I thought I'd borrow some of Bill's kids. He's got a houseful."

"I'm supposed to pretend to be that brat Fredo's *mother?* Do we give our right name?"

"I didn't ask Phil."

"If we're a family it would be nice if all of us had the same name."

"All right, we'll *give* the same name," Benny said.

"Should I pack for the weekend? Anything formal?"

"I don't know!" Benny cried.

"You don't know. Are we supposed to be living in this place and not own any clothes?"

"We'll be *wearing* clothes. We won't be *there* very long. You think this guy is going to inspect the *closets?* I told you the whole thing is just a technicality."

"A regular little family like us is just a *technicality?*"

"That's right," Benny agreed hotly.

Flo made a face at him. "Why doesn't your big-shot boss Phil move in there himself if he wants to make an impression?"

"I didn't ask him a million dumb questions."

"He could take that girl friend of his up there, what's her name, Monique? *They'd* make a family."

Benny laughed at the thought. "Maybe he asked me because he wanted somebody respectable-looking," he suggested.

"Did he specify *me?*"

"Who else could I get?"

"It's an honor, I'm sure."

"Ah, come on, Flo, you'll be getting a lot of good stuff out of this."

"OK, I'll *do* it. Don't give me a snow job."

"I'm not, I'm not." Benny felt very successful.

On his way home Benny puzzled about Flo. She would refuse to go with him when there was just some plain fun to it, but get some screwed-up deal like this apartment and she would jump into the breach. In an emergency she rose to the occasion like an Englishman in a war. Idly he pictured an actual family with himself and Flo for parents and a crowd of grubby babies at their feet. The picture took shape as an old-fashioned tintype, Flo with a rounded-collar white blouse and ankle-length skirt, hair piled in Victorian style on top of her head, sitting rigid and solemn, and Benny, miraculously rising tall out of his actual dumpiness, in a swaggerish stance, a ham hand on Flo's shoulder, wearing a wide, pointy moustache, a celluloid collar and string tie, and a morning coat and striped pants, and then these little children all around. But there was something mixed-up; the kids were dark-eyed—they were Cuban kids, like Bill's. Benny had his picture wrong, probably because the only kid he really knew was Fredo.

Benny found Bill in the cavernous basement of his building trying to fix a coin-operated washing machine. He was surrounded by clucking Puerto Rican and Cuban housewives encouraging him in his task. Bill had a stubble of beard that always seemed of the same denseness, and Benny wondered how he managed to keep it that way. The low ceiling, festooned with pipes, pressed the moist laundry air down upon them; and there were garbage and incinerator smells, oil smells left over from winter, and a general summer steaminess. Benny shouted hello to Bill, who grinned up from a squatting position where he was poking a pair of pliers unprofessionally at the machine, apparently enjoying himself down there among the flicking, bright-colored women's skirts. The machine gave a loud buzz but would not turn its moving parts, visible through a porthole in its face. "Can't fix the damn thing!" he shouted. He got to his feet, stretching his legs and ignoring the cheeps of dismay all around.

"I need to borrow a couple of your kids tomorrow to move some furniture," Benny told him.

"Sure. You need me too? You need my truck?"

"I may need the truck later. There's this building they're tearing down. I don't know what I'm going to find."

"Fredo can go. The other kids are pretty small?"

"Well, I'm getting Flo—what I need is a family. That's what the kids are for, to make it look like a family is living in this building."

"A family?" Bill said thoughtfully. "Which kid you want, besides Fredo?"

"Any kid, I guess."

"Come on up and pick one out. How long you going to need them?"

"A couple of hours will be plenty."

"It'll be plenty, all right," Bill agreed.

They took the jolting, bonking elevator, with its scarred pushbuttons and gouged-out floor-number lights and empty inspection-certificate frame, to the ground floor, and went into the cluttered kitchen of Bill's apartment, alive with children. Conchita, Bill's wife, who had eyes like black marbles, called a "*Buenas tardes*" to Benny and waved a plump hand at him. She watched Benny and Bill pointing from one to another of her children like buyer and seller in a used-car lot and called "*Qué pasa?*" to Bill; Conchita had a round face that could fall easily into a worried look and just as easily out of it again. Bill gave her an explanation in Spanish, though Benny was sure that Bill had not understood what the kids were needed for. Conchita looked doubtfully at her children as if she were being forced to sacrifice one of them and would never see it again.

"They're all pretty small," Bill said. He pointed to a dark-eyed boy of about six. "*Ven aquí*, Juanito," Bill told the boy, who stared up at Benny. "This is the biggest besides Fredo. He can't carry much. Don't you want me to go with you?"

"No, I just need the kids. This one will be OK. And Fredo?"

"Sure," Bill said, doubt now forming wrinkles in his forehead. "When are they tearing this place down?"

"Couple of weeks," Benny said. He backed out of the kitchen, figuring he'd better get away while he was ahead, before Bill asked any sensible questions. He turned down an impassioned offer of a glass of rum from Conchita, and left, his family all planned.

The following evening Benny went down to Bill's apartment to pick up the kids. Fredo opened the door. "My old man says I got to work for you tonight," he complained. "What do I get out of it?"

"You can keep all the money you can find. The place we're going to is built out of bundles of ten-dollar bills," Benny told him.

"Aw, Benny," Fredo said.

Bill appeared, Conchita and little Juanito behind him. "She says don't let the building fall down on the little one," Bill told Benny. Evidently Bill thought Benny intended to tear down the building himself. Bill slapped his older boy playfully on the cheek. "Fredo she's not worried about. Let it fall on him," Bill said. Fredo and Juanito went out with Benny.

Long-haired Fredo was dressed in the T-shirt-and-pants fashion of West Ninety-ninth Street stickball players, but Juanito had been dressed up in a little navy blue coat and shorts, and wore a beret squarely on his head. Benny led the little troupe

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up the hill and across West End to Broadway to pick up Flo. Benny was dressed for the occasion in a new sunflower shirt, shiny light blue pants, black-and-white shoes and a ventilated straw hat, but he felt less jaunty than he looked. The coming encounter with Adler made him nervous.

Fredo tagged along with Juanito, who was holding onto his brother's hip pocket. "We have to move furniture, Benny? What do we need Juanito for?"

"We're going to play house," Benny said. "And when we go home we can take anything we find with us."

"What's the deal?" Fredo asked.

"The deal is, if somebody asks you if you live there, you say yes."

"Will there be cops?"

"Who said anything about cops?"

"If we break in?"

"I've got the keys."

"Why do I have to say I live there?"

Benny said, "Never mind. Just keep quiet and keep your brother quiet."

"Juanito can't even talk English good yet." When they turned to go up West Ninety-sixth, Fredo said, "Where we going now?"

"We're meeting Flo."

"Is she going to play house, too? Hey, Benny, are you going to smooch her?"

"You're a hell of a big-mouth for a kid."

"Will there be a party? Can I have some rum?"

"We're only going to pick up some furniture."

Now Juanito let go of his brother's pocket, turned around, and gazed behind him. Benny unauthoritatively patted the little boy's shaggy head, diminutive sideburns thatching their way down alongside his wide ears. Juanito looked up at Benny with eyes much like Fredo's but without the canny squint Fredo had learned. Juanito took a couple of steps toward Broadway and said to Fredo, "*Voy a la casa.*"

"He wants to go home," Fredo said. He took Juanito's hand and turned him around.

Benny finally managed to get them into the bar.

"So here we are," Flo said from a rear booth. "Who's this?" she asked Juanito, who looked up at her and then pretended he hadn't seen her. "Is this all of them?" she asked Benny.

"They're plenty."

"All right," Flo said. "Let's go."

Juanito ran headlong down West Ninety-sixth as if he knew where he was going. Shepherding close behind was Fredo, his black hair sprouting in all directions, elbows knifing out; Fredo was growing too fast and he had bony shoulders and arms and wrists, and a thin chest, and his knees pushed bags into his pants legs. Benny was a step ahead of Flo, who looked clean-cut and determined in a yellow sleeveless dress and white high-heeled shoes, clicking along imperiously, keeping watch on her wards as if they really were her own family.

As they turned off the crowded sidewalks of Broadway to the cross street where Phil had his place, the neighborhood seemed chilled, though the evening was elsewhere warm. The orange light of the afternoon sun struck coldly upon the crane with its steel ball waiting to get back to work knocking down the brick walls, ball to be poised in the air and then drawn back by deft fingering of the crane tip above it, the ball then floating lazily at the end of its wire, smacking unhurriedly into the wall with a firm *thunk* and moving on through the unprotesting giving-away of a twenty-foot piece of building into a torrent of bricks and dust. Guarding the building at street level was an irregular platoon of unattached wooden doors of various heights and pastel shades, hiding from view the hills of debris that would soon be carted away, putting a final end to this building, except maybe in the memory of some departed tenant.

Next door to this destroyed building stood one like it where Phil had his place. Its red bricks had gone greenish, a five-story walk-up with its opaque windows either X'd in slashes of whitewash or smashed out. The building looked dead and blind. Benny glanced down to Broadway, from where the noise and movement did not eddy up this street. Flo and the kids looked up abashed at the pieces of broken sash dangling from the gaping black rectangles above them. This place no longer made its presence felt, like a normal New York building. It hadn't been torn down, but in a way it was already gone.

"The place is abandoned," Flo said.

"I told you that," Benny said. He crushed a cinder under his foot with a scraping that echoed in the street. He unlocked the front door and this, too, screeched, as if it hadn't been touched for a century. In the hallway he peered at the battery of dented mailboxes with their doorbells, mouthpieces, and nameplates beside them. Beside one button was Phil's name; Benny rang and heard a distant buzz from somewhere above. He pushed another button and got a buzz of a lower pitch from somewhere else. A light burned faintly in the ceiling. Benny pointed up to it encouragingly. "See?" he said, as if the light was proof of a civilization the existence of which had been in grave doubt.

Flo's normal reactions got to work, to make right what was wrong, to bring order to chaos. What was wrong here was the entire scene: the hopeless phalanx of doors keeping the debris from flowing onto the street, the gritty stairway, Phil's place, whatever it turned out to be, and his scruffy landlord dealings—all dead wrong.

Fredo rang a doorbell, yelling into the mouthpiece, "Hello, Mrs. Garcia!" He pushed another, then a whole row of them with the flat of his hand, shouting, "Hello Mrs. Jones, hello Mrs. Guzman, it's Fredo, I'm coming up! It's the gas man! Electric man! Telephone man! Liquor man! Grocery man! Laundry man!" Juanito exploded in laughter and jumped up and down.

The stairway was covered with faded orange linoleum, and the walls had a crinkly surface of park-bench green. Benny led his family up toward their impermanent home. On the second floor they peered down a long corridor with a dirty, glowing window at the far end of it. Most of the doors to the apartments had been ripped off, kicked in, or left open, revealing piles of junk. The fading summer light filtered in upon unloved fallen plaster and torn wallpaper, upon smashed toilet bowls and ripped-out fireplaces. The kids darted from door to door but did not dare venture into any of the apartments. They said nothing, as if they thought somebody might rush out demanding what right they had to disturb the last cold peace of the place before it went down before the steel ball.

Benny led them up to Phil's third-floor apartment, a square, high-ceilinged room with three green-felt-covered octagonal tables, chairs, a refrigerator, a safe, and a bar covered in blue plastic with decorative metal stars, containing many chalky drinking glasses. Above the bar hung a watercolor of a magazine-arty nude with imaginary breasts and a rosebud mouth. Under the tall windows sat a peeling black horsehair sofa. Beyond the tables was a rolltop desk, open, with two telephones on it and a green lampshade dangling over it. A fireplace of small blue ceramic tiles was full of crumpled papers. Benny pulled open the refrigerator door to reveal soda bottles, rusty openers, a can of dried-up tomato juice, a plastic lemon-juice lemon, a can of rat poison, and ice trays full of gray water. At a window, Flo fingered the heavy maroon curtains, and dust flicked out of them into the dying light in the glass. Benny snapped on the light over the desk and pulled out copies of the *Racing Form* and the *Telegraph*. "No place like home," he said.

Flo blew dust from the green lampshade. "Some kind of gambling den?"

"Phil never told me," said Benny.

"Wow. Do gangsters come here?" Fredo asked.

"I don't think anybody comes anymore," Benny said.

Fredo took his brother into the bathroom, where he found an electric razor and set it running. Benny pulled open the door to the medicine cabinet; inside were wadded-up nylon stockings. In the other room they found two single beds, one made up with a pink tufted bedspread, the other showing a bare mattress.

Juanito whispered to Fredo. Fredo said, "He wants to know who lives here."

Benny said, "We all live here." He thought, I borrow a kid supposed to be my kid and I can't even talk to him. "Why don't you teach him English?"

"I already taught him a leetle. Hey, count to ten, Juan. *Uno, dos, tres, en inglés.*"

The little boy frowned. "Wan," he said.

"Skip it," Benny said. He was picturing them all being hauled off in a police wagon for running a gambling casino and using minors to spin the wheels. And then he had an idea of them all really living here, but with the gambling tables replaced by armchairs, Benny's feet in slippers brought to him by Flo, or by Fredo, or even by Juanito. He drew his index finger through the dust on the windowsill.

Down the hall Fredo cried, "*Vamonos,* Juanito! *Arriba!*" The kids' footsteps sounded loud, running up to the floor above. Through the window, Benny could see a narrow section of Broadway at the end of the street. There were people lined up in a cheap charcoal-broiled-steak-and-baked-potato place, its façade aglow in pink neon, and, in the window, flickerings of the charcoal flames. He was hungry. There was something wrong with the light in here; it depressed him.

There was a howl from upstairs. Fredo called down, "Juanito got his head stuck!"

Flo raced past Benny up the stairs. "What's he done?" she cried. They all crowded into an apartment where, in the bathroom, Juanito had his head stuck in the bars in the window, which looked out on the partially demolished building next door. Juanito was yelping as if he thought this was the scene he was going to have to look at for the rest of his life. His little hands pushed against the bars, but his head was caught well behind the ears. Fredo kept jumping around shouting "Juanito! Juanito!" Flo shoved Fredo out of the way, took hold of the little boy's head, one hand on his forehead and one on his crown, bowed the head down, and scraped it free of the bars. Juanito cried all the louder and Fredo kept jumping. Benny, useless, looked on, frightened by the kid's yelling, hoping he was not damaged, being borrowed and subject to return in good condition. It was a warning to Benny, brawling kids in the middle of all this ripped out tile, fallen ceiling, broken pipes, Flo setting herself up in the heart of it all, mothering them.

"We're all getting out of here this minute!" Flo cried. "Letting these kids run loose up here—you ought to have your head examined, Benny. So should I." The tension that had built up flowed into anger. "It's like everything you do,

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"All right then, suppose he charges 2,000 lire. Fifteen percent of 2,000 lire is how much?"

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Benny—a harebrained idea like this, dragging these kids up here and the whole place ready to cave in on top of us."

Benny did not see why the little mishap should upset Flo so much. "All right," he said loudly. "We can go. Quit your yammering." He looked at the boys, who had quieted down, and peered around the apartment. "Take a look and see if there's anything you can use first," he said. "Maybe there are some toys."

"Can we get a toy for Juanito?" Fredo asked.

Flo leaned back against the wall, scraping a landslide of plaster to the floor in a small cloud. "You kids stay right with us. If we look for anything we look all in a group. *God*, what a place!"

They rummaged through three of the apartments. Flo was a little interested in some enamelware pots. Also discovered were a galvanized washtub, a rusty, kicked-in air conditioner ("Let me take it home," Fredo pleaded, "my old man can fix it easy!"), a rolling pin with an end gone, plastic clothespins, a stiff paintbrush, a record turntable missing a pickup arm, a portable hair drier with a torn plastic head cover that Fredo plugged in and made whir and then gave to Juanito, who put it to his ear until Flo took it away from him. All the bits and pieces of New York apartment life were there, cracked, torn, splintered: tops of plastic containers, hunks of foam-rubber cushion, all with shiny surfaces, light blue and light green and gold-flecked, emblazoned with kingly V emblems—but the big steel ball next door was about to crash through this baby-rattle camouflage and get down to the primordial wood and brick, all the translucent pink shower curtains, weightless ice-cube trays and bathtub ducks to vanish under the rubble.

"It's like Christmas around here," Fredo said, amassing a mountain of treasures in the hallway. "Can't we come back, Benny? Can't we take the air conditioner?"

"Take what you can carry," Benny told them.

When Fredo brought out an armload of plastic coat hangers, Flo said, "*They* might be useful." She reached out to take them—and Flo, too, was caught.

When they had ransacked the apartments that were open, Benny and Fredo kicked down the door of another one; the wood splintered and gave way upon the soft, well-mown hills and stately buildings of a spa in Virginia; upon a quay in Cannes, the gangplank of a brightly lighted sailing yacht extended invitingly toward them; upon the translucent pink of a Bermuda beach, Benny and Flo stylish, both in white, strolling under twirling parasols; upon a garden with an avenue of marble pillars and a pool reflecting this new family in unspecked beauty: Benny normally nosed and slimmed down, Flo calm, her fingers no longer clawing the air nervously but moving in graceful arcs, Fredo heavier, his bones tightly knit, and Juanito with flat, unremarkable ears on his head. No.

No, it was another abandoned apartment. The kids ran whooping inside, and Benny found a few items for his gadget collection: an Empire State Building paperweight, a metal jigger with a handle shaped like a naked woman. They went on to other apartments, each hunting alone, Flo for kitchenware, Benny for trick items, Fredo for hardware, Juanito for anything in bright colors. Fredo made a bag out of a torn sheet and lugged along the hall a Santa Claus booty of doorknobs, latches, faucets, doorpulls and electrical connections, with layers of lightbulbs on top. Flo found a small dresser, and asked Benny, "Could we get this up to my place? Would it be stealing?" Benny, cheered to see Flo taking an interest, assured her it wasn't stealing. He and Fredo began bonking the dresser down the stairs for her.

"What the hell is going on up here?" came a shout from below. Benny and Fredo dropped the dresser, which slid down the last half-dozen stairs and fell over on its side with a hollow boom. Up the stairs came a man in a big felt hat, puffing as he climbed to the top where he stood, bleakly outlined under a single light, and stared at Benny and family. He had a wide mouth, a flat nose, heavy brows and low forehead, and in his teeth he clamped a stumpy cigar holder with a dead cigar in it. He carried a thick briefcase. "What's this circus all about?" he shouted.

Benny retorted with a spur-of-the-moment daring, "Who the hell do you think you're yelling at?"

"Didn't mean to shout," the man apologized, squinting at Benny to see what he was up against.

Benny and his group surrounded the man and Benny suddenly got stage fright—but if he was going to see it through for Phil, now was the time. In spite of the good belligerent beginning he had made he could say nothing more. He had no idea what he was supposed to say. Finally he managed to croak, "We live here!"

"*All* right," the man said, not as if he believed it but as if he didn't feel like arguing about it. When Benny said nothing more the man seemed to understand that he still had the ball to toss back. "Where do you live, if you live here?"

Benny was terrified of ruining the whole business for Phil. "Who wants to know?" he said in a thick voice. The man drew back and tried to light what was left of his cigar.

"You'll set the place on fire," Flo told him.

"Glad to learn you're living here," the man said, although he did not sound glad. "My name is Adler and I happen to own this building."

"Well, we live here anyway," Benny said stubbornly, trying to remember what else he was supposed to say.

"Do you live in any particular apartment?"

"What's the matter? Are you sore about something?" Benny asked.

"Not at all. This is just *my building*."

"Some building," Flo said.

Juanito began to cry and Fredo patted his head and talked to him in Spanish. The man watched this scene with interest. "You're *Spanish* people?" he asked.

"*Si*," Flo said.

The man pouted his lips so the upper one touched his nose as he considered Flo. "Say something else in Spanish," he said.

"*Hasta la vista*," Flo said.

"OK, OK," the man said in disgust. He eyed Benny. "You wouldn't happen to know a guy named *Phil* that has a place here?"

"We live in his place," said Benny.

"Ah. Ah. Ah," the man said. "Well, I had an offer to make—I was kind of expecting to see Phil here. Is there any use making it to you?"

"Sure, go ahead," Benny said recklessly.

"Could we step into *your* apartment, then?" the man asked.

"Come on in," Benny said, leading the way.

The man eyed the overturned dresser and the little piles of treasure in the hallway. In an oily tone he said, "Maybe I can help you carry some of your things."

"We're not *stealing*," Flo said with an accused expression. In reply the man chewed his cigar holder at her.

Inside Phil's place, the man looked around at the gambling tables, the desk and the telephones. "Very homey," he said. "Nice place for the kids." He sucked on his cigar. "Who you kidding, buddy?"

"I don't have to talk to you," said Benny.

The man staged a little parade all by himself, making a small circle, his hands behind his back. Then he set his briefcase on the desk and brought out a law book, making a juicy sound with his cigar holder: *shlupp*. Flo dug her nails into Benny's arm.

Suddenly Fredo let out a moan and, for Adler's benefit, went into a starving-child act. Adler jumped back. "Don't throw us out, Meester Landlord, we can't pay the rent," Fredo whined, and collapsed twisting and giggling on the floor.

"What the hell is the matter with him? Is he sick? Are you people all nuts?" the man demanded.

"Cut that out, Fredo," Benny said.

"Aw, Benny," Fredo said. He got up and pushed his face close to the landlord, pulling his mouth into a grimace with his thumbs.

"You know what this is? I know. *Extortion*," the man said, staring down Benny and Flo. He opened the bedroom door. "Come here and look at this," he said. "The four of you sleep in the one bed?" the man asked.

Benny said, "That's right, all four of us, and ten cats and dogs and a couple dozen poor relations."

"Silly," the man said, turning back to the main room. "Silly and disgusting." Without warning he shouted, "You don't live here! Nobody lives here!" He picked up a dead telephone and slammed it down. "I never bothered your friend Phil." He pointed a finger at them. "Look what he does to me. All right, how much does he want?" Nobody answered. His anger growing, he stepped close to Benny.

"Watch it," Benny told him.

"Two-bit crooks, you and your buddy Phil. What's your name, Mister?"

"Never mind his name," Flo told him. "You got your diamonds and your Cadillacs already. Leave us alone."

Adler went over to Fredo and chucked him under the chin. "You want me to call the cops on you, kiddo?"

"I didn't do anything," Fredo said.

"Leave those kids *alone*," Flo told the man.

Adler went to the door. "Tell your friend Phil the steel ball is all set to go and it's going. So long, phoneys!" He went out.

"It's just a legal point," Benny told Flo.

"You didn't care *what* he called us," Flo said.

"What did you want me to do—haul off and boff him? That would have done Phil a lot of good."

"What do I care about Phil? That man called us phoneys! What's so impossible about two people living in a place with a couple of kids?"

"Well, look at us, Flo."

"Yes, sure! Look at us!"

"Ah, take it easy, Flo," Benny said. Tears were squeezing into her eyes. What made her blow up like this was beyond him.

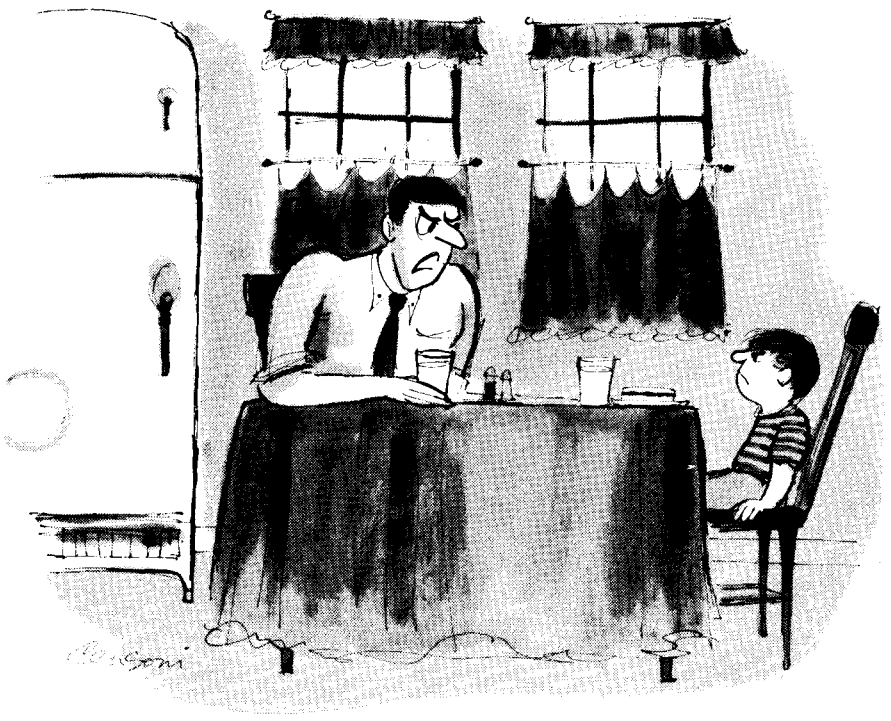
Fredo said, "That guy's going to call the cops. We better get out."

"Come along with me, if you like," Flo told Fredo, and started for the door.

"Can't we take our stuff with us?" Fredo asked.

"Do whatever you like," Flo said from the hallway, then ran fast down the two flights and out of the building.

Benny chased down after her. "Hey, Flo, don't you want your dresser and your hangers? Don't you want your pots?" But she had disappeared into the blaze of Broadway. Benny turned back to take the kids home, the two of them dragging their tin and plastic treasures down the stairs toward him. □



THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"There's something wrong with a kid who doesn't like peanut butter."

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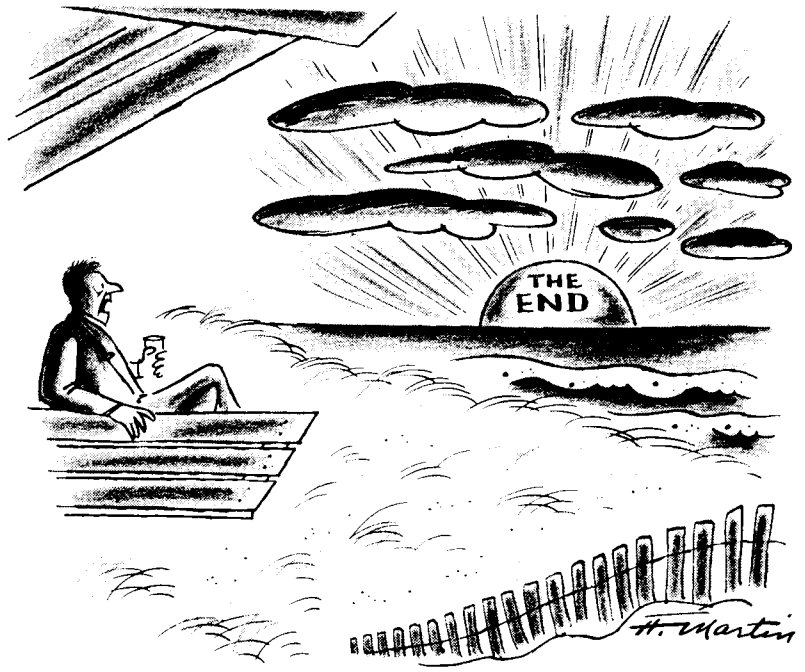
Post

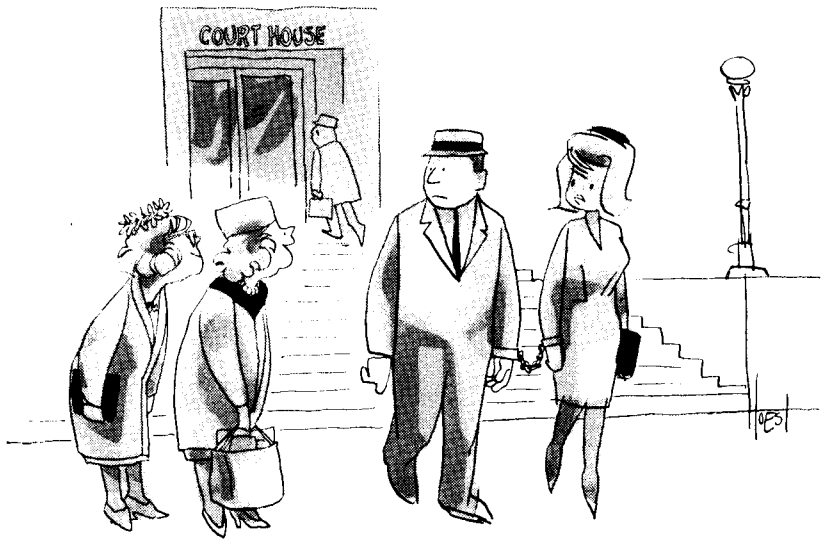
"Summer people!"



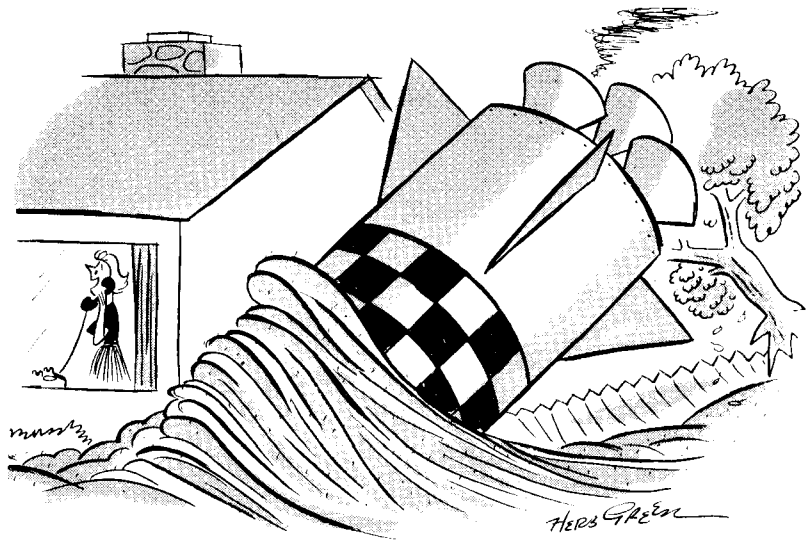
"Edith, come here quick!"

"Probably a sad story behind that."

"Catchy, isn't it?"



"My, you certainly make a handsome couple."



"Gotta run, Mary. I think I heard the kids knock over something."

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Drive a Riviera home tonight. Who cares if people
think you're younger, richer and more romantic than you really are?

A Riviera has a strange effect on people. Simply looking at one makes your mouth water, your eyes open wider and your heart beat faster. You grin admiringly when you notice the headlights, tucked behind shields that open with the touch of the headlight switch. You breathe harder when you turn loose some of those 325 horsepower. And that's just what happens to the driver. Wait till you see the awe a Riviera inspires in passersby! Amazing. Also attainable, for considerably less than you might suspect. (Before you fall headlong for a Riviera, ask yourself if a firmer suspension and assorted other sporting touches give you a twinge of anticipation. Yes? Ask your dealer about our new Riviera Gran Sport. The name alone is a hint of what's in it for you.) Check with your Buick dealer soon. He may convince you you're younger, richer and more romantic than you thought you were.

Wouldn't you really rather have a Buick?

BUICK MOTOR DIVISION

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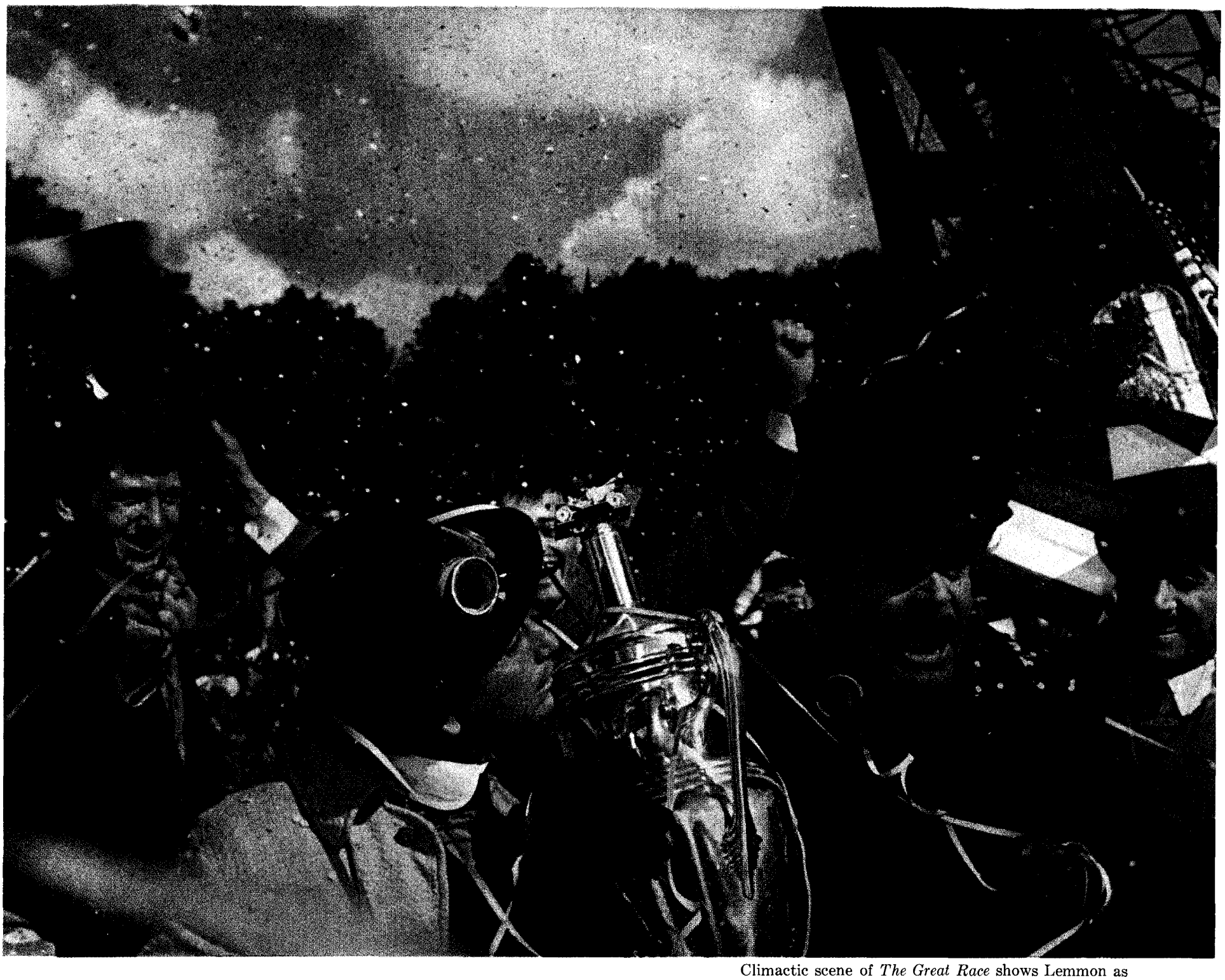
'Go find something wrong with him!'

By Richard Lemon

Wizard at turning in the first-rate performance in the third-rate movie, Jack Lemmon is a man who is hard to criticize—even when rival actors put their practiced minds to the job.



Climactic scene of *The Great Race* shows Lemmon as Professor Fate winding up auto race below Eiffel Tower.

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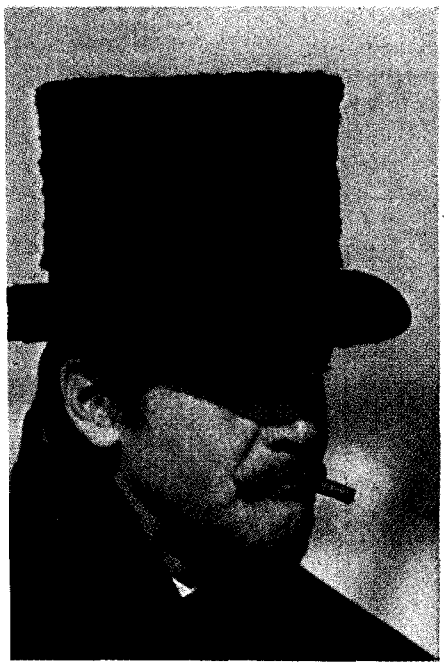

Jack Lemmon as Professor Fate in the forthcoming movie, *The Great Race.*

In same film, Lemmon plays the two roles of an idiot prince and his double.

In the movie world, where charity often begins in public and ends at home, there is virtually unanimous agreement that Jack Lemmon, professionally and personally, is a likable and admirable man. Until recently it was often added that he was not, however, a great box-office draw, but this year that one reservation has disappeared, and Lemmon is now accepted as one of a handful of stars who almost guarantee a movie's success.

He is also considered kind, jovial, professional, hardworking, cooperative, imaginative, objective, enthusiastic, and enormously talented. In fact, his unrelieved praiseworthiness sometimes gets his colleagues down. Billy Wilder, whose game is satire, recently lamented, "He's a difficult guy to talk about, because he's virtually flawless, as an actor and as a person." "He has extraordinary instinct," says Lee Remick, who costarred with him in *Days of Wine and Roses.* "He's almost infallible." Last year's Academy Award Winner, Sidney Poitier, recently had a chance meeting with a reporter who said he was doing a story on Lemmon. "Yeah, well, go find something wrong with him," Poitier said, almost wistfully. "And if you do, let the rest of us know about it."

If other actors are disconcerted by this unison of praise, Lemmon probably is too. He likes nothing to be that uncomplex. "The guy had a lot of faults, thank God," he remarked recently of the character he played in *Good Neighbor Sam,* "because if there's anything I can't stand, it's a faultless character."

"The better the writing, the more elusive the character is," he said on another occasion. "Just as it is with human beings. We're all chameleons."

Lemmon's offscreen personality supports this viewpoint. He frequently gives the impression of a man hurrying to a masquerade wearing bits and pieces of half a dozen different costumes. He is a serious actor and in many ways a serious man, but he moves in a parody of bustle, like somebody very busy looking for things to be very busy with, and his conversation is studded with borrowed comic exclamations: "Ta-*rif*-fic" (in imitation of actor Peter Falk, whom Lemmon calls Pierre Flunk), "Be-yoo-tif-ful" (same source), "How ar'you, m'*boy*" (in imitation of W.C. Fields, his favorite source), and "Not-a-tall well" (in imitation of Jonathan Winters's imitation of an old lady). He even signs notes and letters under pseudonyms, such as "A.S.," for "America's Sweetheart."

These various disguises are not supposed to fool anybody, and Lemmon can put them aside and talk straightforwardly without being inconsistent. But even his serious conversation is jumpy and hard to hold onto. One of his favorite expressions is "definitely-probably," and a Lemmon discourse is based on free association, so that seemingly irrelevant subjects abruptly leap up, only to fall into place, decisively if not neatly, at the finale. When he tackles a funny story, he tears it to tatters. "He's not funny, personally," says Tony Curtis, a friend who is now working with Lemmon in a movie called *The Great Race.* "He thinks he's funny, but he's not. He's really rather corny, which is very appealing. When he tells a story, he gets all tangled up."

Lemmon is married to a beautiful and spirited actress named Felicia Farr, his second wife, and the Lemmon-Farr courtship was one of the stormiest Hollywood has witnessed. It lasted some six years and although its battles were conducted in private session, the snoops had a field day.

Lemmon and Felicia Farr were finally married in 1962, and the marriage is, naturally, a complex relationship. The complication, in this instance, comes from the differing attitudes of the two partners. Lemmon is one of the most trusting actors in Hollywood. By contrast, and possibly by way of compensation, Felicia Farr has made skepticism into something of a crusade. "You can't trust anybody," she says. "People say things they don't mean. People are usually respectful—and I feel absolutely suspicious. I am the cynic in the family," she adds, readily. "I'm the heavy. All day long I walk around saying, 'Bah, humbug.'"

Until recently, the one conspicuously consistent thing in Lemmon's life was the forward movement of his career. From his first job as a waiter-m.c. in a New York bar called the Old Knick, through radio soap operas, TV appearances. TV series and an 11-year movie career, Lemmon has steadily received more recognition and more money. Today he is probably busier than at any point in his busy career. His next picture, to be released in February, is *How to Murder Your Wife,* in which he plays a high-living cartoonist. The day after he finished the movie last June, he was at work on *The Great Race,* a multimillion-dollar farce based on an actual turn-of-the-century auto race from New York to Paris by way of Alaska. Lemmon plays Professor Fate, a villain in the grand manner. He wears black clothes, a tall black hat, and a black, handlebar moustache. Even his car is villainous: It has a nose cone that spits flames and a hydraulic lift which raises the body 10 feet, for fording rivers.

It is a role suited to his unclassifiable personality, and to his beliefs. Lemmon maintains that a screen "image" is undesirable, and he has always varied his comic roles. Twice he has knocked off comedy altogether—to play an ambitious attorney on Broadway in the 1960 failure, *Face of a Hero,* and to play an alcoholic in *Days of Wine and Roses.* Unfortunately, these variations produced the only discordant note in his career. Because he did not behave like a conventional comic or a conventional leading man, studio executives had a

Lemmon, who wanted to be a songwriter, plays the piano as a favorite pastime.

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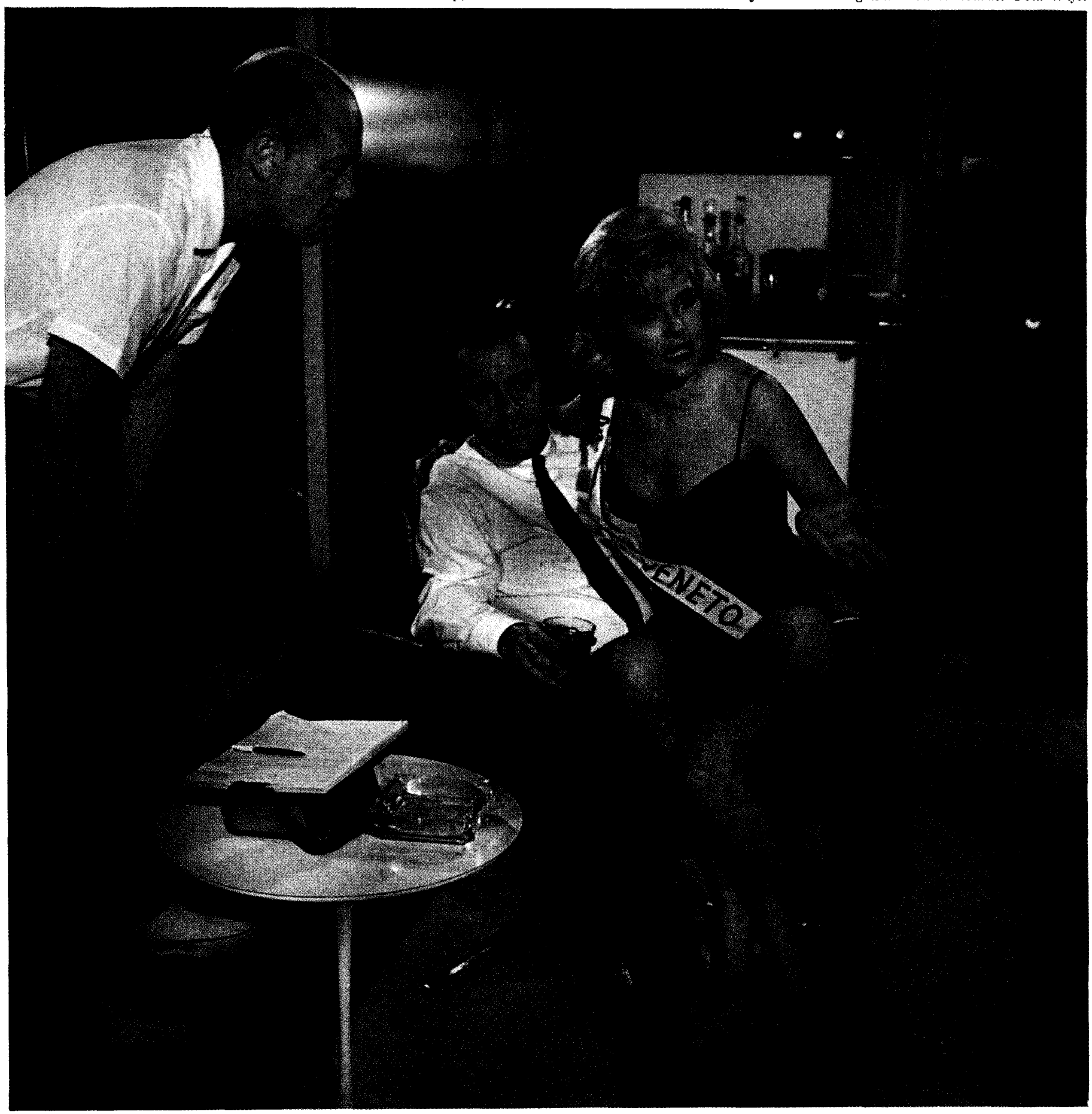
With Virna Lisi on his lap, Lemmon takes direction from Richard Quine for coming film *How to Murder Your Wife.*



'I was afraid that possibly I had done too good a job—been too honest.'

hard time recognizing him as a maker of conventional money, and the success of his biggest hits was attributed to the other stars, or the director.

Then, last April, the worst movie of Lemmon's career was released. This was a juvenile and salacious comedy called *Under the Yum Yum Tree*, Lemmon was its biggest star, and it grossed eight million dollars. The studio men reflected that, as Playwright George Axelrod puts it, "If a piece of —— like that can make money, there must be some reason for it," and they catapulted Lemmon into what is known as Super Stardom. In fact, the picture was considered so awful that many people began talking about Lemmon as the *biggest* box-office draw in Hollywood.

Lemmon's next picture, *Good Neighbor Sam*, for a time promised to be almost as bad as *Yum Yum*. By the same logic that made him a Super Star, two such stinkers in a row should have made him the greatest screen immortal of all time. Lemmon was so disgusted with the first *Sam* script ("It's just a piece of smut," he reportedly said) that he had it rewritten twice. The script was finally hauled up to the level of affable triviality, but the movie was promoted as another drooling sex comedy, and the ads carried the haunting refrain, *It's That Yum Yum Man Again*. Lemmon got the ads changed, and the grosses dropped. The first ads were restored and the grosses picked

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up, suggesting another reason for the two movies' success. Nonetheless, Lemmon's acceptance by the studio men is now complete. He has begun to acquire an image—that of the friendly neighborhood satyr. As a final irony, knowledgeable people are predicting that, having been passed over for superb performances in *The Apartment* and *Days of Wine and Roses*, he will soon win an Oscar for the wrong movie.

It is possible audiences prefer Lemmon the satyr, but Lemmon and many of his friends do not. Richard Quine, who directed Lemmon's first screen test and was best man at his wedding, further demonstrated his friendship by sacrificing $100,000 to get out of directing *Yum Yum* because, he says, "I just couldn't say, 'Jack, be a Peeping Tom, be salacious.'" Lemmon himself says, now, of his creation in the movie, "He came out as an unpleasant, nasty voyeur. Usually I've had a better overall idea than that. But I can't look back and say 'I didn't know it was going to add up this way.' Hell, I played it."

Recently, a visitor complimented Lemmon on *Days of Wine and Roses*. "Nothing has ever been closer to me, ever," Lemmon said. "There wasn't any of this 'I saw your last picture and liked it' which you get with *Sam*. People really cared. You can now definitely-probably understand what I mean when I say that a movie that sells tickets and is successful by somebody else's standards can upset you after you've done a picture like that one. People in this business can't understand that. But I want to be here when I'm ninety. Ah, I'm up on a soapbox. The hell with it."

Snarled in these contrarieties and complexities, Lemmon sometimes steps out of character and lets himself think fondly back to the old days, when life was simpler. He recently fell to thinking about a 15-minute TV series called *The Couple Next Door*, in which he starred with his first wife, Cynthia Stone. "God, that was good," he said. "That was the best. Nobody was important, and nobody had anything to lose. Which is a very, very important thing. We had just one fifteen-minute rehearsal. One time my fly was open and I didn't know it. This cameraman kept following me, close-up, wherever I went, so you could see only my head. I thought this guy was crazy. God, I miss it. It was so exciting."

One day last month, Felicia Farr leaned forward in an armchair in the library of her Beverly Hills house and quietly explained about success. "He has to very carefully guard this star status," she said. "Everybody would be against him if he took another picture like *Days of Wine and Roses*. It almost never got made even then—four studios turned it down. I'm not saying he won't do these things. It's just that there are more pressures now. And more problems. But after two hours of ranting and raving he suddenly laughs and says, 'What a nice problem to have!'"

Lemmon probably started toward these nice problems with his very first imitation, which he did when he was five. He had been taken to the movies by his mother, a tiny and lively woman whom he and everyone else calls Millie, and the show included a comedy short in which a man imitated different species of snores. As the lights came on at the end, young Lemmon let go with a sonorous snore of his own. "Everybody fell off their seats in hysterics," Millie Lemmon recalls. "And he was more surprised than anybody else."

Lemmon made his formal stage debut at four with his father in an amateur production of *Gold in Them Thar Hills*, but, for the next 15 years, acting apparently took a back seat in his life. Lemmon went to Phillips Academy, Andover, Mass., where, a classmate and friend has said, "He wasn't a bad student, but he was a *pretty* bad student." He was also pretty scrawny, so he went out for cross-country running to build himself up and wound up breaking the New England record for the two-mile run. He also learned to play the piano by ear, and started writing songs. At Harvard, Lemmon won the presidency of the Hasty Pudding Club, which periodically stages shows. Although he also acted, he mostly wrote music and skits. He served briefly in the Navy in 1945, and then, to the surprise of many of his friends, he went to New York to be an actor. "I had assumed I would be an actor for as far back as I can remember," he says. Lemmon's deceptiveness had fooled his friends again. After a dismal year looking for roles, he got his start at the Old Knick, and he has not stopped since.

Piano playing and pool are Lemmon's main avocations today (he has a running pool game with Quine, Richard Conte, and Fred Astaire, who is a neighbor), and *The Great Race* equipment included a permanent pool table which was moved from set to set on a fork-lift truck. One day, Lemmon imported pool pro Jimmy Carras, introduced him as a dentist named "Doctor Sheffield," and put him in a match with Peter Falk, the running game's leading money winner. Doctor Sheffield proceeded to run the first 45 balls. Falk was so shaken that, when he finally got into the game, he scratched on a four-inch shot, whereupon Doctor Sheffield ran the next 45 balls. "If you fill teeth like you play pool," Falk said, "you're the greatest dentist in the world."

Despite such byplay, Lemmon's approach to acting is anything but casual. When he first gets a script, he launches into a feverish search for the character he is supposed to play, and Lemmon on the trail of a character is a spectacle of deep fascination to anyone who has ever watched.

"When he starts a picture, the first few weeks are hell," Felicia Farr says. "He's convinced he doesn't know the character. Everything's wrong. He talks about it all the time."

"Eighty percent of acting," Lemmon says, "is the delicious hell of finding out who the guy is. The rest is execution—letting somebody else know what you know already. I think that talent is the least important part of being an actor. So that, in a sense, acting is the last step in acting.

"Usually it's two, three, four weeks into a movie before you really find the guy. All of a sudden you come out of a scene and you say, 'I've got him.' You know him. Then you paint on the rest of the face and say, 'There he is.'"

In a number of roles, Lemmon has clearly captured something new and unique in the American air. Many of his characters have been harried young executives trying to hang on to simple virtues in a complex and often unvirtuous society; some of the best have been in nervous rebellion against what is accepted. They are uniquely American characters, and Lemmon clearly has a strong affinity for them.

"That guy, when I finally got him, I felt a great deal of sympathy for, a great deal of empathy for," he said recently, of his character in *The Apartment*. "I was actually worried that it would be dull or lackluster, that I would be behaving and not acting. It sounds conceited, but I was afraid that possibly I had done too good a job—that I had been too honest."

One day last month, Lemmon sat in his large dressing room at Warner Brothers studio, savoring a large, after-work drink and talking about his field. "We're only here once," he said. "I'm thirty-nine and I look at myself, and I start running around with my son Chris, who's ten, and I get tired. As Billy [Wilder] says, you've only got so many shots in the barrel and you've got to make them count. And it's difficult. Because it's a business, not an art. Unfortunately, success is often a question of how much you make rather than how you do your job. And it's a damn crime. I think possibly it explains why Americans are so preoccupied with comfort and distractions, and I think maybe it's because inside we're so frustrated. We're driving like mad in jobs we're basically frustrated by. Goals we don't want ourselves so much as ones we think society wants.

"When I started, I was staying at a friend's apartment in New York, and I used to walk the street by the river and think about acting," he went on. "The only material things I ever wanted were a few hundred dollars so that I could get some decent clothes. I do care about material things now. I do care about how I live and where I live, and I do enjoy nice things. At the start I was just thinking about getting speaking parts. When I got speaking parts I was thinking about good character parts. Then it was 'God, if I could get a good fat lead.' Then I got leads. Then people are saying, 'Gee, what if you get to be a star? It would mean you'd get your choice of the parts you always wanted.' What I did not realize, what never entered my mind at that point, is that when you become a star you cannot act. You put a dime under your pillow and dream about great parts, you get them and then you find suddenly, in your thirties, you're limited. Suppose I took a really great small part. Studios'd flip. Agencies would scream. The public would say, 'What happened to Jack Lemmon? I thought he was a star and suddenly he's playing a bit part.' For me to play a small part would present lots of problems, but it's like staying in bed and not exercising if you're an athlete.

"I don't know. Sometimes I have secret little doubts. I remember when I didn't give a damn, and I'd go out on the stage and improvise. There's a terrible tendency now to be too cautious. I try not to be. Those are the problems of success in this industry, and they're quite obvious, but they never occurred to me when I was walking around and dreaming about acting. But I'll tell you one thing, I'll take the problems now rather than go back there."

America has often presented problems to artists whom it has made successful, and Lemmon's success is largely due to his unique ability to catch the frustrations of the times. If the times hand some of the frustration back, it is definitely-probably one more tribute to his accuracy. □

Lemmon with Felicia Farr, his second wife, married after a six-year courtship.

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Action office includes (clockwise, from left) desk with visible files, hanging file and bookcase, stand-up desk and perch, and voice-muffling communications center.

BUT WHERE WILL I KEEP MY MOVIE MAGAZINES?

A new style of office furniture designed to improve efficiency confronts this inveterate girl watcher and cluttered-desk man with real work.

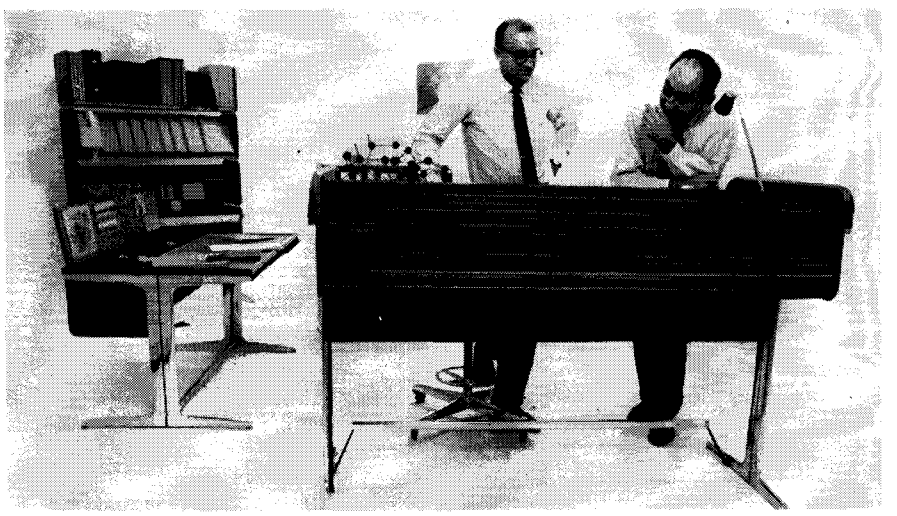
By WILLIAM K. ZINSSER

About a year ago I happened to receive a questionnaire—it was sent to a variety of white-collar and button-down-collar workers—from Herman Miller, Inc., the furniture company that has produced such original designs as the Charles Eames chair and the L-shaped desk. The questionnaire asked me about my "office patterns."

I didn't think I had any office patterns. I just accumulate papers in a mammoth pile on my desk until I have forgotten what they are, at which point I throw them all away. To go through them would be a waste of energy—they're out of date, and I don't know where to file them anyway. Besides, it would take time allotted for chats, coffee breaks, personal phone calls, and looking out the window at girls.

That's my method—a small island of output in an ocean of sloth—and I certainly never thought of it as an "office pattern." But I soon realized from the questionnaire that it was, and that it was not mine alone. Almost all 105 questions showed that Herman Miller, Inc., was "wise" to me—and to millions of others who work in offices. Fellow sloths, our secret is out.

The very first question proved that I would be foolish to try to hide anything from the company. What percentage of the working day, it asked, do I spend in these positions: sitting, standing, walking, perching, supine, sleeping, other? Now ordinarily these are things that I wouldn't even tell my minister. But I felt that this firm wanted to design furniture for the way



Creators of the action office: Robert Propst (left) and designer George Nelson

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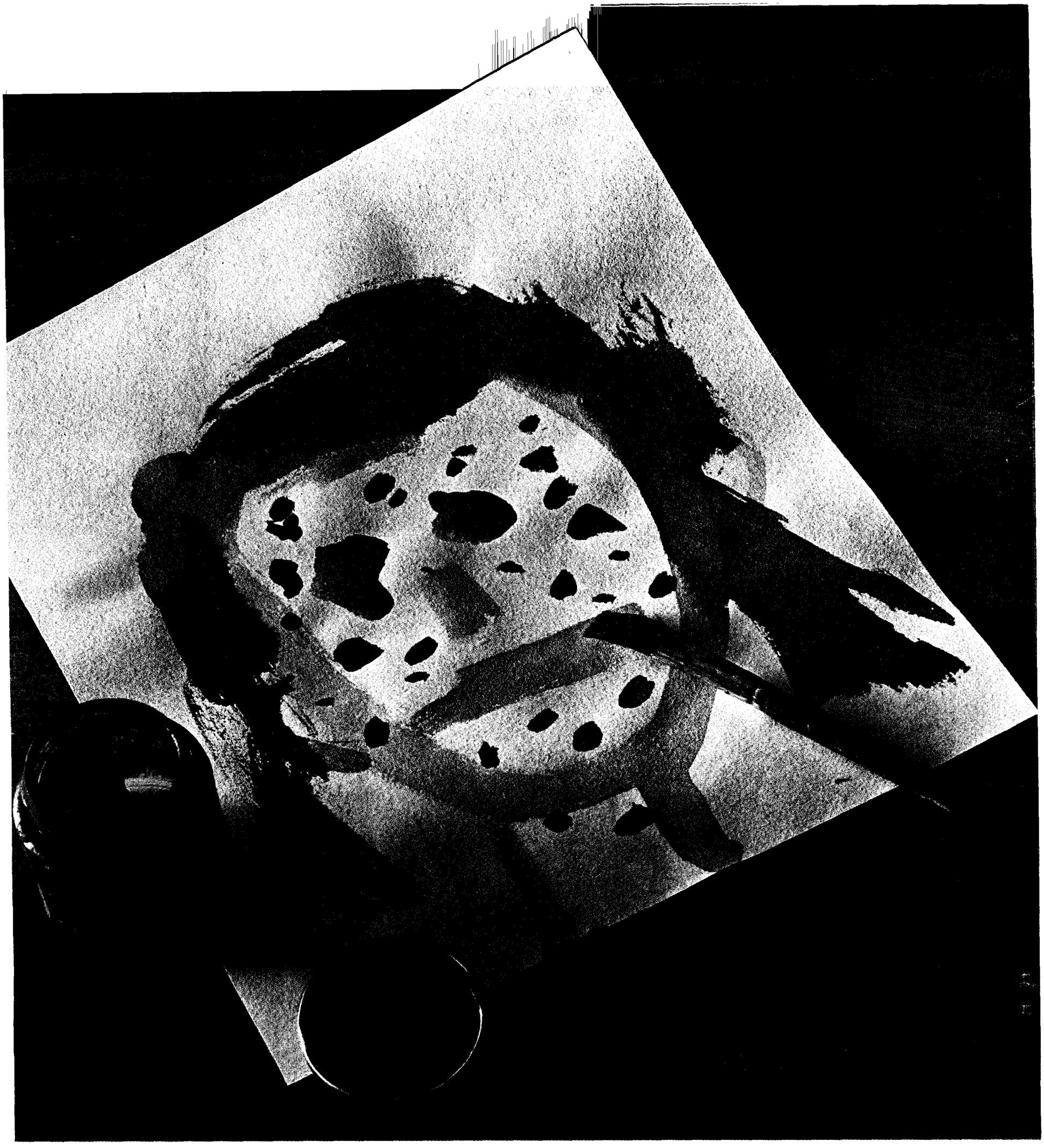

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people actually behave in an office, not for the way they are expected to look. Such an unusual approach deserved my frankest self-analysis, and I took up a pencil in the heady spirit of research. My first answer came out like this:

Sitting	10%
Standing and walking	30%
Perching	15%
Supine and sleeping	20%
Other	25%

I was startled to find that "sitting" gets only 10 percent of my total office pattern, as that is the position in which I create the product for which I get paid. But then I realized that this is probably the national average. I could also claim that some "standing and walking" time is devoted to creative thought—the part not spent visiting, sharpening pencils, gazing out the window, and going for food and drink.

"Perching" is done on other people's desks while they tell me where they went for lunch or what movie they saw the night before. "Supine" and "sleeping" are the same process, or at least they quickly merge, and "other" is a gray area that includes nodding, and telling people who are perched on my desk where *I* went for lunch and what movie *I* saw the night before.

I won't list the 104 questions that followed. A few will suffice to show that the company had an uncanny grasp of how the average office worker spends his day—or would like to:

- Can you take a nap in your office without embarrassment? Would any of your superiors frown on this practice?
- Can you keep your papers visibly available?
- Do you arrange collections of papers into work situations?
- Have you developed any personal-paper-disposal problems?
- Do you notice all passersby?
- Who can overhear your phone conversation? Does it matter?
- How many social-chitchat visitors per day?
- What is the function of your office drawers?

Here again my answers revealed an office pattern that was, to say the least, untidy. Of course I can't keep my papers visibly available. Of course I don't collect them into work situations. Of course it matters who overhears my phone conversation—usually I'm telling my insurance agent in lurid financial detail why I can't afford a total-disability policy, or asking my doctor what the X rays showed about that place where I think I have an ulcer. As for my desk drawers, that's where I keep movie magazines, banned novels, cookies, candy, aspirin, clean shirts, shaving gear and other such props of body and soul. Doesn't everybody?

Well, a year has gone by, and the man who devised the questionnaire, an expert in the "behavioral sciences" named Robert Propst, has analyzed the answers, made various other studies of office conduct, and examined the medical causes of fatigue. "Today's office," he concludes, "is a wasteland. It is the daily scene of unfulfilled intentions and failed efforts. It fosters mental and physical decline."

Propst estimates that "a man's loss in ability to perform in his present office—let's assume he is a person making $18,000 a year, intelligent, well educated, dedicated and trained for his job—comes to twenty-five percent, or $4,500. Over forty years his company will waste $180,000 on him."

From all these findings the company's famous chief designer, George Nelson, has now created an "action office." As its name implies, it is an office where things will get done—surely a breakthrough in American business, if true. But could such a revolutionary idea be possible? I doubted it, but I was eager to find out, for if it *was* true I was in trouble. The action office is being introduced this month, and when I heard of a preview several weeks ago I put down my papers, none of which were collected into work situations anyway, and went to look it over.

I wasn't surprised to see that its various pieces were original and handsome—the firm has won many international awards and is, in fact, responsible for three of the eight postwar

"Now that the new year is with us. . . ."

products exhibited in the new wing of New York's Museum of Modern Art. But certain items did surprise me, especially a stand-up desk. I associate this with Dickens's London, and I thought it had been outlawed long ago.

"Have a seat," said designer Ron Beckman, who worked with George Nelson to create the action office. He pointed to a soft swivel chair.

"Do you think I should?" I asked, glancing uneasily at the stand-up desk and at several tall stools that were obviously meant for perching.

"Well, as a matter of fact," he said, "we found in our medical research that an office worker ought to spend sixty percent of his day standing, thirty percent sitting or perching and ten percent lying down. That's why we designed this," he explained, going to the stand-up desk and putting one foot on its rest bar. The bar was rather like the brass rail in a saloon. Thus he was in a classic standing posture—one which modern man has proved he can maintain for hours without weariness. The catch was that he didn't have a drink. Worse, the desk was actually supposed to be *worked* at. None of the standing-up time was meant to be spent looking out the window or wandering in search of coffee and conversation. Bad.

"This is also the best position for getting rid of a visitor," Beckman went on, inviting me to join him at the stand-up desk. "If we were seated across a regular desk from each other and I wanted to get back to my own work, I'd have to resort to all the old ruses, like looking at my watch or notifying my secretary to call me. But if we've both been standing at this desk," he said, shaking my hand and thanking me for dropping in, "it's easy to get you out of here." It was.

When I came back in, he was talking on a telephone that was set between two acoustic panels. His words were so muffled I had no way of knowing if he was calling his wife, his broker or his tailor. He might even have been talking business. Naturally I was furious. I mean, why work in an office if you can't listen to other workers' phone calls?

True, it's necessary to stop everything while they ramble on, but that's all part of a man's education—makes him a well-rounded person. I learned more about horses from the calls that one desk neighbor made to a man named Lou than I could have learned in years of reading scholarly volumes. And from other colleagues' calls I now know enough to contribute, if asked, to Merrill Lynch's market newsletter, the American Medical Association bulletin, and the *Ladies' Home Journal*'s CAN THIS MARRIAGE BE SAVED? That's *my* idea of an action office.

"You'll also notice," Beckman continued when he finished his secret phone call, "that the desks don't face the door. We ran a test with one man at a desk facing the door and another facing away. The man facing away got twice as much done."

"Maybe he was twice as bright," I said. "No, no," he said. "Because then we reversed the two men and got the same result. So it's obvious that the door is distracting." It certainly is, and I wouldn't want it any other way. An office corridor is one of the few places left to see a pair of legs, now that women wear slacks in their leisure hours.

"And look at these desk drawers," Beckman said. "They're so shallow that they'll only hold paper clips and pencils and things like that—not a lot of papers that will make a vertical bottleneck. You have to spread your papers out on the desk where they become an image trigger." But where would I keep my movie magazines?

Beckman pointed out that action-office desks are very wide, so that papers can be spread laterally and not heaped in a vertical bottleneck. They can also be left overnight by sliding down a rolltop. "In an average office," Propst said, "papers must be put out of sight at the end of the day, to be reconstituted the next morning. Yet few thinking projects are completed in a day, and some are mulled over for weeks."

So far so good. The office slob who is required to clear his desk at five P.M. to prove that he has done a good day's work will never reconstitute his papers in the morning. Far better to leave them on the desk as an image trigger. Again, however, there is a catch. The action office's rolltop desk won't tolerate a messy image trigger. When a pile gets to be three inches high—the level at which Propst says papers on the bottom become "inactive"—the top won't roll down. To us average office folk a three-inch pile is nothing.

The unit I liked best was a mat for sleeping. "When a guy comes in drowsy from a Martini lunch," Beckman said, "he'd do much better to take a nap for twenty minutes, or even an hour. Then he'd at least have two good hours of work left. As it is, he wastes the whole afternoon trying to stay awake—there's almost nothing as fatiguing as that—and when he goes home he's so beat that he's of no use to his family."

But this is a point that bosses are unlikely to understand. Bursting into an office to find an employee recumbent on the rug, his face beatific in slumber, his heavy breath exhaling a hint of juniper, most bosses would be somewhat miffed, and it would do little good for the befuddled sleeper to jump up and say, "But J.B., this way I've at least got two good hours of work left."

Consequently, that part of the system would probably break down. But otherwise the action office looked as if it would work very well. Everything made sense—and I haven't even mentioned the handy visible files, the easy display boards, or the tables and stools that slide from one desk to another.

So, office workers of America, beware! The action office is coming! We are in real danger of being enabled to work at 100 percent efficiency. If the man calls from Herman Miller, Inc., tell your secretary to say you are not visibly available. And she won't be telling one of those secretarial lies, either. If she really had to find you, somewhere in that mammoth pile of papers, it would take her a good five minutes. □

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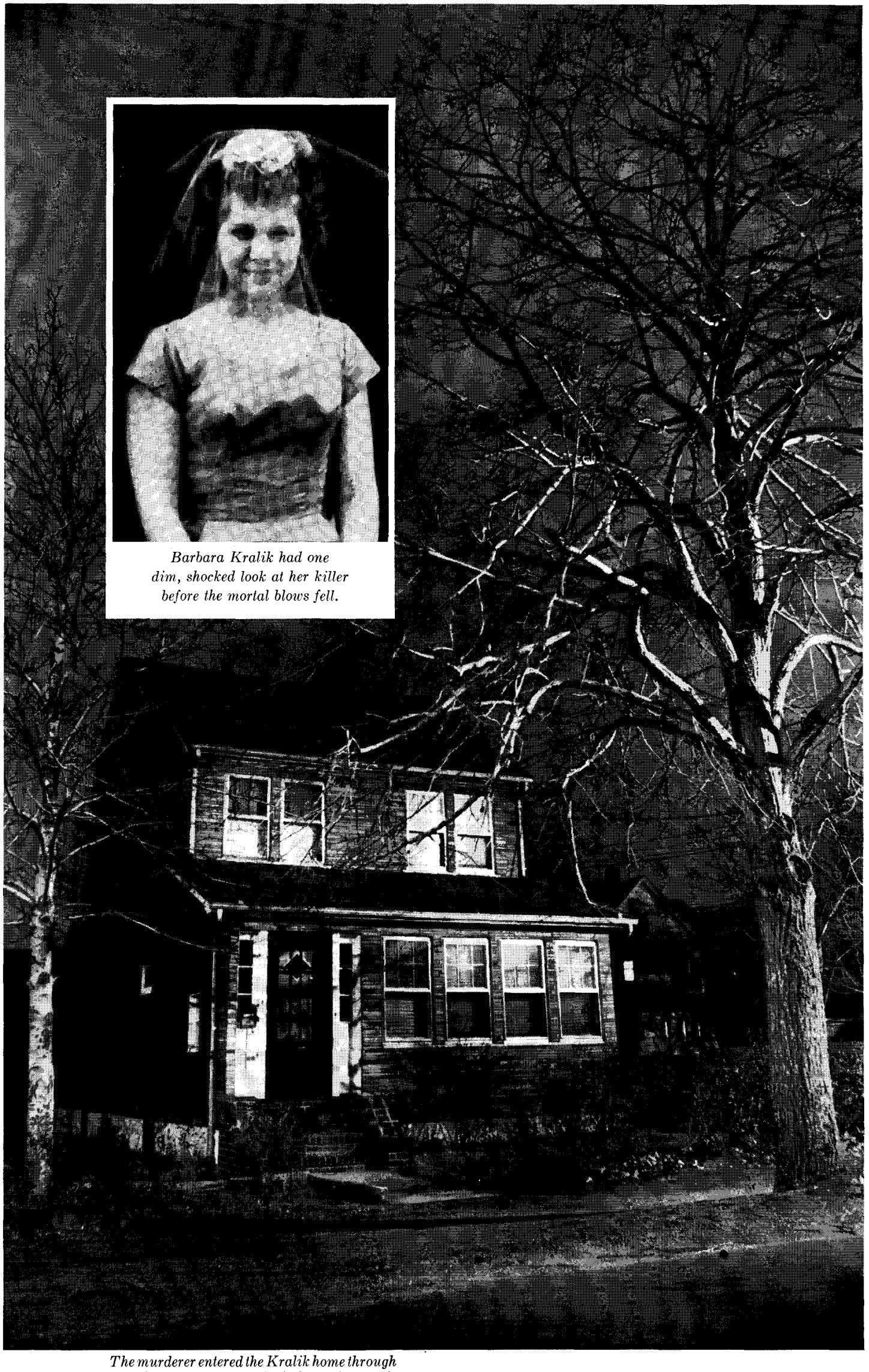
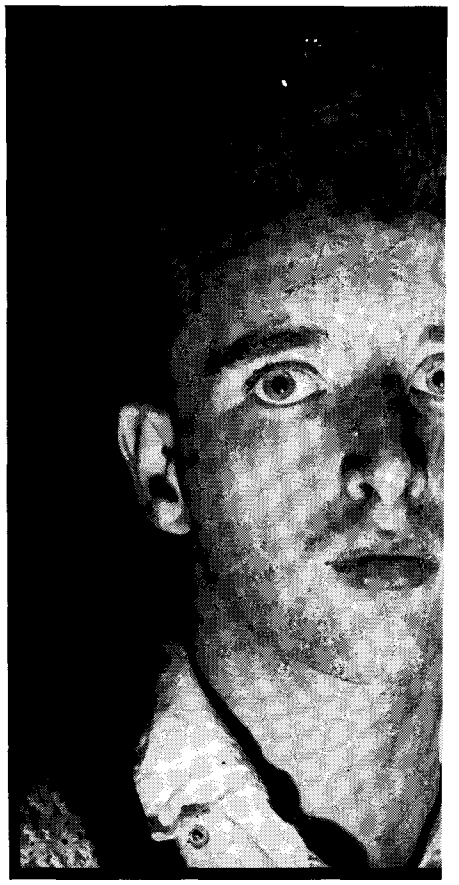
Barbara Kralik had one dim, shocked look at her killer before the mortal blows fell.



The murderer entered the Kralik home through one of the four street-level windows, then made his way upstairs. He left no footprints, fingerprints or blood trail—only nagging mystery.



Alvin Mitchell withstood 50 hours of police questioning, then confessed the killing.

There were 549 homicides in New York City during 1963, and the slaying of 15-year-old Barbara Kralik was only briefly in the news. A young man named Alvin Mitchell was arrested and confessed. Although he later withdrew the confession, he is still in jail awaiting trial. It wasn't a crime of any national significance, and it wouldn't have become one if it had not, eight months later, become entangled with another murder that shocked the conscience of the nation.

Barbara Kralik was killed in the lonely darkness of her bedroom. The second murder victim was slashed to death in full view of 38 witnesses watching from their apartment windows. Barbara Kralik only moaned under the blows of her attacker. Kitty Genovese, mortally wounded, cried out to her fellowman for help, yet everyone turned away in fear and indifference. In sermons and editorials all over the country, in campaign speeches and backyard gossip, the death of Kitty Genovese came to symbolize the feeling that something had gone wrong with American justice and American society. But there was more to this than the silence of 38 witnesses.

It all began on a Friday night, July 19, 1963, at the Kralik home, a red-shingled, three-bedroom house in Springfield Gardens. Barbara came home from a movie and went to bed around midnight. At 10 minutes after four Mrs. Maria Kralik heard a funny noise and called, "Barbara? Are you sick, Barbara?" When there was no answer, she nudged her husband, and Joseph Kralik stumbled toward his daughter's room, believing that she was having a nightmare. When he turned on the light, he found Barbara covered with blood, her body mutilated by six

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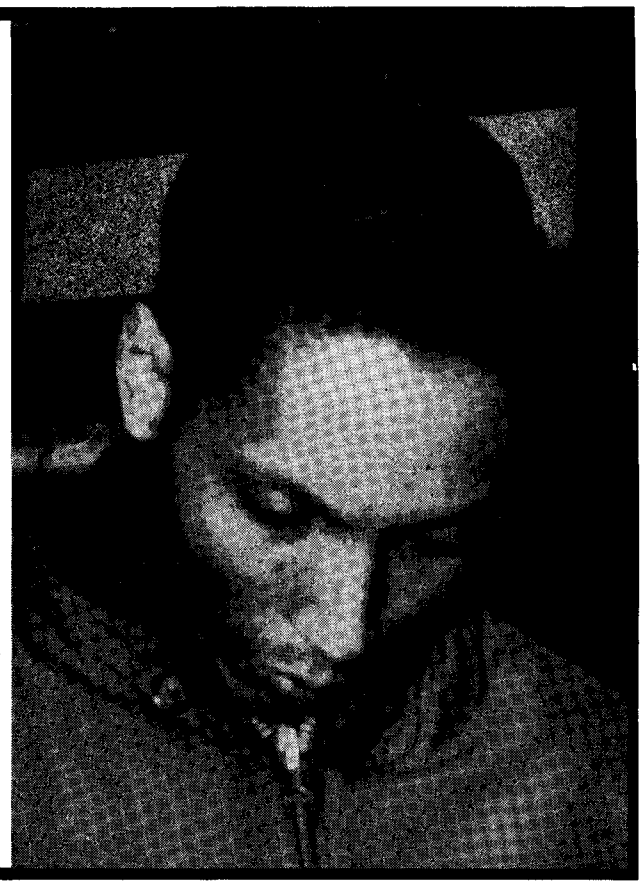
WHO DIDN'T KILL BARBARA KRALIK?

A lone intruder stabbed the pretty teen-ager to death in her bed, but two men have said they committed the murder. One of them later changed his mind. He goes on trial next week—along with society's respect for law, justice and itself.

By BARD LINDEMAN



Winston Moseley, convicted murderer, says Barbara was another of his victims.

stab wounds in the chest and side. She was barely alive.

Later that afternoon in Queens General Hospital the girl regained consciousness long enough to describe her killer as a white man with a dark complexion. She said she hadn't recognized the man in the darkness. The first thing she remembered was a thump on her stomach, and then "this fellow" was standing over her and punching her. Shortly after making her statement, Barbara Kralik died, and the police began looking for everyone who knew her.

Alvin Mitchell's home in Astoria is at the northern end of Queens County, but five years earlier his family had lived in Springfield Gardens, and during that time he dated one of Barbara Kralik's close friends. He often sat with her on the Kralik's stoop and several times was inside the house.

But on the night of Barbara's murder, 18-year-old Alvin was out with the boys. He and six friends stood on a street corner drinking beer and wine and looking for girls. At about 11:15 they gave up and went home—all except Mitchell and George Borges, a slight, good-looking Puerto Rican boy. An hour later, with a light rain falling, Alvin wrapped his black T-shirt around his right fist and punched it through the window of a grade school in Fresh Meadows. The two youths, slightly drunk and now quite brave, climbed into the school and marched around, switching the lights on and off. When they tired of this, they stole two volleyballs, two marking pencils, two staplers and two pairs of black-handled scissors.

Understandably, Alvin isn't sure what time he finally got home but thinks it was three o'clock Saturday morning by the time he hitched a ride with a stranger and let himself in, fumbling at the door with his key. His father, who heard him, remembers only that it was still as "dark as night."

A thin boy with a large nose and a fair, almost pasty complexion, Alvin Mitchell was the second oldest of five children, and a problem to his parents. His mother, Mary Mitchell, said Alvin was a poor learner, and she allowed him to quit school when he was 16 because his 14-year-old sister was about to pass him in the eighth grade. As a school dropout, Alvin had little to offer an employer, and since he could read and write only passably, he failed the Army-enlistment exam. Finally he found a job in a plumbing-supply house where he was well liked and didn't miss a day.

On the afternoon following Barbara Kralik's murder, Mitchell and some of his friends were on their way to the beach when they heard the news. They also heard the cops were questioning everyone who had known Barbara. Alvin's turn came Sunday morning.

From his first session in the stationhouse, Alvin Mitchell was a suspect. He had been in the Kralik home, he knew the location of Barbara's bedroom, and he fit the police stereotype of the juvenile delinquent: an arrest record for drinking in a school yard and street fighting. More important, he had a weak and inconsistent alibi. To cover the school burglary, he lied about his whereabouts the night of the murder. After several hours of close questioning, though, Alvin admitted what he and George Borges had done at the school. The detectives sent him home then, but this was just the beginning.

In all, there would be seven interrogations lasting more than 50 hours. The longest night for Alvin was August 8, 1963. When it was over, 13 hours later, Capt. Timothy Dowd, an urbane, self-assured detective, told Alvin's father, Bill Mitchell, "We're pretty sure he did it. Now we think you ought to help us get him to tell how he did it."

"Alvin," the father said to his son, "did you kill Barbara Kralik?"

Young Mitchell looked at his father in disgust. "Not you too?" he asked.

On the nights of August 26, 27 and 28 the homicide cops questioned Mitchell and George Borges separately and trapped them in inconsistencies which convinced them the youths were lying. At about one A.M. on his third successive night of interrogation, Alvin Mitchell broke completely and confessed that he murdered Barbara Kralik. He told detectives that he and Borges drove a stolen car to the Kralik home where he hoped to find his girl friend. Although he hadn't seen her in a year, he knew she often spent Friday nights at Barbara's.

Alvin said he climbed through a ground-floor window at the front of the house, made his way upstairs and into Barbara's narrow bedroom. As he bent down over the bed, the girl screamed. He panicked. He punched her and then stabbed her with the stolen scissors which he clutched in his left hand. He fled down the stairs, out the side door (which he said he unlocked and left open before starting upstairs) and around the back of the house, slipping once in the mud. When he reached the car, he told Borges, "C'mon, let's get out of here. I just killed the girl." Mitchell said he threw the scissors from the car, but they were never found.

Charged now with homicide and burglary, Alvin was taken in handcuffs the following morning to police headquarters where, outside the building, he was interviewed before TV cameras.

"Did you mean to kill the girl?" one of the television reporters asked.

"No, I was drinking, I didn't know what I was doing," Alvin answered. "I just got panicky. I remember hitting her. I don't remember stabbing her. I'm sorry I did it."

Alvin recanted this confession the next day, but the damage to his defense was already done. He insisted to his parents, his lawyers and an examining psychiatrist that he was slapped, hit over the head with a phone book, threatened and frightened into making the admissions, but the protests were considerably weakened by the fact that he repeated the confession in front of a television camera.

Bill Mitchell, a clerk in a brokerage firm, couldn't really afford a lawyer, but with his son charged with first-degree murder, money no longer mattered. He hired Herbert A. Lyon, an experienced, plain-speaking criminal lawyer who was expensive but good. His defense would be that the confession was coerced, that Alvin's will was broken, that he was forced into repeating the "right" answers by some big, tough cop. It was all the defense he had—until Winston Moseley confessed that he had killed Barbara Kralik.

One night eight months after the Kralik killing, Winston Moseley left his home in Ozone Park, Queens, got into his car and started driving around. In his right-hand coat pocket he carried a bone-handled hunting knife. It was 1:30 A.M., last March 13. Moseley cruised until about three o'clock, when he saw Catherine (Kitty) Genovese, a slender, dark-haired girl, coming home to her Kew Gardens apartment from a late supper celebrating her 29th birthday. Moseley parked his car and began stalking the woman. When he overtook

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While neighbors looked on, a woman was murdered. Did her killer strike again?

Kitty Genovese: murdered in public.

QUEENS MURDERS

her, he knocked her to the sidewalk and stabbed her in the back.

"Oh, my God, he stabbed me!" screamed Kitty Genovese. "Please help me, please help me!"

Above the street, lights went on. A man leaned from his window and yelled, "Hey, get out of there. What are you doing?" Moseley looked up, backed away and then ran down the street. Kitty Genovese stood up slowly and staggered in the direction of her apartment. A pool of blood stained the pavement where she had lain. Too weak now to scream, she called, "Please help me. Someone help me. I'm dying."

Kitty Genovese pushed open a door and collapsed into the hallway, believing that now she was safe. She was only 50 feet from her own front door. She looked up the stairs in the direction of a friend's apartment and called, "Carl, Carl, Carl!"

This is where Moseley found Kitty Genovese the second time. He was sure that by pretending to flee, he would send the people watching from their windows back to bed. He pulled his car deeper into the shadows, and when the windows again were dark, he returned. First he stabbed the woman in the throat, so she no longer could cry for help, and then he slashed her 10 more times until she was still.

The first sounds of the attack were heard at 3:15 A.M. but it wasn't until 3:50 that a neighbor telephoned police. Several minutes later a patrolman found Kitty Genovese, but during the seven-minute ambulance run to Queens General Hospital she died.

In what has become a celebrated example of good reporting, *The New York Times* discovered and disclosed that 38 otherwise respectable and law-abiding citizens either saw or heard a part of the Kitty Genovese murder in progress, yet only one bothered to call police for help, and that wasn't until the killer had fled. Amid the flood of criticism denouncing the 38 silent witnesses, detectives used their statements to put together a good composite description of the Genovese killer. Several of them had seen him clearly under a streetlight, and one man noticed that he stopped to lick his fingers, as though he had been scratched or bitten.

Five days after the killing two suspicious neighbors saw Winston Moseley stealing a TV set from a nearby house and called the police. During the questioning, a detective saw a resemblance between this burglar and the description of the Genovese killer.

"Let me see your hands," detective Jerry Byrnes said. Moseley held out his long, slender hands. Between the fingers Byrnes saw tiny scratches.

His partner, detective John Carroll, decided to play a hunch. He looked at Moseley hard and demanded, "Why did you kill Catherine Genovese?"

"I don't know," answered Moseley. "I just had an urge to kill someone."

Moseley was then led slowly into telling of his other crimes. He began by explaining that two weeks before he stabbed Kitty Genovese, he killed a 24-year-old Negro housewife less than a mile from his home. Her name was Annie May Johnson; he learned that from the newspapers. He told the detectives that he followed her home and shot her twice in the stomach with a single-shot .22-caliber rifle. She lay in the street in front of her apartment, pleading for her life. "I don't want to die," she told Moseley. "Please, I don't want to die. Take my keys and go call for help."

Moseley grabbed the keys, rolled the woman over and shot her in the back four times, stopping to reload for each

Where fellowman would not help, a sign now pleads for help. Moseley stalked his victim in predawn darkness here, then cut with a knife until she cried no more.

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shot. He dragged her body through the snow, into the house and up a flight of stairs to her apartment. Here he surrounded the corpse with newspapers and set fire to it. When the fire spread, he stole $100 and ran out.

Detectives found this account hard to believe, not because it was sadistic and cruel, but because the medical examiner's report had shown Annie May Johnson was *stabbed* to death. While this was being checked out, police kept Moseley talking. He confessed now to raping six other women and stealing from them after his sex attacks, because that was "being practical."

When the sorid narrative finally ended and the big room was quiet, Moseley ate a supper of hamburger, cake and coffee. Then he carefully wiped the corners of his mouth with a paper napkin. All eyes were on him.

"I suppose," one of the detectives said impatiently, "that you're going to tell us you killed Barbara Kralik too?"

"Yes, I killed her," Winston Moseley said in his soft, almost effeminate way. "I stabbed her . . . six times . . . with a steak knife."

But Moseley gave detectives fewer details of the Kralik killing, and he made several errors. For instance, he didn't say the Kraliks' was a corner house; he didn't know there were three upstairs bedrooms, and he claimed he saw a boat in a backyard as he fled. The homicide cops decided that Moseley killed Kitty Genovese, that he might have killed Annie May Johnson, but he didn't kill Barbara Kralik.

"We stopped asking Moseley about murders," Assistant Chief Inspector Frederick M. Lussen said later, "because he might admit to anything."

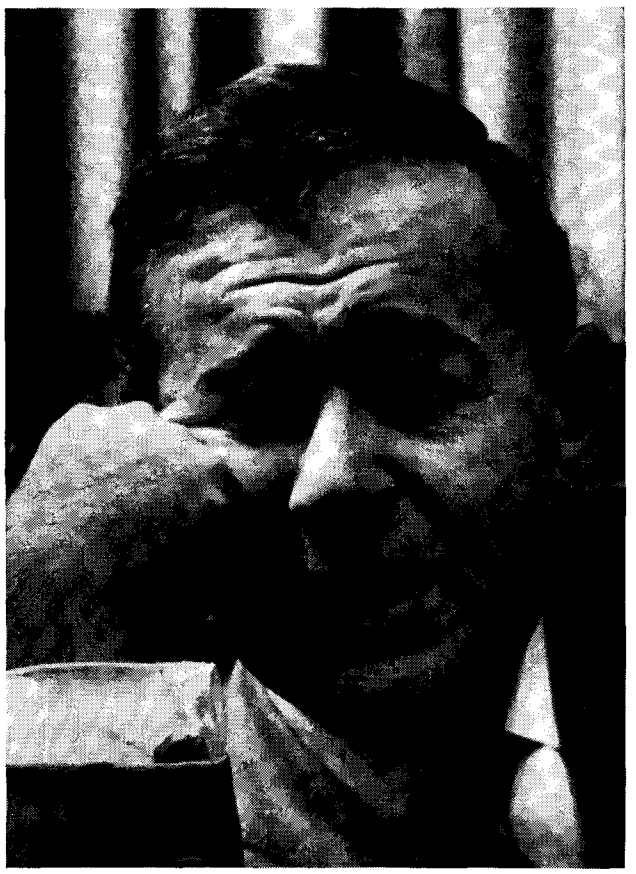
When the story of Moseley's arrest was given out to reporters, only the two unsolved homicides were covered. There was no mention of Barbara Kralik, but the New York *Daily News*, in a story signed by William Federici and Sidney Kline, broke the story of Moseley's third confession. A reporter with good police contacts, Federici backs up his story by asking, "Would a homicide detective question Moseley about Barbara Kralik unless he had his doubts that Mitchell was the killer?"

During the next few weeks the already strange case grew even more bizarre as the body of Mrs. Johnson, buried in her home state, was exhumed at Moncks Corner, S.C., and the local coroner confirmed that the woman was, in fact, shot to death with a .22 rifle.

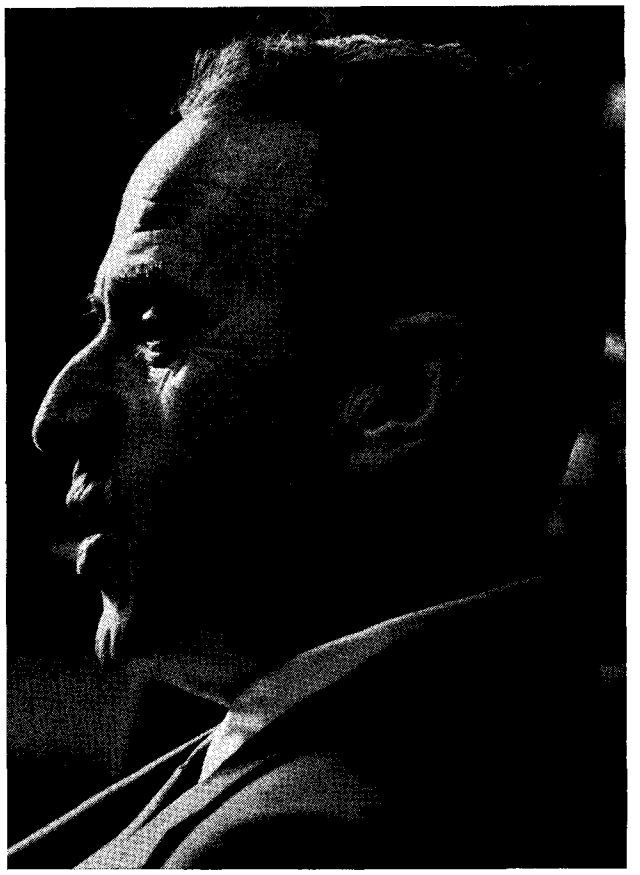
Queens District Attorney Frank O'Connor was forced to reopen the Kralik investigation, conceding at a press conference that the medical examiner's humiliating mistake "added credence" to Moseley's confessions. But after a second probe the prosecutor claimed he was even more convinced that the case against Alvin Mitchell was solid. He ordered that Mitchell be brought to trial.

At the request of Alvin's defense, the court ruled that Moseley be tried first, and so in mid-June of last summer the trials were held a week apart. Supreme Court Justice J. Irwin Shapiro conducted both.

Because Moseley pleaded guilty by reason of insanity to murdering Catherine Genovese, the only question for the jury to decide was: Did he understand the nature and quality of his act? Dressed in a short-sleeved white shirt, which he kept buttoned at the neck, tight black slacks and scuffed dark shoes, the accused testified in his soft monotone about the two Winston Moseleys. He described each man with equal dispassion and detachment.



Alvin Mitchell's defense is in the hands of Herbert Lyon.



District Attorney O'Connor chose between two confessions.

The first Winston Moseley was a business-machine operator who earned $100 a week and lived with his wife and young son (he had two children by a previous marriage) in a $16,000 six-room home. This Winston Moseley owned two cars, five big dogs and kept ants as a hobby.

The second Winston Moseley was a burglar, rapist, knife-murderer and, by a psychiatrist's testimony, "a necrophiliac." If the jury was to believe Moseley insane, it had to be shocked and sickened, and so Moseley was led to testify how he murdered Mrs. Johnson and Catherine Genovese and then molested the bodies.

The prosecution, meanwhile, struggled to show Moseley knew he was doing wrong because he took the criminal's usual precautions to avoid capture. He wore gloves and a stocking cap, stalked lone women late at night and stole only things which he could easily sell.

There was never much doubt as to the trial's outcome. The jury found him guilty and then recommended the death penalty. Moseley heard the verdict without any sign that he understood or cared, but a half-dozen women spectators suddenly began to applaud.

Judge Shapiro angrily pounded for order and then, peering over his half-glasses, delivered his own invective. "I don't believe in capital punishment," he told the jury solemnly, "but I feel this may be improper when I see this monster. I wouldn't hesitate to pull the switch on him myself."

Three weeks later, when he sentenced Moseley to death—a sentence postponed pending appeal—Judge Shapiro did not add the customary, "May God have mercy on your soul."

The trial of Alvin Mitchell was far less predictable. A 15-year-old girl had been stabbed six times in her bed, yet there were no fingerprints; there were no footprints or blood-stained clothing belonging to the murderer, and there was no murder weapon. The prosecution presented one of the two pairs of stolen scissors but admitted it wasn't the murder weapon. Throughout the trial it nevertheless contended Barbara Kralik was stabbed with scissors—scissors it couldn't find.

As the trial progressed, it was clear the D.A.'s case consisted of Mitchell's confession (particularly the televised admissions) and George Borges's story that he was with Alvin and saw him run from the house the night of the murder. But Borges was a poor witness. He mumbled and gave halting answers under cross-examination.

When Mitchell's sworn confession was introduced, defense attorney Lyon attacked its apparent lack of detail.

Finally Lyon played his strongest card. He put Winston Moseley on the stand. The convicted murderer described how he found Barbara Kralik sleeping in a short nightgown on the warm July night, how he clapped a hand over her mouth and stabbed her six times. She squirmed, broke free of his grip and moaned. (This was the same word Mrs. Kralik chose to describe the "funny noise" that woke her.)

At the counsel table Mitchell looked like a frightened bird. Then, on his 19th birthday, he moved to the witness chair and told of the night he confessed. He was turned over to a gray-haired detective who said, "You're not leaving this room alive if you don't confess to me."

"To get away from all the questioning and the beating," Alvin said, he finally told the detectives, "I'll sign anything you want."

On the final day of testimony the courtroom was darkened, and over a vigorous defense objection, the jury was shown the television interview in which Alvin admitted he was Barbara Kralik's murderer. The judge followed with a meticulously neutral charge, and then the jury filed out. Ten hours later it reported it was deadlocked.

Hanging his head, Alvin was led back to prison where he had already spent 10 months of his life. His mother and father, drained of all emotion and white with worry and fatigue, had no words to describe their disappointment.

Seven months have gone by since the first trial, and the pressure on all parties has only intensified. (In prison Alvin has done two 10-day stretches in a disciplinary cell for fighting over cards.) A second trial is scheduled for January 11, and another jury will seek to establish whether Alvin Mitchell, under the law, is a "wrong man."

The unprotested murder of Kitty Genovese was a horrifying and revelatory event. But what of the other aspects of these two cases? What should be said when a judge does not ask God's mercy on the soul of a condemned man? when courtroom spectators celebrate the verdict which dooms a man to die? when a medical examiner produces a mistaken cause of death? when an 18-year-old is indicted for first-degree murder without incriminating physical evidence and is made to sit nearly a year and a half in a city detention jail waiting to be judged?

A psychologist familiar with the facts recently made this summary comment: "In the Mitchell and Moseley cases, people just didn't act the way they are supposed to behave." □

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Haunted Germany

The statute of limitations is basically a humanitarian idea: It protects a man from being capriciously prosecuted for some half-forgotten transgression. But though time heals most wounds, it cannot heal those inflicted by a killer. American law does not permit a murderer to escape punishment simply because of the statute of limitations, and many Americans have therefore been surprised and angered to learn of West Germany's plan to impose a cutoff date for war-crimes prosecutions: May 8, 1965, 20 years after the fall of Hitler's Reich.

The Germans argue that the triumphant Allies could and did prosecute every war criminal they wanted to punish; that even after the allies finished their work, an additional 13,000 Germans were prosecuted in German courts; and that an arbitrary extension of the statute of limitations would be reminiscent of Hitler's alteration of the law for political purposes. We can concede the truth of all this, and we can sense behind it the Germans' passionate desire to be done with the horrors of the past, to close the books of history. We can acknowledge, too, that the Germany of early 1965 is not the Germany of early 1945. Not only is it democratically governed and at peace with the world, but its people include millions who were not even born when the last incinerator at Auschwitz was shut down.

Yet the book of history is not closed. Even today, only a few months before the proposed cutoff date, 20 former Auschwitz officials sit in court in Frankfurt, protesting their innocence. If it has taken almost 20 years to bring these men to trial, can anyone believe there are not others waiting in secrecy for the 21st year to bring them immunity?

Under the pressure of protests from abroad, the Germans have already begun reconsidering their plan. According to one proposal, the statute of limitations would be extended to 30 years in case of murder; according to another, the 20-year period would be dated not from the end of the war but from the beginning of the German Federal Republic (1949), or from its assumption of sovereignty (1955). Either or both of these moves would be the least that the Germans owe to the memory of Hitler's millions of victims.

It is to everyone's interest that Germany ultimately resume its rightful place as one of the great centers of Western civilization. But the Germans themselves dishonored and defiled that civilization, and the ghosts that still haunt Germany cannot be silenced by a simple decree that the past is past.

Haunted Mankind

It is tempting to blame German atrocities on the peculiar nature of the German people. But though the Auschwitz regime was more coldly evil than anything else the world has seen for centuries, the men who performed the evil were indeed men, as much our brothers as Cain was Abel's brother. In what land can a man say, "Nothing like that happens here"?

In the Congo, where Africans hack white missionaries to pieces? And where white mercenaries stage air raids on African villages?

In Vietnam, where, on both sides of the guerrilla war, a man is sometimes better off dead than captured?

In Russia, still convalescing from nearly 30 years of Stalinist terrorism?

In Mississippi, where the complicity of lynch mob and law officer at times seems taken for granted? In New York, where any Congolese or Russian diplomat who got knifed while walking in Central Park would be pitied for not knowing the local customs? In Texas, where a twisted young man with a rifle opened fire on us all?

Christian theology tells us that all men are born in a state of sin. But we Americans, while professing Christianity, are too much the children of the Enlightenment not to believe that every problem can somehow be solved. And so, in a move that is both symptomatic and somehow touching in its optimism, a band of psychologists, lawyers, sociologists and law-enforcement officials gathered last month at Brandeis University to discuss the problem of violence in American life. They considered a number of predictable suggestions—that students taking part in a "domestic peace corps" might improve conditions in slum neighborhoods, that businessmen should be enlisted in the maintenance of law and order, that new electronic equipment might speed policemen to the scene of a crime. And they concluded that violence has become so central an aspect of American life that Brandeis should open a permanent institute to study the problem.

One cannot help wishing the institute well—and yet suspecting that its researches are strangely irrelevant. One cannot help feeling that the answer still lies in the words: "But I say to you, That whosoever is angry with his brother without a cause shall be in danger of the judgment. . . . Therefore if thou bring thy gift to the altar, and there remember that thy brother hath ought against thee; Leave there thy gift before the altar, and go thy way; first be reconciled to thy brother, and then come and offer thy gift."

If any such thoughts occurred to the delegation of Germans who visited Auschwitz last month, the moment may have come when they bent down and ran their fingers through the human ashes that lie mixed with the soil over an area of 75 acres. The light rain falling on the poisoned and yet hallowed ground could not wash away the mixture, or the baffling enormity of its existence.

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